THE SATURDAY EVENIN ST

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Beginning **BEHIND THAT CURTAIN—By Earl Derr Biggers**

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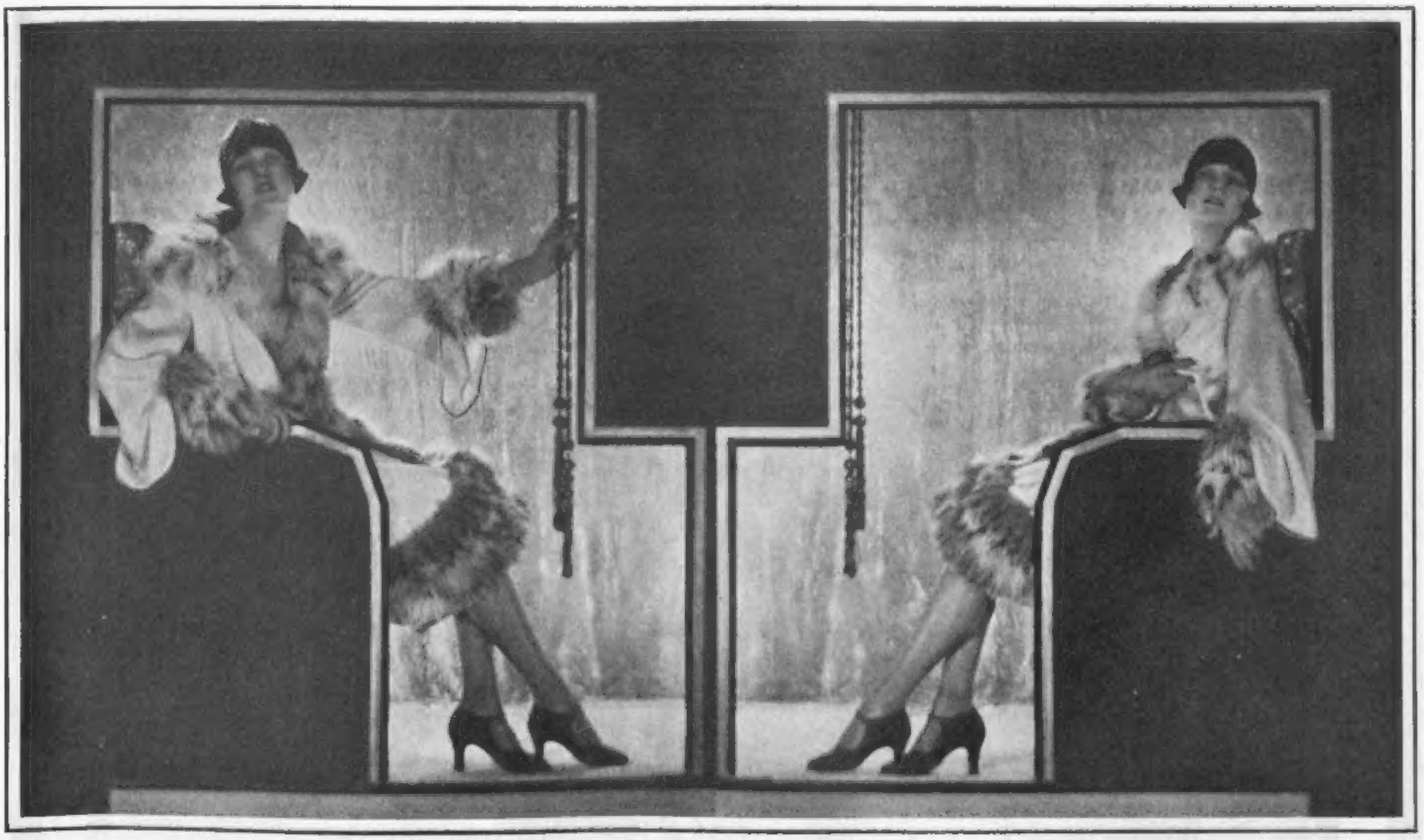

Camera portrait of Mlle. Julsoye of Paris by Baron de Meyer

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• • •

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• • •

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BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

By Earl Derr Biggers

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

BILL RANKIN sat motionless before his typewriter, grimly seeking a lead for the interview he was about to write. A black shadow shot past his elbow and materialized with a soft thud on his desk. Bill's heart leaped into his throat and choked him.

But it was only Egbert, the office cat. Pretty lonesome round here, seemed to be Egbert's idea. How about a bit of play? Rankin glared at the cat with deep disgust. Absurd to be so upset by a mere Egbert, but when one has been talking with a great man for over an hour and the subject of the talk has been murder, one is apt to be a trifle jumpy.

He reached out and pushed Egbert to the floor. "Go away," he said. "What do you mean, scaring me out of a year's growth? Can't you see I'm busy?"

His dignity offended, Egbert stalked off through the desert of typewriter tables and empty chairs. Bill Rankin watched him disappear at last through the door leading into the hallway. The hour was 5:30; the street ten stories below was filled with home-going throngs, but up here in the city room of the Globe a momentary quiet reigned. Alone of all the green-shaded lamps in the room, the one above Rankin's typewriter was alight, shedding a ghastly radiance on the blank sheet of paper in his machine. Even the copy desk was deserted. In his cubbyhole at the rear sat the Globe's city editor, the only other human thing in sight. And he was not, if you believed the young men who worked for him, so very human at that.

Bill Rankin turned back to his interview. For a brief moment he sat wrapped in thought; then his long, capable fingers sought the keys. He wrote:

> The flights of genius and miracles of science which solve most of the crimes in detective stories have no part in real detective work. This is the verdict of Sir Frederic Bruce, former head of the Criminal Investigation Department at Scotland Yard.
>
> Sir Frederic, who is stopping overfor two weeks in San Francisco during the course of a trip around the world, is qualified to give an expert opinion. For nearly seventeen years he acted as deputy commissioner at the head of the most famous detective organization in existence, and though he has now retired, his interest in crime detection is as keen as ever.

"Peshawar Appalled Me. Anything Could Happen There. A Wicked Town ——"

Sir Frederic is a big man, with a kindly twinkle in his gray eyes, but occasionally those eyes have a steely look that made this reporter nervous. If we had killed the old Earl of Featherstonehaugh on his rare Persian rug, we would not care to have Sir Frederic on our trail. For the great detective is that type of Scotchman who is a stranger to defeat. He would never abandon the scent.

"I read a great deal of detective fiction," Sir Frederic said. "It amuses me, but there is usually nothing for a detective to learn from it. Except for the finger-print system and work in the chemical laboratory on stains, scientific research has furnished little assistance to crime detection. Murder mysteries and other difficult criminal cases are solved by intelligence, hard work and luck, with little help from the delicate scientific devices so dear to the authors of ——"

Suddenly Bill Rankin stopped writing and sat erect on his uncomfortable chair. There was a familiar ring to the ideas he was setting down on paper; he had heard them before, and recently. Opinions identical with these, expressed not in the polished English of Sir Frederic, but in a quite different idiom. . . . Ah, yes. He smiled, recalling that pudgy little man whom he had interviewed three days ago in the lobby of the Stewart Hotel.

The reporter rose from his chair and, lighting a cigarette, began to pace the floor. He spoke aloud:

"Of course—and I never thought of it. A corking feature story staring me right in the face, and I was blind—blind. I must be losing my grip."

He looked anxiously at the clock, tossed aside his cigarette and resumed his chair.

Completing the sentence which he had interrupted midway, Rankin continued his story:

> Sir Frederic was asked what he considered the greatest piece of detective work within his knowledge.
>
> "I cannot answer that, because of the important part played by chance," he replied. "As I have just said, most criminal cases are solved by varying proportions of hard work, intelligence and luck, and I am sorry I must add that of these three, luck is the greatest by far.
>
> "Hard, methodical work, however, has brought results in many instances. For example, it unraveled the famous Crippen mystery. The first intimation we had of something wrong in that case came when we heard that the woman treasurer of a music hall ——"

Bill Rankin wrote on with lightning speed now, for he was eager to finish. The thing he was doing had suddenly become a minor matter. A far better story was running through his head. His fingers flew over the keys; when he paused, at rare intervals, it was to turn an inquiring gaze on the clock.

He ripped the final sheet of paper from his machine, snatched up the story and hurried toward the city editor's nook. The lone man in charge of the copy desk, just returned from a bitter argument with the composing-room foreman, watched him sourly as he passed, and grimly sharpened a blue pencil.

"Wha's 'at?" inquired the city editor as Bill Rankin threw the story down before him.

"Interview with Sir Frederic Bruce," Bill reminded him.

"Oh, you found him, did you?"

"We all found him. The room was full of reporters."

"Where was he?"

"He's putting up at Barry Kirk's bungalow. Kirk knew his son in London. I tried the hotels until my feet ached."

The editor snorted. "The more fool you. No Englishman ever stops at a hotel if he can wangle board and room from somebody. You've been sent out to find enough lecturing British authors to know that." He took up the roll of copy paper.

"The interview's blah," said Rankin. "Every paper in town will have it. But while I was writing it an idea for a feature hit me hard. It'll be a humdinger—if I can only put it over on Sir Frederic. I thought I'd go back up there and see what I can do."

"A feature?" The editor frowned. "If you happen on a bit of news in the course of your literary work, you'll let me know, won't you? Here I am, trying to get out a newspaper, and all I get from you fellows is an avalanche of pretty little essays. I suspect you're all hoping that some day you'll be tapped for the Atlantic Monthly."

"But this feature's good," Rankin protested. "I must hurry along ——"

"Just a minute. I'm only your editor, of course. I don't want to pry into your plans ——"

Rankin laughed. He was an able man, and privileged. "I'm sorry, sir, but I can't stop to explain now. Someone may beat me to it yet. Gleason of the Herald was up there today, and he'll get the same hunch as sure as fate. So if you don't mind ——"

The editor shrugged. "All right, go to it. Hurry up to the Kirk Building. And don't let this sudden attack of energy die there. Hurry back too."

"Yes, sir," agreed the reporter. "Of course, I'll need a bit of dinner ——"

"I never eat," growled his charming employer.

Bill Rankin sped across the city room. His fellow reporters were drifting in now from their afternoon assignments and the place was coming to life. Near the door Egbert, black as the night from pole to pole, crossed Rankin's path with haughty, aloof manner and dignified stride.

Descending to the street, the reporter stood for a moment undecided. The Kirk Building was not far away; he could walk there, but time was precious. Suppose he arrived to be met by the news that Sir Frederic was dressing for dinner.

With this famous and correct Englishman, the act would be a sacred rite not to be lightly interrupted by panting pressmen. No, he must reach Sir Frederic before the detective reached for his black pearl studs. He hailed a passing taxi.

As the car drew up to the curb a red-cheeked boy, one of the Globe's younger reporters, emerged from the crowd and with a deep bow, held open the taxi door.

"To the Royal Opera, my good man," he shouted, "and an extra gold sovereign for you if we pass the duke's car on the way!"

Rankin pushed the facetious one aside.

"Don't interfere with your betters, my lad," he remarked, and added, to the driver: "The Kirk Building on California Street."

The taxi swung out into Market Street, followed the intricate car tracks for a few blocks, and turned off into Montgomery. In another moment they were in the financial district of San Francisco, now wrapped in its accustomed evening calm. The huge buildings of trust companies, investment houses and banks stood solemn and solid in the dusk; across the doorways of many, forbidding bronze gates were already shut. Gilded signs met Rankin's eye—the Yokohama Bank; on another window, the Shanghai Trading Company—one may not forget the Orient in the city by the Gate. Presently the taxi drew up before a twenty-story office building, and Rankin alighted.

The Kirk Building was architecturally perfect, in the excellent taste that had marked the family ever since the first Dawson Kirk had made his millions and gone his way. Now it was the particular hobby of young Barry Kirk, who lived in bachelor splendor in the spacious but breezy bungalow on its roof. Its pure white lobby was immaculate; its elevator girls trim and pretty in neat uniforms; its elevator starter resplendent as an admiral of the fleet. At this hour the fever of the day was ended and cleaning women knelt reverently on the marble floor. One elevator was still running, and into this Bill Rankin stepped.

"All the way," he said to the girl.

He alighted at the twentieth floor, the final stop. A narrow stair led to Barry Kirk's bungalow, and the reporter ascended two steps at a time. Pausing before an imposing door, he rang. The door opened and Paradise, Kirk's English butler, stood like a bishop barring Rankin's path.

"Ah—er—I'm back," panted Rankin.

"So I see, sir." Very like a bishop indeed, with that great shock of snow-white hair. His manner was not cordial. Earlier that day he had admitted many reporters, but with misgivings.

"I must see Sir Frederic at once. Is he in?"

"Sir Frederic is in the offices on the floor below. I fancy he is busy, but I will announce you."

"No, please don't trouble," said Rankin quickly. Running down to the twentieth floor, he noted a door with Barry Kirk's name on the frosted glass. As he moved toward it, it opened suddenly and a young woman came out.

Rankin stopped in his tracks. A remarkably pretty young woman—that much was obvious even in the dim light on the twentieth floor. One of those greatly preferred blondes, with a slender figure trim in a green dress of some knitted material. Not precisely tall, but ——

"A Man!" She Panted. "I Couldn't Stand the Dark—It Was Driving Me Mad"

"Where Did She Go? What Became of Her? Was She Murdered? What Happened to Eve Durand?"

What was this? The young woman was weeping. Silently, without fuss, but indubitably weeping. Tears not alone of grief but, if Rankin was any judge, of anger and exasperation too. With a startled glance at the reporter, she hastily crossed the hall and disappeared through a door that bore the sign Calcutta Importers, Inc.

Bill Rankin pushed on into Barry Kirk's office. He entered a sort of reception room, but a door beyond stood open and the newspaperman went confidently forward. In the second room Sir Frederic Bruce, former head of the C. I. D., sat at a big flat-topped desk. He swung around, and his gray eyes were stern and dangerous.

"Oh," he said, "it's you."

"I must apologize for intruding on you again, Sir Frederic," Bill Rankin began. "But I—er—may I sit down?"

"Certainly." The great detective slowly gathered up some papers on the desk.

"The fact is ——" Rankin's confidence was ebbing. An inner voice told him that this was not the genial gentleman of the afternoon interview in the bungalow upstairs. Not the gracious visitor to San Francisco, but Sir Frederic Bruce of Scotland Yard, unbending, cold and awe-inspiring. "The fact is," continued the reporter lamely, "an idea has struck me."

"Really?" Those eyes—they looked right through you.

"What you told us this afternoon, Sir Frederic—your opinion of the value of scientific devices in the detection of crime, as against luck and hard work ——" Rankin paused. He seemed unable to finish his sentences. "I was reminded, when I came to write my story, that, oddly enough, I had heard that same opinion only a few days ago."

"Yes? Well, I made no claim to originality." Sir Frederic threw his papers into a drawer.

"Oh, I haven't come to complain about it," smiled Rankin, regaining a trace of his jaunty spirit. "Under ordinary conditions it wouldn't mean anything, but I heard your ideas from the lips of a rather unusual man, Sir Frederic. A humble worker in your own field, a detective who has evolved his theories far from Scotland Yard. I heard them from Detective Sergeant Charlie Chan of the Honolulu police."

Sir Frederic's bushy eyebrows rose. "Really? Then I must applaud the judgment of Sergeant Chan—whoever he may be."

"Chan is a detective who has done some good work in the islands. He happens to be in San Francisco at the moment, on his way home. Came to the mainland on a simple errand, which developed into quite a case before he had finished with it. I believe he acquitted himself with credit. He's not very impressive to look at, but ——"

Sir Frederic interrupted. "A Chinese, I take it?"

"Yes, sir."

The great man nodded. "And why not? A Chinese should make an excellent detective. The patience of the East, you know."

"Precisely," agreed Bill Rankin. "He's got that. And modesty."

Sir Frederic shook his head. "Not such a valuable asset, modesty. Self-assurance, a deep faith in one's self—they help. But Sergeant Chan is modest?"

"Is he? Falling hurts least those who fly low—that's the way he put it to me. And Sergeant Chan flies so low he skims the daisies."

Sir Frederic rose and stepped to the window. He gazed down at the spatter of lights flung like a handful of stars over the darkening town. For a moment he said nothing. Then suddenly he turned and faced the reporter.

"A modest detective," he said, with a grim smile. "That's a novelty, at any rate. I should like very much to meet this Sergeant Chan."

Bill Rankin sighed with relief. His task was unbelievably easy, after all. "That's exactly what I came here to suggest," he said briskly. "I'd like to bring you and Charlie Chan together—hear you go over your methods and experiences. You know, just a real good talk. I was wondering if you would do us the great honor to join Mr. Chan and me at luncheon tomorrow?"

The former head of the C. I. D. hesitated. "Thank you very much. But I am more or less in Mr. Kirk's hands. He is giving a dinner tomorrow night, and I believe he said something about luncheon tomorrow too. Much as I should like to accept at once, decidedly we must consult Mr. Kirk."

"Well, let's find him. Where is he?" Bill Rankin was all business.

"I fancy he is up in the bungalow." Sir Frederic turned and, swinging shut the door of a big wall safe, swiftly twirled the knob.

"You did that just like an American business man, Sir Frederic," Rankin smiled.

The detective nodded. "Mr. Kirk has kindly allowed me to use his office while I am his guest."

"Ah, then you're not altogether on a pleasure trip," said Bill Rankin quickly.

The gray eyes hardened. "Absolutely—a pleasure trip. But there are certain matters—private business. I am writing my memoirs ——"

"Ah, yes; of course," apologized the reporter.

The door opened and a cleaning woman entered. Sir Frederic turned to her.

"Good evening," he said. "You understand that no papers on this desk are to be interfered with in any way?"

"Oh, yes, sir," the woman answered.

"Very good. Now, Mr.—er—Mr. ——"

"Rankin, Sir Frederic."

"Of course. There is a stairs in this rear room leading up to the bungalow. If you will come with me ——"

They entered the third and last room of the office suite, and Bill Rankin followed the huge figure of the Englishman aloft. The stairs ended in a dark passageway on the floor above. Throwing open the nearest door, Sir Frederic flooded the place with light, and Bill Rankin stepped into the great living room of the bungalow. Paradise was alone in the room; he received the reporter with cold disdain. Barry Kirk, it appeared, was dressing for dinner, and the butler went reluctantly to inform him of the newspaperman's unseemly presence.

Kirk appeared at once, in his shirt sleeves and with the ends of a white tie dangling about his neck. He was a handsome, lean young man in the late twenties whose manner spoke of sophistication, and spoke true. For he had traveled to the far corners of the earth seeking to discover what the Kirk fortune would purchase there, and life held no surprises for him any more.

(Continued on Page 116)

OUR FOREIGN IMITATORS

By RICHARD WASHBURN CHILD

ILLUSTRATED BY WYNCIE KING

ONE goes to out-of-the-way places, at times, because of interest in a water power, a lead mine, a market, an ancient civilization with a flavor of its own, a few prehistoric ruins, or merely to seek a corner where wine or cheese is good, but where there are no dinner parties, with the monotonous gleam and glare of white tables, white shirts and shoulders, diamonds and glasses.

This article, though written in Sardinia, is not about Sardinia, even though Sardinia is a coming place. They will filter the malaria out of it some day, though the filter be made of money, and then the virility of the mountains, mines, fields and grazing grounds will count, and a people who recruited their regiments over and over during the war—because they can fight like wildcats—will show tenacity with more of a smile in it.

Standing on a pier with this thought, one heard trickling into one's notice a strain of the tune called Hallelujah. It was an American negro melody from the humming throat of a Sardinian who still wore a kind of big black stocking for a cap. Across the big paving blocks of the pier, beyond the carts and the little wise-eyed donkeys, was a sign, American Bar. The government detective was saying in Italian that it was a long time since he had seen an American. He leaned against the cases of our sewing machines. His friend beside him had been in the United States. Think of the number of foreigners who board with us for a while and then go back to the old lands and talk about the way we live life.

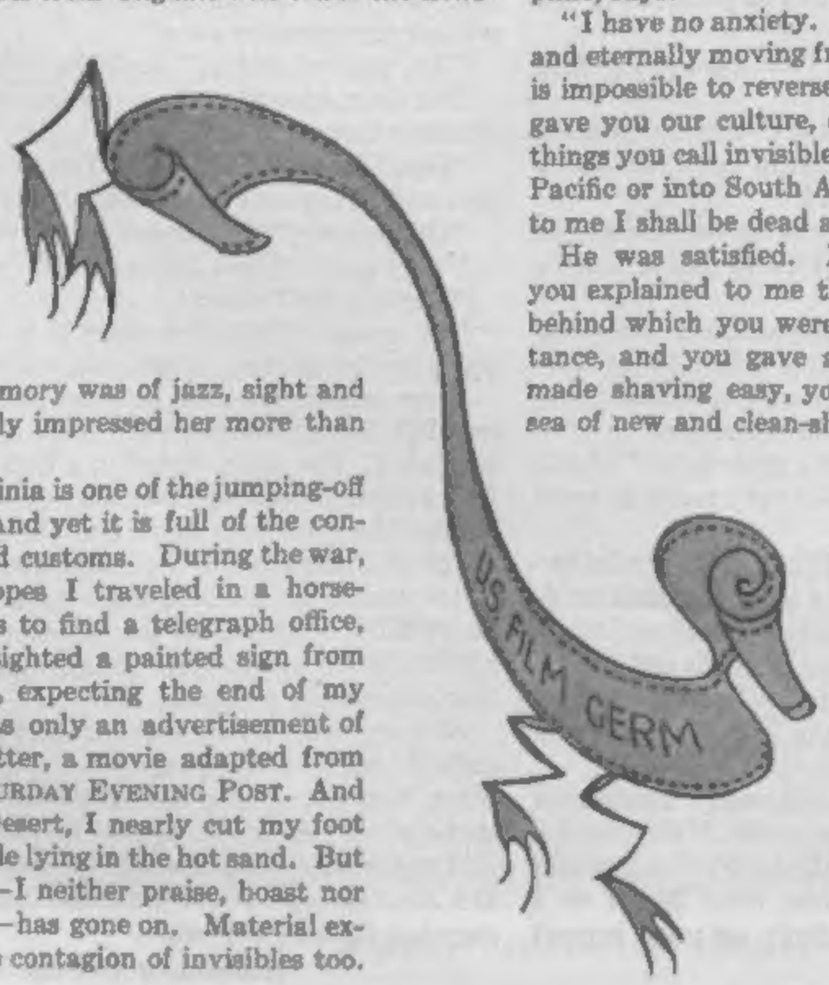
The Italian captain beside me was reticent about the new military and naval situation in the Mediterranean, which has made Sardinia, rather than Sicily, the real Italian strategic factor. But he had pointed out a large hydroelectric development where the power station had a familiar appearance.

He explained it. "We took that style from your West."

A Propagandist Defeated

NOW, although Sardinia has nothing in particular to do with the subject of this article, it is a fact that many young and pretty maidens from the Sardinian countryside, with hair of a black Byzantine beauty, now, in February, go in bare feet to drink in ideas of love, life and adventure from films for which we must take responsibility or claim credit.

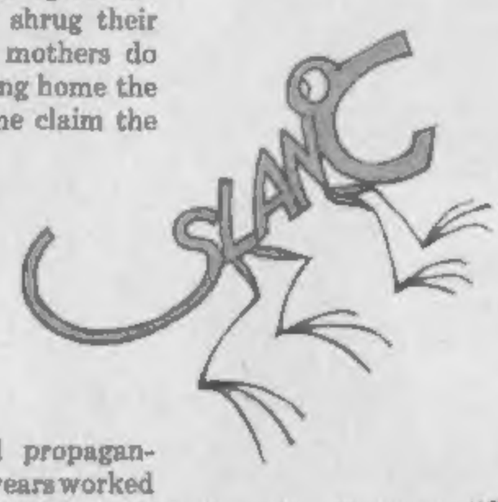
One of the city girls from Cagliari who reads the newspapers from Rome, said, "We have no more bandits. But I read always examples showing that America is the place of bandits now." She once went to the Continent, as they call Italy; the vivid memory was of jazz, sight and sound. It apparently impressed her more than the Roman Forum.



But after all, Sardinia is one of the jumping-off places of Europe. And yet it is full of the contagion of our life and customs. During the war, on the Russian steppes I traveled in a horse-drawn sled for miles to find a telegraph office, and finally having sighted a painted sign from afar, I made for it, expecting the end of my search. The sign was only an advertisement of Potash and Perlmutter, a movie adapted from stories in THE SATURDAY EVENING POST. And once, in the Gobi Desert, I nearly cut my foot on a safety-razor blade lying in the hot sand. But now this contagion—I neither praise, boast nor curse it as others do—has gone on. Material exports? Yes. But the contagion of invisibles too.

On the material side, try to borrow a typewriter in Sardinia and see where it hails from. One may find here, and all over Europe, good places to write on Americanization. Not the Americanization which we fail to give the emigrant, but that which awaits the emigrant when he goes back to the country he left and his sister greets him singing a Broadway hit.

The fact is that the world—and least of all our own people—has no concept of the amount of Americanization which in twenty or even ten years has spread over Europe, the Far East, the Near East, Africa or South America. Some of the foreigners say it is a bad thing and scowl at it as if it were something like the Spanish flu; some shrug their shoulders as some mothers do when daughters bring home the first cigarettes; some claim the infection as if it were an anti-toxin to all the poisons of decay which menace older and more cynical civilizations.



One of Europe's greatest and best-known professional propagandists, who for some years worked on us in America, laughs outright about it. He says: "I tried to take our ideas, our spirit, and the rest—all our invisible exports—into America. Pah! Only to find, when I returned to Europe, that America had been oozing all over us, fashions, customs, manners, social ways, sports, games, hobbies, and the whole printed and pictured effluvia of your ideas."

The facts of this new development as yet unweighed are important. There is the measure of the contagion, the extent and the limitations of it, the immense stir it is causing in hearts and minds abroad; some bitterly resentful, like tigers fed on chocolates or like flowers watered by near beer; some joyous and intoxicated, rolling the word "efficiency" on their tongues and even claiming to have relatives who once visited New York. There are the outbursts in the European press.

"Alas!" wails a French journal published outside of Paris. "Are we not only to be debtors of money but—more horrible—debtors of ideas, manners and customs? What will stop this Americanization of our civilization?"

A serious European philosopher agrees that few Americans and few Europeans realize as yet the penetration America is making into the lives of the millions who never saw a foot of American soil. He, not being an Americaphile, says:

"I have no anxiety. The course of civilization is forever and eternally moving from east toward the setting sun. It is impossible to reverse that flow. Quite impossible! We gave you our culture, our manners, our customs—all the things you call invisible exports. Hand them on across the Pacific or into South America. When they arrive around to me I shall be dead and gone."

He was satisfied. I said to him: "Only yesterday you explained to me that you had shaved off the beard behind which you were when first I made your acquaintance, and you gave as a reason that, America having made shaving easy, your whole country was becoming a sea of new and clean-shaven faces."

He threw up his hands.

A German architect who has gained fame by atrocious novelties in what may be called chunk design, admits that he is going to America to study the skyscraper. He used a suggestive phrase: "They are coming our way."

A Southern European journalist came in the other day to a city on the Adriatic, and said, "Do you remember my letter to you of three years ago? Do you recall that I prophesied that some day you would be persuaded to write on the Americanization of Europe and the responsibility that America would have for what you turned back to us from the West? All right! Ten, fifteen years ago in my country, and perhaps others, those who had weak eyes and needed glasses were ashamed to admit the need. And what is the fact today? Today people who have no need of glasses are wearing horn-rimmed spectacles. Yes, wearing them with plain glass in them—as a fashion! And the answer? Harold Lloyd! American owl eyes all over our streets!"

The London press in the past two years has not been free from letters from bishops and putterers, curates and fussers, deploring the Americanization of Canada. No longer is the fear a fear of American annexation. Today the protest is against the "cultural dominion" of Canada. It rises as a kind of hysteria.

Visible and Invisible Exports

DINING with a too-serious Britisher in London, I hear from him that Canada, politically assured, is none the less being Americanized. Why? Because we are pushing American economic methods over the border? Certainly not. It is our "cultural dominion" which is invading the Empire. We send our literature—if we have any—over the border. We engage the population with our stills and our motion pictures. We introduce manners and customs, fashions and foibles. We are wheedling the Canadian into American "thinking"—whatever that means. And mark it well, there is a real fear in many a heart in the tight little islands, over-Channel, that America may cause Canada and Australia—and who knows, New Zealand, too—to sing our songs, dance our dances, love our loves, read our printing, dress our dresses, shave our shaves, do our doings and all the things that the Britisher is wont to say "are never done."

Now, consciously, we are doing nothing. We in America are less conscious than these friends of ours—the foreigners—of our so-called invisible penetration of the world. Except for our Anglo-Saxon weakness for preaching and putting our hands upon someone's head and blessing him with our eternal superiority, we are utterly innocent of willful wrongdoing. We have a passion for doing good, as they say, and the present awfulness of the map of Europe is an example of our eagerness to do good in haste, with a complete refusal to take responsibility for doing good—a refusal based upon a Simon-pure common sense combined with the luxury of an unprepared and what one premier of Europe has called "a somewhat verdant idealism promoted by religious zeal and professional or ministerial theory."

One can be sure, whether in the Far East, Asia Minor or in Central Europe, that America herself is utterly and completely blind to the ooze of Americanization with which she is tinting, coloring, calcimining the world.

Let us analyze.

The only visible exports from our shores are goods—materials—the sewing machine, the tractor, the internal-combustion engine, the racing car, the locomotive, the tin can of oil, the cake of soap, the typewriter, the adding machine, the time clock, the other horrid examples of a world mechanized, and as Europeans now say, super-German industrialized. The canned corn, Indian maize, dried milk, desiccated bananas, steel railway carriages, steel blades for the face, shoes for the feet; in fact, all those inert, inexpressive, inarticulate things. These are, we must learn, as the wise civilizations of the world already know, the very

least of that tendency—so much discussed in 1928 everywhere—the Americanization of the nations.

We must look now to the invisibles—our invisible exports. It is about our invisible exports that Europe, the Far and Near East, Africa and Latin-America are all a-flurry.

Hoover speaks of invisible exports. He means money, loans, investment, obligations, paper, promises, credits, debits, finance, economics. And Hoover speaks of tremendous things.

He speaks of amazing proportions. He speaks of a constant almost hysterical and fanatic flood of invisibles which America, oozing outward from sheer super-abundance

and without brains or thought, restraint or analysis, sprays on the world.

We differ from Britain and we differ from Germany, who have had their innings at effluvia. The British, in their period of spill-over, engaged in the civilizing agency of colonial control. In the last analysis—for it was then the fashion of the day—gunpowder was the argument. The Germans let their program be a kind of world-wide nonpolitical, but wholly economic and credit-founded molasses, slowly spreading before the war, and now spreading again. One was military, one was economic. It appears that, regardless of our invisibles and our economic Hoover-defined invisibles such as loans and investments, the American export now so much discussed abroad is neither output of force nor of money.

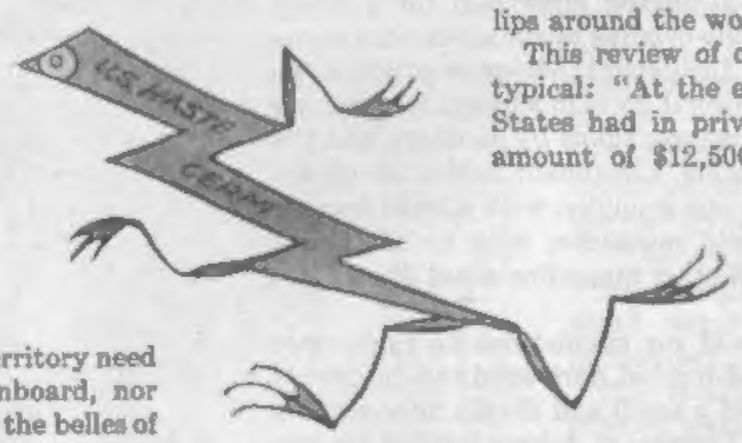
The Americanization of the world—how pretentious it sounds!—in the sense that foreigners mean it, is neither political nor economic. It is social.

"I see no particular responsibility attaching to you Americans," writes an English economist. "Even in ideas, manners and customs, morals and vices, there is no reason why the same laws of demand and supply should not operate in the case of the export and import, the selling and buying of dried fish, silk stockings, cigar lighters or washing powder. Things are seldom bought because the buyer is forced to buy; they are bought because the buyer not only accepts the goods of his free will but also pays for them. Why, then, should we complain if you offer a field for imitation in manners, dress, customs of doing business, language, slang, music, amusements, sports? The responsibility is with the peoples who accept and adopt these things. When I see the French press, or the German press, or the Czecho-Slovakian press howling and grousing about the Americanization of Europe, I always want to say: 'Scold your own people for their bad taste, if that is your idea. Certainly there is no justice in snarling at the United States or its people.' You Americans have no responsibility."

America Badly Represented

I WONDER about that. Discussing this thing that we realize so little at home, but which is already causing such an onset of comment abroad, and interrogating thoughtful leaders of many nations, I find that we may wonder more and more about our responsibility. Good precept, after all, is worth something and may be said to be a moral obligation.

There is an obligation in export. As to goods, it is an obligation to live up to sample, trade fair, and not much else. As to money exports and credits—Mr. Hoover's invisibles—it is an obligation to loan wisely, to insist upon and preserve the honor of a creditor while insisting just as much on the traditional obligations of debtors, lest, failing to do so, we may help to break down the well-ordered customs and usefulness of credit. As to ideas and social contagions, it is absurd to say that we owe no obligation. It is quite true that no one in the world has to dance the Charleston—not even the liberated bob-haired and now rather mature flappers who once were in the harems of Constantinople and now stare through lorgnettes at Turkish *thés dansants*. It is quite true that no one in the Balkans has to imitate the Chicago machine-gun bandit unless it is to his own taste. The Congo jungle territory need not be invaded by the advertising signboard, nor Madagascar by the gummy fly paper, nor the belles of Borneo by the institution of the handkerchief shower, nor the worshipers of Mumbo Jumbo by spiritualism, nor the Fiji Islands by the gurgleless Dawes pipe, nor Arabia by the Coolidge thoroughbred mechanical horse.



But somehow the world does charge us with responsibility for a great deal. "Who is making divorce not only popular but fashionable?" asks an Italian. "There is some responsibility, we feel, not only in the upset of the stability of the family but in the export of your factory. Do you realize how many of your tourist ladies, having bagged their freedom, come to our cities accompanied by a lap dog, and parade their liberty during a social season?"

A former governor of one of the Italian colonies who has been in America, replies, "But that is not America. Much of the news, much of the film, much of the affectation we see is not America at all. The real America is serious, simple, forceful, modest."

"Then," said the other, "America in this Americanization of the world is very badly represented?"

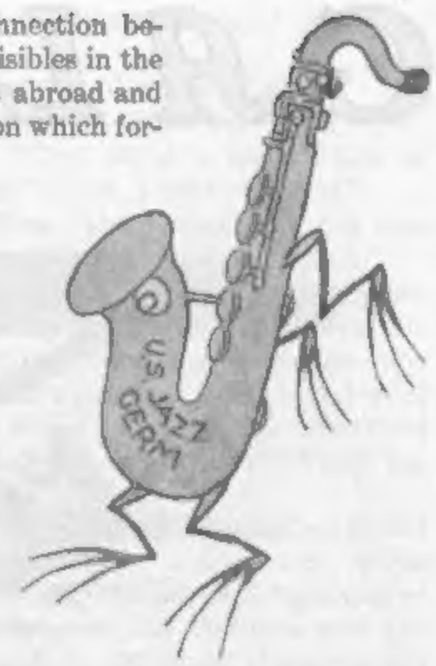
There may be something in that.

This American penetration, this social imperialism, may only be excluded by the movement of money, things or men. In all three ways the American exudation has been, since the war, startlingly great, amazingly penetrating, and to some timid Europeans who prefer their own ways and customs, appears terrifyingly permanent. Our contagiousness is admitted, is beginning to cause a sensation, and in some quarters has piled up an accumulation of baffled resentment.

"We have imitated even your haste," exclaims a Japanese diplomat. "And it has spoiled our lives!"

"We need your money," says a minister of finance. "That is one thing. But why must we be supine in the acceptance of your dull homilies as to war, wines and morals on the one hand, and your black bottoms, your chewing gums, your tabloid newspapers and your divorces on the other hand?"

There may be little connection between the ooze of our invisibles in the form of loans and credits abroad and that social Americanization which foreign mouths have begun to discuss at hundreds of thousands of family tables every day. But there is more than first appears. In this world, eyes enough do cast glances at the money pot. The very fact of this attention to the source of loans leads the same eyes to see us—to note that the safety razor, having unwhiskered one nation, may also abolish the mustache cup from another; that hot water is a comfort on Saturday night at least, and that the washing machine is more nimble than little Yvette, less susceptible to headaches than pretty Luisa and more persuasive to dirt than the firm, plump arms of Gretchen. Such devilments in Americanization may come merely from having one's eyes on the money pot.



It is wise for Americans to realize here and now how much that pot has spilled over. Without doing so, one cannot fully understand how large a part watching that pot and tapping it has had and will have in the fabric of the lives of Europeans, Latin-Americans and Orientals.

Through our Government our taxpayers have loaned foreign governments some billions of dollars. A great and not always favorable attention to America has been created by these debts.

Everything from anger to sentimental nonsense has been aroused, even among some of our own sentimentalists, as to unthinkable and outrageous proposals that debts should ever be collected even in part. But the loans, nevertheless, paid or unpaid, keep us in mind, just as the public and private loans which are sought from us keep the words "America" and "American" on lips around the world.

This review of our stake in Europe is typical: "At the end of 1927 the United States had in private foreign credits an amount of $12,500,000,000, in addition to the $11,500,000,000 of government loans. But what is significant is that in the last year it has increased its private loans by about $1,300,000,000. Because in this figure there is not contained the credits made in December, the Department of the Treasury calculated that at the end of the year there would be a total of $1,500,000,000."

Gayly on the Road to Debt

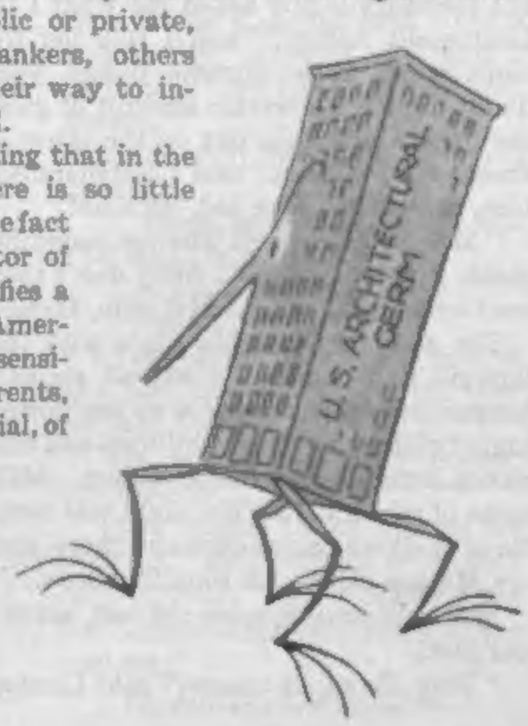
"FROM that figure, however, about $300,000,000 represents refinancing, so that the amount may be considered, as we have said, about $1,300,000,000 in a single year. The increasing demand of foreign countries on American finance is obvious; loans made in 1926 were not nearly so great as those made this year. The United States has become a creditor to the extent of about $24,000,000,000.

"Many financial experts observe that while certain governments watch attentively and control the augmentation of new debts, public or private, from American bankers, others seem gayly on their way to indebtedness no end.

"But it is amazing that in the United States there is so little thought taken in the fact that to be a creditor of all the world signifies a necessity for the Americans to be highly sensitized to all the currents, political and financial, of all the nations."

Again says the European commentator: "In the month of November, of

(Continued on Page 137)



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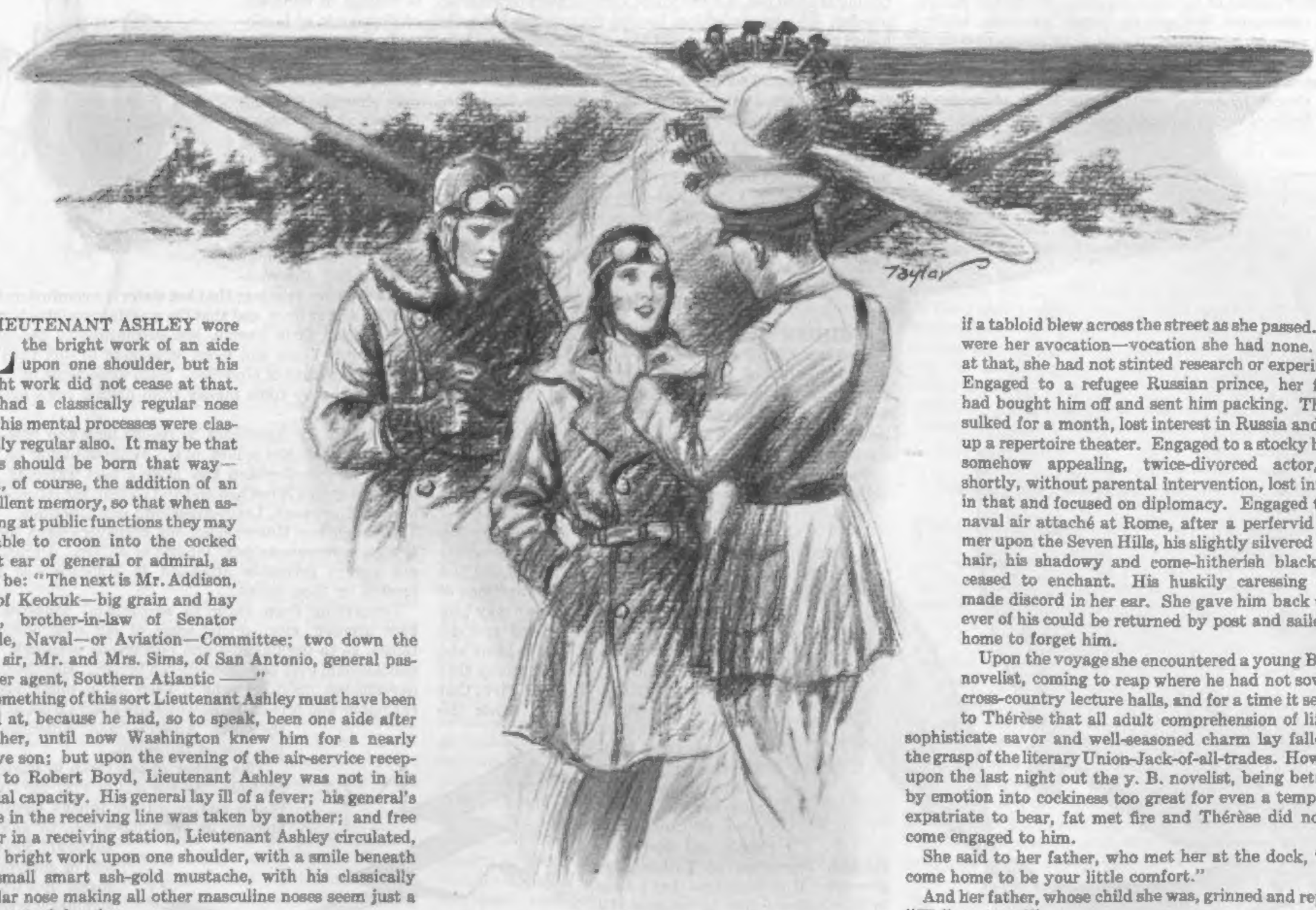


Lieutenant Ashley Brought a Helmet and Tied It on Thérèse's Gleaming Hair, Put Her Into a Leather Coat Not Too Frightfully Large for Her

By Fanny Heaslip Lea

ILLUSTRATED BY H. WESTON TAYLOR

LIEUTENANT ASHLEY wore the bright work of an aide upon one shoulder, but his bright work did not cease at that. He had a classically regular nose and his mental processes were classically regular also. It may be that aides should be born that way—with, of course, the addition of an excellent memory, so that when assisting at public functions they may be able to croon into the cocked right ear of general or admiral, as may be: "The next is Mr. Addison, sir, of Keokuk—big grain and hay man, brother-in-law of Senator Steele, Naval—or Aviation—Committee; two down the line, sir, Mr. and Mrs. Sims, of San Antonio, general passenger agent, Southern Atlantic ——"

Something of this sort Lieutenant Ashley must have been good at, because he had, so to speak, been one aide after another, until now Washington knew him for a nearly native son; but upon the evening of the air-service reception to Robert Boyd, Lieutenant Ashley was not in his official capacity. His general lay ill of a fever; his general's place in the receiving line was taken by another; and free as air in a receiving station, Lieutenant Ashley circulated, with bright work upon one shoulder, with a smile beneath his small smart ash-gold mustache, with his classically regular nose making all other masculine noses seem just a trifle out of drawing.

When in the course of his circulations he came upon Thérèse Miller, slim, red-headed, dark-eyed and dangerous, the center, as always, of a small and deeply interested selection of young men, Lieutenant Ashley pitched his tent and settled down to lay siege. He had for some months been pleasantly enamored of Thérèse, but he had not always, by reason of his multiple duties and obligations, had as much time to give her as he would have liked—or even as she deserved. He felt, in a way, that the Boyd reception was now justifying itself. He made this impression so generally felt that he was able presently to disperse the rest of Thérèse's attendants, and, sole hero of the field, to stand beside her, commenting lightly upon the passing show. He was good at light comment—had almost a professional touch for it.

"Well," said he, when this one and that had been neatly disposed of, including the incredibly frightful gown of the wife of a brigadier, the new bob of the wife of some assistant secretary ["She asked me what I thought of it," said Lieutenant Ashley, "and I told her frankly, 'Elise, you can't stand those extreme things, you look like Paris, Texas'"], when a certain amount of gossip had gone under the bridge and come out on the other side efficiently authenticated—"well," said Lieutenant Ashley, "you've met him, of course. Nice lad, isn't he?"

"Met who?" asked Thérèse moodily. "I will say the music is rotten tonight. Why don't they ever get in a decent orchestra? . . . Met who, Gerald?"

She glanced about the place with the barest flutter of languid dark lashes. Flags all about—a flag for every tongue that ever yammered up the Tower of Babel. Appallingly brilliant lighting, uniforms and chiffons, black coats, naked arms against black sleeves. Milk-white shoulders, some of which before the night was over would leave a little of their whiteness here and there, and by clothes cleaners, if none others, be roundly cursed.

Same old setting, same old cast, same old dialogue, same old plot.

"Why, Boyd, of course," said Lieutenant Ashley.

"Oh, Boyd!" said Thérèse. Not that it mattered.

"Have you, or haven't you?"

"No, Gerald, I haven't."

He moved at once, official instinct stirring. "Why didn't you tell me before?"

"Don't be silly. I don't care anything about it. Matter of fact, I think I'd rather not."

"You'd rather not! You mean to say you really don't care to meet him? Why, all the other women ——"

"I'm not all the other women," said Thérèse Miller coolly, and even an aide had no answer for that, because she so obviously wasn't, standing there in the midst of a brilliant and even memorable occasion, yawning; covering her yawn with insulting finger tips merely, but charming finger tips—and, under cover, a more than charming mouth.

Thérèse's mouth had softness, redness, bow curves, sweetness; but like a wired rose—just as cruel, just as unnatural—it had will-to-power, informing the curves and the redness subtly.

With her father's money—he was head of the Miller Airplane Company—with her mother's social position, with her own looks and brain, Thérèse hadn't exactly gone begging. Life had been brought to her on a silver platter, and with the silver spoon found at birth in her mouth she had helped herself lavishly. Rather fed up, she was, with most things, having seen and heard and done everything that a girl of today can see and hear and do—and keep out of trouble. She had been front-page news so often she shied if a tabloid blew across the street as she passed. Men were her avocation—vocation she had none. But, at that, she had not stinted research or experiment. Engaged to a refugee Russian prince, her father had bought him off and sent him packing. Thérèse sulked for a month, lost interest in Russia and took up a repertoire theater. Engaged to a stocky blond, somehow appealing, twice-divorced actor, she shortly, without parental intervention, lost interest in that and focused on diplomacy. Engaged to the naval air attaché at Rome, after a perfervid summer upon the Seven Hills, his slightly silvered black hair, his shadowy and come-hitherish black eyes ceased to enchant. His huskily caressing tones made discord in her ear. She gave him back whatever of his could be returned by post and sailed for home to forget him.

Upon the voyage she encountered a young British novelist, coming to reap where he had not sown, in cross-country lecture halls, and for a time it seemed to Thérèse that all adult comprehension of life, all sophisticate savor and well-seasoned charm lay fallow in the grasp of the literary Union-Jack-of-all-trades. However, upon the last night out the y. B. novelist, being betrayed by emotion into cockiness too great for even a temporary expatriate to bear, fat met fire and Thérèse did not become engaged to him.

She said to her father, who met her at the dock, "I've come home to be your little comfort."

And her father, whose child she was, grinned and replied, "Well, go easy!"

That was Thérèse. Her mouth mocked you before it uttered a word, but her eyes, smoldering between question and defiance, atoned for her mouth.

As now, to the gilded aide-de-camp, waiting—"That's just the point," she said, with amused indifference, indifference far too sincere to be really amusing.

"What point?" inquired Lieutenant Ashley, amiably willing to see it.

"What were we talking about?" Thérèse laughed in Lieutenant Ashley's face and drew a lazy finger across his sleeve. "Gerald, you're too delicious!"

Admitting without argument the latter fact, Lieutenant Ashley yet persisted: "Why, we were talking about Boyd." He invested the name with considerable respect, produced it with an air, as if he had said, "We were discussing Napoleon" or "I mentioned Cæsar"; significant, that, from a case-hardened familiar of the great.

"Exactly—Boyd!" said Thérèse, and she tossed the name away like a leaden nickel—flipped it aside and never quivered a lip over it. "All the other women in the world may be flat on their noses before him—what's that to me?"

"You mean—you don't give him much?"

"Fortunately, I don't have to."

"You mean ——"

"Gerald, really—for a bright young man!" She cut him short with an impatient flicker of white fingers. "I mean, I loathe all this heroic hysteria. Suppose he did make a solo flight between San Francisco and Tokio—nonstop and all the rest of it. That was a big job, but when all's said and done, flying is his job, isn't it? Flying is his profession, isn't it? Admitted, he's good; admitted, he's the flyer of a generation, even—will you tell me why he has to be Galahad, as well? I'm tired of hearing that Boyd doesn't smoke, Boyd doesn't drink, Boyd never looks at a woman. If that last is a halo for Boyd, what's a black eye for the ladies? And us a woman-worshiping nation, as ever was! Here we go planting laurels all over him because he won't touch us!"

"Oh, so that's it," said Lieutenant Ashley sapiently. He looked indulgent.

"Don't be absurd," drawled Thérèse. "I mean to say, if you take all the stories a gabby press has to offer, he's simply not human, he's not natural. He's either a whited sepulcher or a plaster saint—and what price either? He may not know it, but he's nothing now but a legend—the Legend of Robert Boyd. Fancy being buried alive at twenty-four—laid away in cotton wool—in the hearts of your countrymen!" She began to laugh. She showed her white teeth in a whole-hearted, scornful grin.

"Thérèse ——" said Lieutenant Ashley uneasily.

She jeered ruthlessly: "I'm surprised at you, Gerald. I thought you knew your heroes."

"Look here, old thing ——" he implored her in a slightly lowered tone.

"I know," said Thérèse; "it's treason. I'm a disgrace to American womanhood. Sorry—I stay with my story. Let the worshipers form to the left. Let the feminine chips fall where they may. I do not choose to meet the great Boyd. He isn't real any more. He's just a symbol and a wooden figurehead. He's America's Good Boy. . . . What on earth are you making such faces for, Gerald?"

She turned at last, following Lieutenant Ashley's anguished grimace, and saw for herself. Her father stood slightly behind her; next her father, a slim curly-headed, gray-eyed young man with a cleft in his chin. Her father's face was crimson. The young man's face was crimson. His eyes blazing with resentment and annoyance, met Thérèse's squarely. Amused contempt and defiance failed her in returning that look.

"Terry ——" said her father grimly.

Lieutenant Ashley broke into pleasantries, professional instinct abhorring a breach.

Still Thérèse and the man who had just heard her call him the scornfulest names she could lay her tongue to looked at each other in silence, something elemental and potent rising slowly between them. In the end, ignoring alike her father's furious embarrassment, Lieutenant Ashley's anxious patter, Thérèse put out her hand to Robert Boyd.

She said quite simply, "I do want to meet you—may I?"

He answered her, "Thanks—you have."

And presently, with plausible explanations of one sort and another, Lieutenant Ashley withdrew himself, luring Thérèse's father with him, and Thérèse and Boyd sat down upon a near-by sofa—a not too comfortable sofa—feeling a great many curious gazes upon them, feeling almost, in the air, the winnowing of a great many attentive ears.

"I'm rottenly spoiled, you know," said Thérèse—"not that that's any excuse for me. Do I have to say I'm sorry?"

She wore a copper-colored gown with floating goldfish tails of red and bronze chiffon, with cascades of coppery ruffles, with slim gold slippers and stockings like amber cobweb, and above all that copper her eyes were deep as black pansies, her hair was red as a stormy sunset.

"You don't need any excuse," said Boyd. "But," he added, "it wouldn't do you any harm to say you're sorry—and mean it."

"I do mean it," said Thérèse. The music began upon a seductive and sliding tune—something to do with a one and only. She said, "Let's dance"—because she meant it so much.

"I don't dance," said Boyd. He flushed unhappily.

"Are all those things true?" asked Thérèse abruptly. "Never mind, it doesn't matter, really."

"All what things?" asked Robert Boyd. He had really a very fine chin, and his look went straight as arrow flight—keen—a far-horizon look.

"Why don't you smoke," asked Thérèse, "or drink?"

"Don't like to smoke," said Boyd, "that's all. Some people don't like apples—or onions. Nobody cares." He added casually, "I don't much care about drinking either, and it's bad for flying. Even if I did care about it, I'd stay off it."

"Well—and women?" said Thérèse. She felt a slight unaccustomed heat under the satin-smooth skin of her face. She wondered if that were a blush.

"What about 'em?" asked Boyd simply.

"You never look at 'em."

He said, "I'm looking at you now."

"Is it press-agent stuff?" asked Thérèse. "About women—your not caring for them?"

"No," he said, "it was true, all right. Not that it was any of the reporters' business." They looked at each other for a long and extraordinarily direct moment. "You're not a reporter?" he inquired all at once, withdrawing.

"Don't be ridiculous," said Thérèse.

He said, "Well, I didn't think you could be—your father and all that—but you ask a lot of questions."

"Because I want to know about you," said Thérèse. Her smile was perilously sweet.

"About women—and me?" said Boyd, smiling a trifle diffidently in return. "Only reason is, I never saw a woman I wanted ——"

"No?" said Thérèse.

"Well, not until now," said Boyd.

They looked at each other for some time once more.

Thérèse said, "That isn't a line. You don't know how."

He said, "No, I don't know any lines."

"You make me feel like a worm," she said.

He said, "You look more like a butterfly."

Jaded victress of unnumbered campaigns, she naïvely inquired, "Do you like this dress?"

He told her gravely, "I think it'd be terrible on anybody else." To which he added cryptically, "That's what I meant about women."

"I forgive you," said Thérèse. "I don't like 'em either."

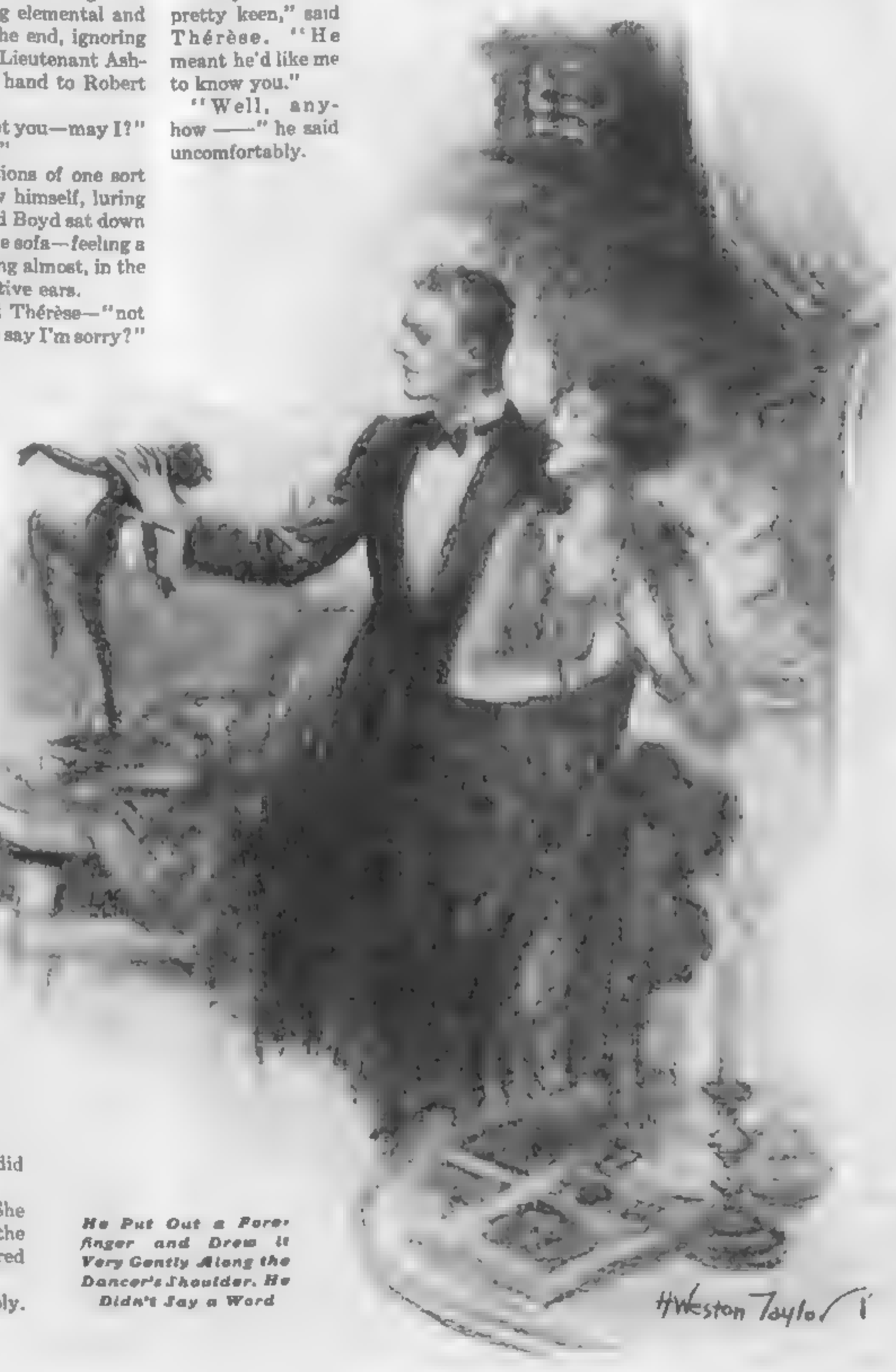
"How about men?" said he, and sent a sea-gray glance clean through her.

"Has anyone been talking about me—to you?" she said suspiciously, then laughed at herself.

Boyd said, "I never heard your name till fifteen minutes ago. Then your father said he'd like me to know you."

"My father's pretty keen," said Thérèse. "He meant he'd like me to know you."

"Well, anyhow ——" he said uncomfortably.



He Put Out a Forefinger and Drew It Very Gently Along the Dancer's Shoulder. He Didn't Say a Word

"When you're embarrassed," said Thérèse, "you wriggle, don't you?"

He said, "Sure! Why not?" and smiled at her.

She said, "The papers are right about one thing."

"If they are," said he, "they ought to get a fistful of medals." He added gravely "Gosh, I hate reporters!"

"I suppose," said Thérèse, "they practically put you to bed at night and turn on your bath in the morning."

"I could stand it," he said with a deep and cold rebellion, "if they'd talk about flying, if they'd talk about air lines, if they'd talk about improvements in planes—but not them! They've got to tell a listening world that I wore a dark blue suit with a pin stripe in it; that I just touched my lips to a champagne glass; that some old girl kissed me for all the mothers of America."

A queer shadow went over his face, a contraction of the muscles about his mouth and nose, a narrowing of his eyes—revulsion, undeniable and violent, if doggedly controlled. He looked away between the uniforms and the soft bright gowns of the women, the black coats moving like bats through a flowering meadow, and while he looked away Thérèse did not turn her eyes from his face.

She said softly, "Poor boy, do you hate it as much as all that?"

"I hate being touched," he said violently. "I can't stand it. I don't know why. Maybe it sounds crazy to you, but ——"

Thérèse said gently, with for her an unwonted and amazing gentleness, "I don't think it's crazy at all. It's the most natural thing in the world—all those people—the way they maul you about."

"I guess that's it," he admitted, relaxing, surprised and grateful. "You see, I've been rushed by such mobs, so many times, so many different places, I'm always afraid of killing somebody when I'm taking off or landing.

"They run right down on me, like mad things—police, soldiers—nothing seems to hold 'em back. I get sort of a horror, if you see what I mean—all those hands pawing at me.

"You can't move! You can't breathe! You've got to jerk yourself away to get free! Sometimes"—he finished shamefacedly—"I've flown three times across a field before I'd land, waiting for 'em to get back a little."

"Did you know," said Thérèse, "that there's a regular name for that? Some sort of phobia—fear of crowds."

"Is there?" he inquired, and looked curiously relieved. "I thought it was just a bug of my own. I've been kind of worried about it at times." She laughed into his eyes—a caress like the sweep of a moth's wing. "You're pretty keen, aren't you?" he said thoughtfully.

"I'm not; I wish I were," said Thérèse. "I flopped at school disgracefully."

"Maybe it didn't interest you—that's why."

Her turn to melt into radiance at his incredible comprehension: "I loathed it. But it's no use pretending I could have been a star. I was a spoiled brat. I'm a disgustingly spoiled girl, and I shall be a very tiresomely spoiled woman."

"No, you won't," he said quietly.

"I know my own type," said Thérèse—"you don't."

"I've known fellows like you."

"Fellows!"

"Yes—with too much money and not enough to do—till they got into flying."

"Oh, into flying?" she mocked him sweetly.

"You ought to be strong for aviation," said Robert Boyd with calm reproof. "Your father's got the biggest airplane factory in the country."

(Continued on Page 66)

The Problem of the Downtown Church—By Frank Parker Stockbridge

Chicago Temple, the First Church to Build a Modern Skyscraper of a Churchly Character in the Heart of a Great Business District

Manhattan Towers, Now Building at 76th and Broadway, New York; a Hotel-Apartment House Combined With Manhattan Congregational Church

Broadway Temple, a $5,500,000 Church, Apartment House and Hotel, Now Building at 173d Street and Broadway, New York

BOB LIVINGSTON and I stood on a Fifth Avenue corner, all dressed up in our Sunday clothes, when a rubberneck wagon passed. The man at the megaphone, charged with the duty of giving the out-of-town passengers of the sight-seeing bus a run for their money, caught sight of us and vociferously directed his customers' attention in our direction. At least, the whole busload rubbered at us, whereupon we lifted our antique plug hats in salutation and they proceeded up the Avenue, joyful in the belief that they had been bowed to by an Astor and a Vanderbilt.

"What," asked Bob, "would they think if they knew what we were really talking about?"

"I'm afraid they would have been disillusioned," I replied. "There's no kick for the visitor to New York in the subject of church finances."

For I had just come from a finance meeting at the old Marble Collegiate Church, and Bob, a vestryman of the Church of the Transfiguration, was on his way to a meeting for the same purpose at the famous Little Church Around the Corner. And whenever two persons meet who are interested in any of the downtown churches of New York, Chicago or almost any other American city where business is crowding out the old residential districts and congregations are scattering to the four winds, the problem of what the church is going to do—what it can do—to maintain the old church as a going concern is reasonably certain to come up for discussion.

A Fundamental Question

IT IS a problem primarily economic, but not solely so. It is complicated by doctrinal, denominational and congregational concepts as to the proper functions of the church and fitting methods of performing those functions. But in whatever way any particular church elects to do its work, as it conceives that work to be, on whatever phase of religious activity it chooses to place its chief emphasis, one question presses more and more strongly into the foreground: "Where is the money coming from?"

The problem is a pressing one because of the rapid and constant shifting of population centers in American cities. The historical and traditional methods of supporting a church fail, in most instances, before the onward march of the skyscraper. Families move out of the parish by droves, as residences give place to business buildings; congregations dwindle and the collection box yields only a tithe of its former revenue. Lacking an endowment, the church surrounded by skyscrapers is forced to a decision between several different ways of carrying on.

The simplest and easiest way, and one which has been pursued for years in every growing city, is to cash in on the unearned increment in the value of the church property by selling the lot at a business-property price and following the congregation into the new residential district. But that method of solving the problem of the downtown church, once regarded as the ideal and almost sole solution, no longer works in many communities; and when it does work, it is coming to be regarded with disfavor as an abandonment of a field which, under some modern concepts of the church's function, may still be well worth the tilling.

St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, New York City

Hard to Follow the Flock

IT IS less and less easy, for example, to locate the departed congregation with sufficient accuracy to follow it. The elevated railroads and subways, high-speed interurban transit lines and, latest of all, the automobile, have resulted in spreading all over the map families which formerly lived in a defined urban area.

"Everybody who can afford it moves into the suburbs," said a Manhattan pastor, discussing this point, "but I haven't heard of an entire congregation choosing the same suburb to move into."

Churches once lined what is now Washington Street, in Chicago, from the river to the lake; it was, in fact, called Church Street seventy-five years ago. Now there is one church there. Men still young remember when Thirty-fourth and Forty-second streets in New York, in the present shopping and theatrical districts, showed church spires as their principal architectural features. Within the past five years three churches have moved northward from the section of Fifth Avenue between

Thirty-fourth and Fifty-ninth Streets, crowded out by business, but gaining from the sale of their old lots means wherewith to build themselves more stately mansions farther uptown. In the same period three other churches have similarly moved out of the new Broadway business district above Seventy-second Street. Two other Fifth Avenue churches are planning to move north in the near future.

There is no assurance that any of these churches will stay put in their new locations. Every one of them had been originally still farther downtown before these latest moves. One, which moved in 1919, is already preparing to move again in 1930. There is one church on Fifth Avenue, the Marble Collegiate, Dutch Reformed, which, after six moves northward in three hundred years, has got only as far as Twenty-ninth Street. The average life of a church building on Manhattan Island, according to real-estate authorities, is only forty years. And somewhat the same situation, though on a smaller scale, exists in every American city.

The advantage gained by such moves is not merely wasteful but temporary, since no one can guarantee that the character of the new parish will not change as completely within the next few years as that of the old neighborhood did. A new congregation may be built up, but it, too, will move away, leaving the church just where it was before; and nobody can foresee how soon the change will come. The only certainty is that it will come.

Realization of this truth, that the only permanent thing is change, is making many metropolitan churches hesitate where a few years ago they would have jumped at the chance to sell their old sites for many times what they had cost. Instead of following the crowd, they are studying and discovering new ways to bring the crowd to them.

The Institutional Church

THAT, in itself, is not a new idea either. The simplest way to do it is to engage a brilliant and popular pulpit orator, to hear whom people will travel any reasonable distance. I recently found among the records of my mother's family the account of the migration of an entire household from Connecticut to Massachusetts, to the town of my father's family, in order that they might "sit under the eloquent Jonathan Edwards," as the quaint phraseology of the eighteenth century had it. Plymouth Church leaped to fame through the golden tongue of Henry Ward Beecher. Brooklyn Tabernacle had its T. Dewitt Talmage, as Park Avenue Baptist today has its Harry E. Fosdick, to hear whom the Sunday morning crowds are so great that reserved-seat tickets have to be issued to the regular members of the church. But great preachers are scarce—and mortal. Reliance upon them to keep the old church going on the old site is at best a temporary expedient.

The past ten years have been a period of introspection, of self-examination, by the Protestant churches of America—self-examination in which the laity have taken as active a part as the clergy. One result has been an immense broadening of the concept of the church as an institution for social service. Another and more spectacular result has been the evolution of a new type of church structure, providing at once ampler housing and a new method of financing the church's broadened activities.

The idea of the institutional church harks back to the Middle Ages and earlier, when the church was the focus of all community life, the source and center of education, entertainment and diversion of every sort, as well as of religious inspiration and teaching. The pendulum of Protestant thought which, for four hundred years following the Reformation, swung sharply away from all but the narrowly religious phases of the church's ancient activities, has now begun to swing in the direction of a revival of active interest, as a part of the church's function, in almost every human emotion, inclination and need, secular as well as spiritual.

Hence the modern institutional church. Not confined to any single denomination—not yet accepted by all the churches and members of any one denomination as a whole, but multiplying everywhere in America. It needs no argument to prove this tendency: the evidences of it are before the eyes of every city dweller and in many rural communities.

But it takes money to run an institutional church—a great deal more money than it takes to carry on the familiar simple type of church in which most of us were reared. More money for plant and structures, much more money for upkeep and the salaries of the enlarged staff. Casual congregations, largely unaffiliated with the church, are not to be relied upon for important income. The denominational church, unlike such undenominational institutions as the Y. M. C. A. and the Salvation Army, cannot make a public drive for funds or share in the proceeds of a community chest. The field of activity of the new type of institutional church, however, is mainly with those who have no church affiliations or only the weakest of church ties; almost entirely among those who are not members of its particular denomination, as a rule.

Moreover, another consideration which enters into the problem of financing the modern metropolitan institutional church is the need of a structural bulk and magnificence. The church, to appeal to the unchurched masses of the big cities, must dominate its scene. Just as the managements of savings banks have learned that to inspire confidence among the workers and lure their savings out of the hazardous mattress and stocking into the security of the bank, they must build mighty structures, imposingly beautiful and substantial, so the churches which have been in a position to try the experiment have demonstrated that grand, imposing edifices, visible for miles or blocks around, inspire by their mere magnificence the desire to partake of what they have to offer. The fisher folk of Cape Cod felt this when they built their churches upon the tops of the sand dunes of Truro. The very dominance of the duomo of Milan, of the great minsters and abbeys of England and the Continent, impresses their beholders with the unshakable solidity of the institutions which they house.

Trinity Church on its $40,000,000 Plot, Facing the Head of Wall Street

How can the church achieve such dominance in a scene composed entirely of skyscrapers? Trinity spire, at the head of Wall Street, once towered above every other structure on Manhattan. The village steeple still stands as a landmark for all the countryside. But the downtown city church, walled in by business buildings twenty, thirty, forty stories high, or, in the larger cities, the uptown church hemmed about by twelve-story apartment houses or twenty-story hotels, is smothered, lost sight of, becomes insignificant in the eyes of the very people whom it most desires to serve.

The Old Fifth Avenue Baptist Church

At Left—The Riverside Church in the City of New York, a Great Undenominational Institutional Church Being Built Opposite Grant's Tomb

The Way Out

THE answer is the simple one: Build the church into a skyscraper! Here, at one stroke, many churches in the downtown sections of New York, Chicago, Syracuse, Cleveland, Kansas City, San Francisco, and in the crowded apartment-house districts, have found the solution of their major economic problems as well as the answer to the all-important question of how they can continue their religious functions in the spirit of the new age and with some assurance of future stability. Whether the decision be to expand the field of its activities and develop as an institutional church, to submerge its denominational identity in unsectarian service for its neighborhood or community, or merely to keep the ancient fires alight as a wayside shrine beside the main traveled pathways of trade, the skyscraper church has become the way out for churches which have neither large endowments nor wealthy patrons to enable them to maintain their former status in the midst of changed surroundings; while even those churches, few in America, which can command all the money they may require, are largely developing into organizations of the institutional type.

(Continued on Page 153)

GENERAL DELIVERY

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY GRANT REYNARD

DAVE AND JENNY HAMMONS were going to California for the first six weeks of the new year, and old Mrs. Jerrold was going with them, and they asked Alice Jerrold to be one of the party. Alice protested that it was out of the question to leave the children and that Bobby could not get along without her. But Bobby—Bobby was her husband—urged her to go along.

"You needn't worry about me, dear," he assured her. "I'll be fine."

"You're so completely helpless," she told him querulously. "If one of the children got sick. And someone has to run the house."

Providentially, Alice's sister, Sylvia Wetherby, wrote that she intended coming to Boston for a month or two.

"I'm tired of the country," she announced. "I want to see some plays and hear some music and read some books. Can I use your spare room? Say no if it's a bother. The waffles were popular this summer and I could afford to stay at the Copley if I chose."

Alice read this letter aloud to Bobby, and he said agreeably: "There you are. Tell her to come ahead; then she'll be here if anything goes wrong, and you can go with the folks and have a good time."

Alice protested, but she did want to go to California; and in the end, of course, she yielded. She wrote to Sylvia, stating the case frankly enough.

"It's making a convenience out of you, I know, dear," she confessed. "But as long as the children are well, they're no bother, with Winnie to look after them, and Martha in the kitchen. And Bobby never knows what's happening to him anyway. If you don't mind being a convenience——"

So Sylvia came. She was two years older than Alice and a year or two younger than Bobby, and she was one of those women in their middle thirties who are so quietly beautiful and so serenely self-contained, and so apt to appear to be faintly amused at the follies of the world about them, that people are forever saying behind their backs:

"I declare, I don't see why some man hasn't snapped her up long ago. She'd be a wonderful ——"

But no man had; or if anyone had sought to do so, Sylvia had evaded his snap. She and Alice had been children on an old New Hampshire farm. Alice went away to school and college while Sylvia stayed at home with her father. Bob Jerrold discovered Alice at Wellesley and married her as soon as she emerged, himself just out of law school. Then old Mr. Wetherby died and Sylvia converted the farmhouse into a roadside tea room, specializing on fried chicken, waffles, honey and sirup. All summer through, cars were parked before her door, in the farmyard beneath the tall lyre-shaped elms; and the tables on the lawn behind the house, looking across a descending sweep of meadow toward the lake, were consistently well patronized. Sylvia had some reason for contentment.

She arrived at the North Station toward mid-afternoon of a late December day, and Alice came scurrying along the platform and flew into her sister's arms.

Sylvia kissed her calmly, and when their embrace was done, Alice cried, "Now where's your suitcase?" Sylvia pointed to an attendant porter burdened with bags. "Mercy!" Alice exclaimed. "Are all those yours?"

Sylvia chuckled. "They're mostly empty, baby," she replied. "I expect to fill them while I'm here. There's a trunk besides, but I sent that by express to the house."

Alice passed her hand through the other's arm. "Come along then," she commanded. "I've got the car here. Bobby just wouldn't come to meet you. He said he couldn't. That's what he always says when I ask him to do anything. The traffic's frightful, especially this time of the afternoon. I almost had hysterics coming down."

They came to the taxi stand and Alice led the way to her somewhat battered automobile.

"Put those bags in the back, if you can," she told the porter; and while he did so—"I hope it starts," she confessed to Alice. "It doesn't, half the time."

"You have to know their ways," Sylvia agreed. "I've taught mine to do everything but climb trees. It's kindness does it, baby."

The bags bestowed, themselves seated, Alice pressed the starter button, and the car, with a rheumatic leap like that of an old horse touched by the whip, got into motion. For a while thereafter Alice was by the intricacies of the traffic all engaged; but she kept up a running fire of resentful comment as she drove:

"Will you look at that man, cutting in in front of me? . . . Why is it traffic officers always make you wait? . . . Mercy, what headlights! It isn't time to light them yet either. . . . You can always tell when a chauffeur's driving; they're so selfish. . . . That taxi almost scraped me. Sometimes I think I'll just not turn out, and run right into them. . . . I hate the signal lights, don't you? You never know whether you can turn or whether you have to wait. I despise traffic, anyway."

Sylvia made no attempt to reply. She sat quietly attentive to the passing scene—the pedestrians pressing across the street at every corner on their way to the station, the strands of traffic that wove so intricate a web, the whitely lighted shop windows. But by and by matters somewhat eased, and Alice drove more comfortably and settled back in her seat.

"There," she ejaculated. "Now we can talk. Sylvia, you're a darling to come and take care of my babies for me. We're leaving tomorrow, and I'm so excited. I've packed and unpacked a dozen times."

"I'm looking forward to it," Sylvia assured her.

"I'm afraid it's going to be a chore."

"Oh, I've been running a boarding house all summer. Feeding just one man and two babies will be just like a vacation."

Her Eyes Blurred, But She Said Steadily, "Of Course You Have"

"Mercy!" Alice Exclaimed. "Are All Those Yours?"

Alice nodded grudgingly. "I suppose you've made lots of money," she agreed; and she added: "But I hate to think what our old house must look like, with windmills and wooden dolls and birch-bark souvenirs all over it."

Sylvia chuckled. "Oh, you wouldn't be distressed," she said reassuringly. "I don't sell anything but victuals. Not a windmill in sight; not even a post card."

"Why not?" Alice asked. "There must be a big profit in things like that."

"I suppose so," Sylvia assented. "But if people stop and buy a lot of trash, they regret it when they get home, and blame you for selling it to them. They don't regret anything they buy from me, unless they eat too much. So they keep coming back and sending others, and so on."

"It must be wonderful," Alice said; added with apparent inconsequence: "We're as poor as church mice! Bobby's just the most helpless individual. But I don't need to tell you. You can see by this hideous old rattletrap of a car."

"You've a nurse and a cook," Sylvia suggested. "Rather have them than a new car, wouldn't you?"

"Oh, it isn't that. But Bobby makes me so mad sometimes. I tell him he'll never amount to anything. He lets anyone bully him—anyone at all."

"You tell him so?" Sylvia echoed, faint amusement in her tones.

And Alice cried: "Tell him? I've talked till I'm hoarse. You'd think it would have some effect, but it doesn't do a bit of good. He goes on just the same." She swung the car into the drive. "Well, here we are. Leave the bags. Bobby will bring them in when he comes home."

Sylvia shook her head, laughed softly. "I'm used to carrying my own burdens," she said. "They're not heavy. You take that one. It's almost empty."

"But Bobby'll bring them in," Alice insisted.

"Oh, I need my things," Sylvia assured her.

"Take the bag you need then," Alice argued. "It's good discipline for Bobby. I make him do little things for me. If I didn't, he'd forget we're married. He's used to it, Sylvia. Take the one you need, but leave the others—do."

Sylvia smiled ruefully, shook her head. "Oh, I've my dress in one bag and my comb in another and my powder puff in the third one, like as not," she confessed. "I'll have to have them all."

So Alice was overborne; but she did not surrender silently. "I suppose you'll spoil Bobby completely while I'm away," she protested, as she accepted the bag Sylvia handed her.

Sylvia laughed. "I hope not," she returned. "I'll be as strict as possible."

"He needs somebody to keep after him," Alice assured her; but before she could expound this they were on the

porch. The children, their nurse in the background, met them in the hall. Jane was four, Tom half as old. "This is Aunt Sylvia," Alice told them. "Jane, give her a nice kiss. She's going to visit us for a little while."

They surveyed Aunt Sylvia with doubtful eyes.

Sylvia said gently, "Hello, Jane. Hello, Tom."

"Kiss her, Jane," Alice insisted sharply.

But Sylvia said, "Wait awhile, Alice. I want to get the train grime off first." And upstairs she explained: "You know, baby, children are like dogs. You must give them time to inspect you or you'll frighten them; and then they're apt to bite—or something."

"I've tried to teach Jane manners," Alice complained. "But she's such a stubborn child. . . . Well, this is your room, dear. I hope you'll be comfortable."

Sylvia nodded. "Perfectly," she agreed. "You run along now, Alice. I'm used to dressing alone. I may lie down till dinner."

"Bobby's mother is coming, and Dave and Jenny," Alice recited. "We'll sit down at 6:45."

"I'll be ready," Sylvia promised. "Now you run along."

When she was alone, she stood for a moment surveying her room. It was a pleasant one enough, and she approved it; but her eyes rested longest on one of the pictures in a silver frame set on the dressing table. She recognized her sister's husband, and she crossed and picked up the picture and studied it silently.

In the end she smiled a little, murmured under her breath: "Poor old Bob!"

But a moment later she replaced it and shook her head and turned to her waiting bags.

It was a family dinner and there were no outsiders present. Sylvia wondered, once or twice, during the meal, whether outsiders would have made any difference to Alice. She suspected that they would have made no difference at all.

She herself was the last to appear. When she came downstairs Alice was arranging the flowers on the table, and Mrs. Jerrold and Dave and Jenny were waiting. Sylvia had always liked Mrs. Jerrold. Bob's mother was a little old woman with perfectly white hair and an expression of doubtful assent in her eyes. Jenny Hammons, Bob's sister, had Bob's pleasing, likable manner; she was unassertive, faintly pretty. Dave Hammons was, like Bob, a lawyer, and if his practice was not large, he had some independent means, so that this did not matter.

Mrs. Jerrold got up from her chair to greet Sylvia, in spite of Sylvia's quick protest, and she said gently, "You're nice to come and take care of Robert while we're away."

"It's a lark for me," Sylvia assured her. "I'm looking forward to it."

Bob came toward her with the others, and she made him see that he was to kiss her. He did so, in a doubtful fashion, and there was at that a momentary silence, and then she was kissing Jenny and shaking Dave Hammons by the hand. Then they went into the dining room.

Bob sat at the head of the table, with Mrs. Jerrold and Sylvia on either hand; Alice was at the foot, flanked by Dave and Jenny. Or at least Sylvia supposed that where Bob sat was the head of the table till the roast was brought in and set before Sylvia for carving.

"Bobby just can't learn to carve, Sylvia," Alice explained resentfully. "You'll have to do it while I'm gone or you'll all starve."

They spoke at first of the prospective departure.

"I telephoned about the trunks today," Alice assured them. "I'd have asked Bobby to do it, but he'd have been sure to make a mistake somehow. He has a genius for it. And the taxi will pick me up first and then I'll call for you and Jenny, mother, and Dave will meet us at the station."

"I'll come down to see you off," Bob said reassuringly; and Alice retorted, "I suppose you will—if you don't forget the train."

Sylvia attended to her dinner while the talk went to and fro about her till every angle of the prospective journey had been discussed.

But her interest quickened when, in the pause that followed, Dave asked Bob, "When does the Vail case come up, Bob?"

"Set for Monday," Bob replied. "That's why I've been so busy lately. I ought to have stayed in tonight."

"Tough one, isn't it?" Dave suggested.

But before Bob could reply, Alice interjected: "I don't see why the Elevated gave the case to Bob, anyway, unless they knew they were bound to lose, whoever tried it."

Sylvia looked at her thoughtfully, and Dave protested, with a faint patronage in his tones.

"All the more credit if he does win."

"Against Mr. Burr?" Alice exclaimed, and she laughed. "Don't be absurd! Mr. Burr will just make a fool out of Bobby. But anyone would have done that," she added acidly. "Bobby always loses his cases, don't you, Bobby dear?"

Bob grinned, but Dave said a little pompously: "Well, the jury's always apt to give the Elevated the worst of it. Sometimes you can lose a case and still save money—get a low verdict."

"I've seen Dorothy Vail dance," Alice insisted. "We saw her when Sally Lunn opened here, and she's beautiful! And of course she can't dance now, with one foot practically gone. And when the jury sees how beautiful she is ——"

Bob's sister laughed, as though to suggest that all they said was jocularly meant.

"Well, I'd cut off my foot for a hundred thousand dollars," she declared. "That's what she's suing for, isn't it?"

"Oh, they won't get anything like that," Dave predicted.

"We've offered them fifteen thousand," Bob confessed. "If we can hold it down to that, or a little more, I'll be satisfied."

"I should think you would be," Alice told him scornfully. "But you won't. They say Mr. Burr is the best lawyer in town, and goodness knows you're not, Bobby dear." Her tone was sardonic. "I shouldn't wonder if they got more than they're asking, before they're through!"

Her husband stirred uncomfortably in his chair, and Dave asked judicially: "How about it, Bob? Have you got any case?"

"Well, we're going to trial," Bob reminded him. He caught Sylvia's eye, something faintly appealing in his glance, and she smiled at him reassuringly. But Alice saw the interchange and spoke to Sylvia.

(Continued on Page 58)

"Nonsense," Sylvia Told Him Gently. "You Can Carve a Chicken as Well as Anybody"

The Dominator

By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN LA GATTA

"How Did You Manage to Get Away?" Demanded Judy. "I Thought You Had to Work So Hard"

RELIGIOUSLY, the morning's mail having received attention, the door to the outer office being softly closed, Howard Ellison Wade prepared to refresh and fortify his spirit by the daily ritual to which, as he assured his subordinates, he owed all that he had been, all that he was, all that he hoped and was resolved to be. The debt had already risen to respectable dimensions. Materially it could be accurately measured in terms of money, position, authority and comfort; it included Howard Wade's eight bonds in the safe-deposit box at the Traders' National, for instance, and the agreeably generous check for salary and commissions at this moment on its way to that same institution; it covered the substantially prosperous car which waited his pleasure at the curbstone below his window; it ramified into such lesser matters as the expensively unobtrusive clothes which contained Howard Wade's neat, straight young body, to his pleasant rooms in the Binchester Club, to escape from all the mean little economies which had galled his being in the bad days from which he had been led.

But the debt went far beyond the metes and bounds of these indicia. To the thin, leather-bound pamphlet on his spotless blotter Howard Wade owed himself, the new, amazing, scarcely credible self which had displaced the original personality within the upstanding body precisely as its outer furniture of cheap, ill-fitting garments had given way to cunning, costly tailoring. He drew in his breath with an awed sense of magic; it was like the old folklore tales of fairy wands and pumpkin coaches. And, as always, the thought gave him a brief, uneasy qualm of fear, a sense of masquerade and imposture, almost of guilt. He opened the book quickly.

The pages were worn and dog-eared and interlined like a monk's breviary. Howard Wade's eye traveled through type that seemed to have been read to channeled smoothness like the footworn marble of a pilgrims' shrine. The words came into his mind with the effect of organ music.

"The master salesman does not sell; he provides those stimuli which impel each prospect to sell himself."

Howard Wade repeated the text reverently under his breath. It was all summed up in that one paragraph. Here, in seventeen words, was the difference between Howard Wade, for instance, and that fellow Stanley, who sold the Chain-Lightning Calculator precisely as if he were a mouthy back-door peddler, browbeating women into buying to be rid of him, pounding his fist on a desk, windjamming, arguing, overbearing, never dreaming that there was a better way, a magic method, whereby a quiet, shy, unvocal fellow like Howard Wade could sell three Beemans for every Chain-Lightning that the cruder system of direct assault contrived to force on Binchester.

Amused, Howard Wade remembered that there had been a time when he would have admired and envied Stanley; when, in his ignorance, he had believed that all salesmen had to be like Stanley—thick of skin, incorrigibly loquacious, militantly bristling. He had even said as much to Richard Polson when Polson had proposed to transfer him from the cashier's office to the road. A stab of gratitude went through him; Polson's book seemed to bring the author into the room, to fill its quiet with dynamic pressure of the man's personality. His debt to Polson's philosophy extended to the philosopher himself.

"Mean to tell me I don't know a born selling genius when I see one?" Polson had laughed, his big voice booming. "You do what I tell you, boy, and you'll be the biggest man in the adding-machine business before you're forty. Stay here in the office and you'll grow fast to your high stool!"

The door opened soundlessly and Miss Mellin's pleasant face intruded upon Howard Wade's memories.

"It's 10:30," she announced. Thus, every morning, she terminated Wade's ritual communings with The Mighty Mystery of Salesmanship. In his way Polson had been almost as flamboyant as Stanley, but Howard Wade had long since ceased to regret the title he had chosen for his book. He closed it deliberately, extending his hand for the little sheaf of cards which Miss Mellin proffered, each one standing for a scheduled errand of his day's crusade. Mechanically he returned her cheerful smile; one of Polson's maxims set forth the wisdom of surrounding yourself with people whose personalities reacted pleasantly upon your own.

"I hate to bring you that one," she said, "but it's the fifteenth, and you said ——"

A shadow drifted across Howard Wade's mood; his eye lowered unhappily to the topmost card, fastened with a wire clip to several others. The typed name scowled up at him: Myron Dennett and the Third National had long since ceased to be mere combinations of letters; for Howard Wade they had acquired a symbolic significance that held at once a challenge and reproach. He nodded.

"All right. That's all, Miss Mellin."

She lingered, however. "I've got a hunch that you'll land him this time," she announced.

Wade caught himself in the very act of negation; he had actually begun to shake his head when he remembered what Polson had to say about salesmen who went forth self-beaten by the expectancy of unsuccess. He was shocked. Fresh from resaturating his spirit in the Mighty Mystery, he had not only harbored a want of faith but had all but actually confessed it!

"I've got to do it," he said. The words came between closed teeth. "I've just got to!"

Miss Mellin's blue eyes widened. "Why? Of course we want the business, but I guess we'd manage to rub along if there wasn't any Third National Bank in Binchester. We're eighteen machines ahead of last year right now, and ——"

Howard Wade shook his head. "It's not that. It's—it's personal. I've got to sell Dennett, I mean, or I'll lose faith in myself, and if I do that ——" He spread his hands. "That's all I've got, Miss Mellin. I've just got to keep it or I'm nothing."

She laughed loyally. "You! Why, this office has come up from twelfth to third in three years! And it's been all your doing—every bit of it! You've done miracles! If you don't sell Myron Dennett it doesn't prove anything except that he's a stupid, pig-headed old ——"

She left the opinion in the air. Howard Wade, catching the infection of her stubborn confidence, was again persuaded of Polson's uncanny wisdom in recommending the choice of subordinates who, at their least, and worst, might be relied on for lusty sideline cheers.

He went out with a stouter heart, but, as he parked his car at the rear of the Third National, he found in himself a craven shrinking from the onset, a fear not of Myron Dennett himself but of the effect upon Howard Wade of another failure. It might be better, he told himself, to file the Third National in the morgue drawer along with the bankrupts. If he withdrew from the field, he retired, at least, with dignity. There would be no glorious victory, but, far more important, there would be no more of these defeats, each infecting him with the subtle toxins of failure and self-doubt. He would be able to repeat Polson's sonorous formula without that mocking jeer at the back of his thoughts:

I am Power!
I believe in Myself!
I move Men and Mountains with my Faith!
I dominate because I trample Doubt and Fear under my feet!

He intoned it silently. Remotely he seemed to hear the taunting snicker of the reviving traitor skeptic in him: "Yah! How about Myron Dennett? Le's see you do some dominating around here!"

Howard Wade set his teeth. There it was! Open rebellion in his own spirit, treason in his secret councils—insidious, serpentine, contriving somehow to make him feel ridiculous, braggart, even to poison Richard Polson's mighty words with a taint of comic burlesque. He paused in the cathedral vastness of the lobby, minded to retreat, casuistically justifying by a righteous end the expedient which, in any of his underlings, he would have mercilessly condemned. Better to scribble "no interview" on Dennett's card and skulk back to the office with that craven quibble on his conscience than to carry away a bruised and shaken faith. After all, what did it matter if Stanley strong-armed a few more Chain-Lightning Calculators into the Third National, compared with the basically vital need of self-belief for Howard Wade?

Stoically he put temptation from him. The clerk who guarded the portcullis grinned affably; the face of him

served Howard Wade as a spiritual mirror in which the Polson revelation had taught him to study the reflection of his psyche.

If the office boy is glad to see you, so will be the man behind him. Dominant personality dominates all.

"Hello, Wade! Come in." The gate latch clicked a welcome. The clerk's eye dwelt reverently on Wade's new striped tie. "Class to that one, I'll say! Where'd you get it?"

Wade told him, dimly grateful to the looking-glass for intelligence the more agreeable because inaccurate, "Tell Mr. Dennett I'm here, will you? I'm rushed this morning."

Polson had taught the wisdom of dispatch:

If you let a man waste your time you tell him, more plainly than in words, that you don't matter. The master salesman never waits. He goes in or he goes out.

"He's busy right now, but he'll be free any minute. . . . Yes, sir, class, and I don't mean whether. Some tie!"

Doggedly Howard Wade clung to principle. Here was excuse, under the letter of the Polson doctrine, for departure with banners proudly high, but he rejected the subterfuge. The clerk's tone and word had told him that whatever preoccupied Myron Dennett was of no great moment; duty demanded a final gesture.

"Just tell him I'm here," he repeated with pleasant firmness, his voice implying that the information would incite Myron Dennett to abrupt dismissal of less urgent matters.

The clerk, dominated, padded off on soundless heels, returned, his head jerking in a sidelong consent. Dominance: Howard Wade felt his spirit stiffen as at a reassuring omen; he moved into the inner office with brisk decision, but still with no crude suggestion of mere haste; outwardly, at least, he personified, he knew, the serene, unartificed assurance of the born dominator.

Myron Dennett's pink face held, below its relaxing surface, something of the same implication; he could afford, it seemed to say, to be unpresidential in superficials. He waved a golfer's hand in careless welcome. "Hello, Wade. Wait—don't do any ground-and-lofty salesmanship for a minute. My daughter tells me she doesn't know you."

Howard Wade became aware now that the young woman who sat beside the majestic desk was subtly unstenographic; for a subdivided instant he was disconcerted under direct and cheerful inspection by eyes that were either blue or green, eyes somehow altogether unfamiliar to his experience. He had a dim, distressing doubt now as to the striped necktie; his hands were suddenly enlarged and multiplied; constraint lay upon his tongue—dominance, in short, escaped him as pant air from a pierced tire. He remembered Polson in the very nick of time:

You are the Merchandise you sell.

That was it. Identification with Beeman Countifiers brought serenity and assurance flooding back into Howard Wade. He was here as the personification of incomparably the finest array of calculating machines the universe contained. Would Model Thirty, motor-driven, blush and shrink and stammer just because a chit of a girl happened to turn a pair of blue-green eyes upon it? Howard Wade's head lifted; he felt his face fitting itself to its familiar smile, heard his voice, calm, possessed—yes, dominant!

"How-do-you-do, Miss Dennett?"

Not brilliant, perhaps, but all such speeches took their value from the manner of their saying. He knew that he had said this one admirably. The blue-green eyes had a trick of shutting and opening that was oddly like a laugh. Even in that first moment of acquaintance, inspiration shaped itself in some remote cranny of his mind. There were men so perdurably sales-resistant at all usual points of approach that the master salesman must search shrewdly for the rift in their armor. Polson was plain-spoken on the point:

You are your Merchandise. Where you go, it goes. You take it into every human relationship; it dines in your chair at the banquet; it sits with you in your pew at church; it walks with you down the fairway and plunges with you through the surf at the beach. Your friends are its friends; you can afford enemies only as it can afford them . . . the man who leaves his Merchandise behind him at the club door, whose imbecile false pride forbids him to talk shop is like a swimmer who willfully carries an anchor into a race. Nothing that is honorable for you to do or say as a human being is unethical for you to do or say as a master salesman!

Electrically the words flashed through Howard Wade. Here, in plain view, was Myron Dennett's weak point! He drew in his breath; regarded in this sudden light even the cigarette in the girl's fingers found a redeeming virtue in an eye stubbornly unreconciled to such modernisms. More, it served in some sense as an index to the exceeding weakness of that weak point. Myron Dennett disapproved of tobacco smoke in business premises and hours; no one but this girl would have been suffered thus to profane his office. Secretly Howard Wade plucked up heart. There were cats who could be slain by elemental methods; others required to be suffocated with butter. Very well, so be it.

His meditations had proceeded timelessly, after the eerie fashion of mental processes under exceptional stimulation. There had been, as measured by clock tickings, hardly a pause since his acknowledgment of Miss Dennett's acquaintance, but it sufficed to invite her father's amused attention.

"What's happened to you, Wade—sick or anything? Can't be yourself, or you'd never have gone as long as this without saying something about your second-rate adding machines."

Normally Wade would have received the speech with the restrained and dignified patience of an archbishop in the face of flippant irreligion. Now, upborne by his knowledge of that unsuspected weakness, he managed to greet the remark almost with condoning levity.

"It's something to be second, anyway, sir."

The girl, surprisingly, displayed interest in the topic. Her eyes closed and opened with an effect, now, of excitement.

"Oh, are you the—the adding-machine man, Mr. Wade? We've just been talking about you ——" Her voice left the sentence suspended; her gaze somehow, moving from Wade to her father, conveyed a certain puzzled question. Dennett chuckled.

"Judy wants an adding machine for some amateur theatricals she's mixed up in. I was telling her that Stanley'd probably be glad to lend her one. I wouldn't trust one of ours within a mile of that rowdy crew she plays with."

A consuming glow pervaded Howard Wade's being. Luck, as explained in the Mighty Mystery, was no more than the indirect reward of merit; he had earned this windfall; there was nothing fortuitous about it. So, if you

(Continued on Page 130)

Thrice, During the Meal, Judy's Eyelids Flickered Significantly in His Direction. It Was Easy to Decode Their Message Now

35 IN THE BLACK

By Wythe Williams

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

TWO slightly dingy gentlemen touched also with that melancholy noticeable chiefly in the funereal croupiers, but which marked everyone intimately connected with the gambling, sat in a small room on the top floor of the Casino. They stared out of the open window, scowled darkly upon the blue Mediterranean, sparkling under bright February sunshine.

The room was at the end of the corridor containing the offices of the "Society." In contrast with the golden splendor of the lower portion of the gambling palace, and even of the other offices, this room was severely plain. It contained a small table, several straight-backed chairs. Its floor was uncarpeted, its walls bare. It was filled, however, with caressing warmth, wafted clear from Africa; also a faint perfume of mimosa and jasmine. But the two gentlemen continued to scowl.

They were the famous successful Brothers Dubois—Jacques, the elder, leaner, with sharper eyes, deeper scowl; Jean, brawnier, and as the younger, necessarily of less authority. Their fame and success did not extend to life in the broad sense, but, rather, with the organization of the Society—its inmost circles. For they were respectively manager and assistant manager of the Society's Intelligence Department, that intricate spy system which notes in detail all activity of the place—every coming and going. With them, every guest of every hotel and *pension* was listed. They knew the last stake any player might throw upon the roulette tables—the exact total he was able to lose. Automobiles, clothes, jewels—all were checked upon the financial status, and social status, too, of every suppliant at the great portals, come to make humble contribution to the Casino bank.

The room in which the brothers now sat and scowled was their office. But they did not mind its meager comforts, its sparseness of furniture. Filing cabinets and the usual office impedimenta were unnecessary. Their reports were all card-indexed in their brains and were made verbally. Their surroundings had nothing to do with the trouble upon which they brooded.

Steps, outside in the corridor, stopped before the door. The brothers looked at each other apprehensively. The steps moved on. Then Jacques dragged a pipe from his pocket, at the same time evacuated his chair. This action, slight as it was, stirred Jean to speech.

"Well, what are we to do? Old Benedite will send for us any moment and we must have a report—of some sort." The younger brother's voice was plaintive. The person to whom he referred was the resident director of the Society, therefore—to him—of consequence. "Don't just stand there like that," Jean complained. "What are we going to tell him? Any case is serious when Benedite gets busy. It can't be possible that this girl has a winning system. Never has there been a system—one that would win steadily. But she isn't just lucky either. It's uncanny, I tell you."

Jacques, his face slightly pale under its natural tan of the Midi, threw out his arms in agreement. Certainly Jean was right. No system has ever won consistently at the gambling tables—except one, which is the system of the bank. The Brothers Dubois had the record of every system, every system player. The bank only was the certain winner, with its wise provison of maximums, which had solidly secured 2.5 per cent against the player—all players—year after year for more than half a century.

"I tell you she is actually millions ahead now," Jean continued. "And she has been here a little more than two months. She is the only consistent big winner we have ever known."

"But sometimes she loses," Jacques insisted irritably. "Yesterday she dropped fifty thousand—in an hour."

"Bah!" Jean interrupted. "Stop fooling yourself and looking for excuses. Certainly she loses—just to throw us off. But let your mind dwell on her record of all the past weeks, except the first when she was settling down. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays she always loses—around fifty thousand. Then on Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays she wins—always over a hundred thousand—occasionally two hundred thousand. Sundays, thank heaven, she leaves us alone—goes to church." Jean lifted pious eyes. "Yes, I've followed her. All alone she goes, never speaking to a soul, and on the tram."

"Beat it, Lois. I'll Lark Along Behind. I'm Your Follower, Too, But in the Shadows"

"Well, as you say, it's a relief that she takes one day off for rest," Jacques replied indifferently. Then, alert, his eyes squinted at the other. "On the tram, you say? Why didn't you tell me that before? Why should ——"

A page in tight blue uniform and brass buttons entered, without knocking, to inform the Brothers Dubois that Monsieur Benedite would call upon them within the minute. The door slammed behind him.

"Coming here!" Jean whispered. "Then he is nervous—doesn't want to see us before everybody."

"If only he doesn't suspect who the girl is!" Jacques said. "If we can keep her real name out! If he learns that, we're through." The brothers gripped hands with fervor a second before Monsieur Benedite appeared.

The resident director was large, urbane—usually. His face was opulently blotchy. He was attired modishly—morning coat, dark-gray trousers, glossy silk hat, which he retained upon his head; and yet he, the same as his employes, suggested depression—intangible, fleeting—for the glare in his eyes purported wrath. But his black-gloved hands holding the slender bamboo cane conjectured the undertaker. Even the large black pearl in his dark cravat gave rise to thoughts on the mutability of all things in life.

Monsieur Benedite encouraged this. The Society encouraged it. After all, roulette is business. The visitors—male, of course; it was impossible to control women—were requested to appear in the gambling rooms only in somber raiment. A British peer, clad in light golfing tweeds, made a fuss one day when an attendant whispered politely that dark attire was *de rigueur*. The peer told the attendant to go to hell and proceeded to make his contribution just the same. But it was embarrassing.

The Brothers Dubois received Monsieur Benedite with a series of bows and nervous gestures indicating that he might either take a chair or trample upon them as he chose. That gentleman noted their presence by a short grunt, then lighted a cigar. After several puffs he thought to move his silk hat from head to table.

"Well, what have you found—what's going on?" he snapped out finally.

Jacques Dubois, as befitting the elder brother, cleared his throat.

"His Serene Highness," Jacques began, "need cause us no alarm. Although he won heavily during the play of the first two days, the bank has since recouped all, and his losses, to and including last evening, amount to three hundred and eight thous——"

Monsieur Benedite, after a momentary amazed stare, had banged his cane across the table. "To the devil with His Serene Highness!" he exploded.

Followed a short silence, during which the Brothers Dubois recovered the silk hat which had bounced from table to floor. The person commended to at least other companionship than that offered in the gambling rooms was the princeling of a Balkan dynasty who had been scattering wealth, basicly upon Number 21 at the center table of the *grande salle*. The prince chose 21 because he had just attained that age. With the assistance of official purse bearers, he had strewn nightly fresh bank notes upon the number and all its combinations, which, as Brother Jacques attempted to explain, the croupiers, coldly, impassively, had raked in. But Monsieur Benedite did not intend the literal meaning of his invitation. His Serene Highness was quite welcome to remain, unless the Balkan taxpayers raised opposing voice.

"What I want to know is about this girl," Monsieur Benedite rasped, still rapping his cane and causing the hat to bounce dangerously; "this Miss Louise Edwards, of New York—if that is her name." The Brothers Dubois shivered involuntarily. "What has she got—a real system, at last? Or is she just a fool for luck?"

"We've sent in a report on all her play. If she has a winning system, we must have more time to master it."

"And meanwhile she breaks the bank—actually breaks it!" The skin surrounding Monsieur Benedite's facial blotches turned purplish.

"She plays just one quarter section of the wheel," Jacques went on. "Always she begins with Number 35 in the black. Then she plays the five numbers each way, including the zero. When winning, naturally she makes all combinations of these numbers—lately up to the maximums. Of course when losing she keeps down the outlay."

"H'm!" Monsieur Benedite mused. Then, thinking aloud: "Seems to me I remember another system player who always started with 35 in the black. Just when was that now? He didn't get anywhere with it though."

Jacques broke in quickly: "Quite so, sir. An oldish chap—I remember, too—several years ago. He had a

partner who came out from London. They worked the system first on a small wheel. They all do—and on it they did well. But here, with limited capital ——"

Jacques paused to laugh, but when Monsieur Benedite was about to speak, he continued, rapidly, nervously:

"Miss Edwards never plays the same table consecutively. That, of course, makes her system harder to follow—if she has a system. Also she never bothers about her seat—whether it is near a croupier or not—like all the regular system players do—plays only in the afternoons, too—never comes here at night—never makes any notes on her play, like the others."

Jacques stopped. Monsieur Benedite evidently was paying no attention, but his manner was disquieting.

"H'm!" the director mused. "H'm—I don't think it was so long ago as several years better check that up—might be some connection—not over a year—man wasn't oldish either." He grabbed his hat from the table, pushed it on his head and began walking about the room, tapping the chairs and tables with his stick.

"Well, about this woman." Jacques showed relief that he had returned to the subject of the interview, disagreeable even as it was. "What surveillance have you put on her? This can't go on, I tell you. The board demands action. She too had a limited capital—when she came. Now apparently it's unlimited—and our money."

Jacques explained that Miss Edwards, who, he had learned, once acted upon the American stage, was under constant shadow. Some friend evidently had permitted her to gratify a gambling passion and given her the original stake. The telephone wire to her room, of course, was tapped and her mail had been regarded. Monsieur Benedite's face did not change as this breach of the law was mentioned. Further than this the Brothers Dubois knew nothing, except, of course, that the girl occupied a comfortable but not de luxe hotel apartment.

"Well, do something more—something drastic," Monsieur Benedite curtly advised, stopping the long explanation.

"That would be easier," Jacques replied, "if the sex of the party were different." How easy it would be, he explained, were only a man under watch—so many lovely *intriganies* about this season, all anxious to earn. But to find an attractive man who might—— Of course, with a woman, the question of blackmail was always awkward. Monsieur Benedite frowned heavily, and signaled silence.

The Brothers Dubois, he then explained, would have one more week to solve the mystery—actually solve it. After that the Society would take action to have the woman barred. Naturally, the Casino bank was not yet in danger—far from it, he explained—and in fact the Casino would be willing to stand more loss—a good round fee—just to have the truth. The Brothers Dubois could work upon that idea. The simple truth was all the Society desired. If a real system had developed, after all these years, then they must have all details. The game was straight, he insisted. All the world knew that. The wheels were tested daily with the water balance and other devices. All -positively all—the Casino required was that 3.5 per cent advantage. But this woman had so reversed matters that the percentage was now that much in her favor, or more. Monsieur Benedite reckoned it more—probably 5, or even 6 per cent. No player in history had ever been that lucky for so long. Yes, only one week more; and

"I Don't Understand Quite What You Did," She Went On

Monsieur Benedite departed, slamming the door. The Brothers Dubois wiped perspiring foreheads. Then again they sat upon their straight-backed chairs, and the ensuing silence was long.

"Where we were blind idiots," Jacques said finally, "was not to spot her at once when she arrived. Now she's had her card renewed for the third month. To expose her real name now would make us look like fools."

"Yes, she did that well," Jean replied, "forged papers and everything. Sweet story for the press if it ever gets out, but one on us. Of course you're sure of her now, eh?"

The elder brother made no reply. It was evident his thoughts were far away. The younger brother watched anxiously.

"I said it might be embarrassing—the death of that young man," Jacques remarked at last, slowly, dreamily.

All deaths were troublesome, Brother Jacques felt, but especially when they occurred in the gardens that spread out before the Casino in scented loveliness. And Jacques did not feel that matters were really helped much when the authorities "found" funds in the pockets of the deceased. The particular death he mentioned, discovered just last May, at six o'clock of a balmy bright morning, had proved a sensation. For the young

(Continued on Page 102)

"She Plays Just One Quarter Section of the Wheel," Jacques Went On. "Always She Begins With Number 35 in the Black"

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

II. The Meanest Cowboy of the West—By Harold Lloyd, Directed by Wesley Stout

A BOY born since 1910 no more can name his first movie than he can remember his first motor car. Memory dawns for him in a world filled with both. The first picture I ever saw was the Great Train Robbery, a famous very early American film, and it is no great feat of memory to recall it.

A medicine show came to Pawnee City. Medicine shows – and there are as many today as ever—were like church socials in that it cost nothing to get in but something to get out. The entertainment ranged from a black-face banjoist on a high pitch on the street to a full-length dramatic stock company performance under a big tent where the doctor sold his herb tonic and snake-oil liniment between acts.

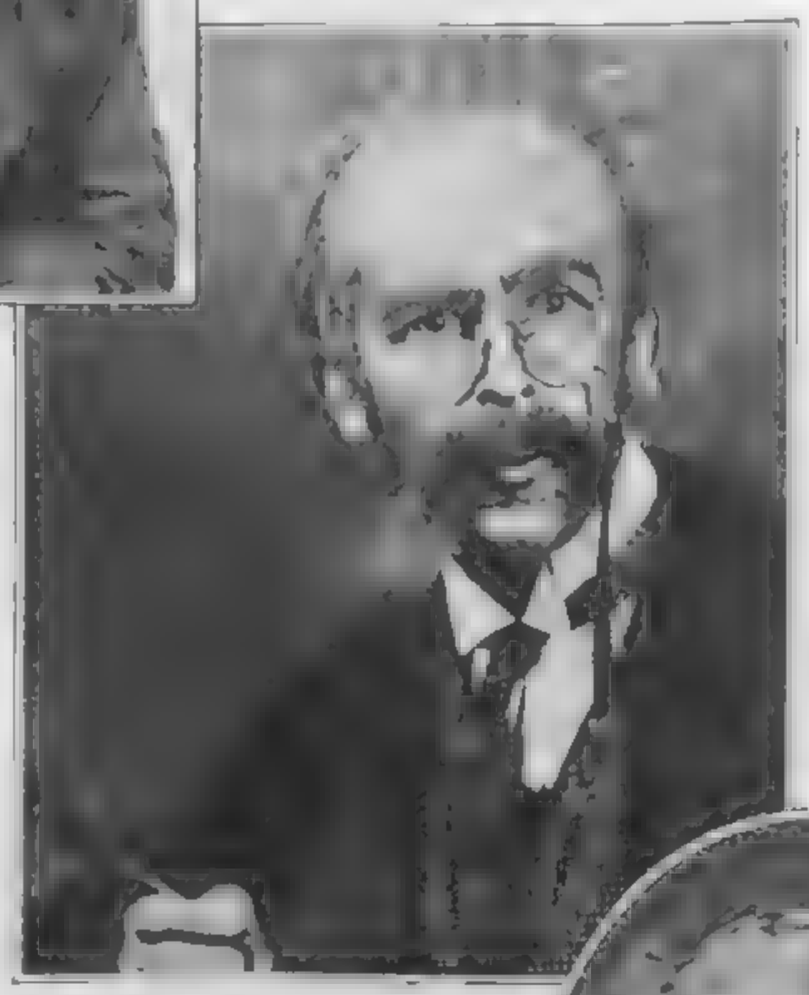
This was about 1902 and the moving picture yet was a novelty. In many of the smaller towns one never had been seen, and it was a stroke of showmanship on the part of the med doctor to buy a worn copy of this early film. Draping a sheet from the second-story windows of a building across the street from his pitch, he would project the film on the sheet, attract his push, as a pitch man calls his crowd, then depend on his native eloquence to do the rest. As it was tacitly understood that kids had no money and would not be so silly as to spend it for medicine if they did have it, med doctors were rated as public benefactors by us. In return the docs tolerated our noisy and unprofitable presence, not only because they couldn't help it but because they knew we were their best advertisers, spotting their arrival instantly and spreading the news as so many Paul Reveres. Let an adult get fresh and he would be blown out of the crowd by a blast of heavy sarcasm; for "the kiddies, heaven bless them," a set and patient smile was kept.

The scene in the Great Train Robbery where the masked bandit crawled over the coal tender and stuck the revolver in the face of the engineer is as clear as if I had seen it last week. In Denver later, and still later in Omaha, much of my money went to nickelodeons, where two pictures made a show and the usual picture was half a reel—never more than one reel. If I had a quarter I went to five shows in an afternoon. Most of the films were French, comedy chases made by Pathé, a house that was to distribute my pictures long afterward. The recipe was a misunderstanding which would set the gendarmes in pursuit of the comedian over and through as many obstacles as the director could think of. Frequently the films were reversed after the first showing, defying the laws of gravitation. If it was comic to see a posse of French cops chase the funny man over a high wall, it was much funnier to see them fall up instead of down.

Tragedy From Hearty Laughter

YEARS before the vitaphone and movietone I saw and heard talking pictures in Omaha. Stationed behind the screen, where they were invisible yet could follow the action of the film, were a man and woman. The man made up lines for all the male characters, the woman for her sex. Both changed their voices to suit, rattled dishes, slammed doors, answered the telephone and were as busy as a jazz-band trap drummer in flannel underwear. The effect was more novel than electrifying.

Pictures, however, were just another form of something to do, falling somewhere between the Sunday comic sections and running to a fire. They had no reality. I never associated them with so romantic a place as the theater and did not think of the actors as beings, but as puppets, as if they had been drawn by one of those rapid-fire sketch artists. As early as Pawnee the discovery was made that there were jobs for a boy around a theater. In return for opening and closing the lobby door in the hall that served there as an opera house, I was permitted to see the shows, though, like fashionable New Yorkers, I always missed the first curtain. The first chew of tobacco and this opera house rest side by side in the cemetery of my mind. Pawnee is a county-seat town with a courthouse square, where concerts were given once a week of summer evenings by the town band. Sooner or later intellectual curiosity drives a boy to test his tongue on the sharp edge of chewing tobacco. Another boy and I had arrived at this crossroads of experience together one band-concert evening. We bought a plug of tobacco and sampled it gingerly while sitting on the courthouse lawn listening to the band. The tobacco was rolled under our tongues, then spit out with no more damage than a slight bite.



Each of These is the Young Master of Make-Up, Harold Lloyd

There was a show at the opera house that night. I acted as lobby doorman as usual; then, with my companion in experimental chemistry, found a seat in the shallow balcony of the hall. The plug came out and each took a noble bite. The first act was laid in a grocery store and there was a Dutch comedian who was, to us, very, very funny. We chewed and we laughed until the Dutch comic grew so terribly funny and we burst into such glee that simultaneously we swallowed our tobacco. Neither said anything to the other of this accident, but both of us ceased to laugh. A little later he whispered to me that he didn't think much of the show and believed he would step outside. I replied that I, too, was finding the play a disappointment and would go with him. In fact, I went ahead of him.

Probably this was the only show on which I ever walked out. Whether it was Mazeppa, Ole Olson, Yonnie Yonson, Sven Swenson, Uncle Tom's Cabin, Peck's Bad Boy, the Old Homestead, the Flaming Arrow, Dockstader's Minstrels or the Round-up—from which I came away with a high resolve to learn how to roll a cigarette with one hand as Maclyn Arbuckle did—plays differed from one another only as pies. There were many kinds of pies and all were good.

It was at Beatrice, in Macbeth, that I first set foot on the stage itself. A Shaksperean repertoire company, bridging the gap from Omaha to Denver with one-night stands, stopped off for an evening. Such troupes always pick up their supers and children locally. Gaylord, who was prop boy and handy man at the opera house, promptly nominated the kid brother to fill one of the breaches. There are three parts in Macbeth which might be played by a boy, and my memory is hazier than usual, but apparently I was Fleance, Banquo's son and witness to his murder, for I recall coming on the left of the stage with a man who seems to have been my father and running off right alone and crying "Help! Help!" I had been drilled that afternoon to continue the cry from the wings; but my voice, which had been vocal enough on stage, froze with embarrassment in the presence of the offstage company and one of them had to take up the cry where I left off.

Made of Sterner Stuff

IN INTERVALS when I could not crowd on the stage I sold box candy in the Tabor Grand and the Tivoli, Denver; ushered in many houses, sometimes without pay, and became head usher in the Omaha Orpheum; at other times was call boy, crying "Fifteen minutes!" "Overture!" and "Curtain!" And when older I served as assistant electrician and grip, or stage hand. Hence I knew my theater from Shakspere to the xylophone players.

The Beatrice performance of Macbeth was an incident; the curtain really rose for me one day about 1906 in Omaha, when my eye was taken by the hocus-pocus of an astrologer fortune teller who had squatted in a vacant storeroom downtown and filled the windows with his strange charts. Astrology evidently was new to my ken, and its mysteries so compelling that when the fire wagons poured by in answer to an alarm and the little crowd melted away, I only glanced over my shoulder at the hook and ladder.

When the steamer had passed, concluding the show, only two of us remained in front of the window. The other was an interesting-looking man who was so struck by my superiority to fire-wagon chasing that he spoke of it. We talked and he volunteered that his name was John Lane Connor and that he was leading man with the Burwood Stock Company. If a fire couldn't pull me away from the astrologer's windows, here was something exciting enough to do it.

In the course of more talk, during which I confided that I was crazy to go on the stage and had had a little experience, it developed that Connor was fed up on theatrical hotels and restaurants and was looking for room and board in a private house. Unhesitatingly I invited him to lodge with us. Our house was much larger than we had any need for; I knew we could use the money and so took a chance on my mother's agreement. Thereafter, while he remained in Omaha, Connor lived with us; and when the Burwood company played a bill requiring a boy I was the boy. When more than one boy was needed I supplied others from among my friends.

We were moving again, this time from Twentieth and Dodge Streets, Omaha, to 2836 Burt Avenue. Laverne Manning and I rode on the last van load, dangling our legs from the rear, he seeing me on the way to the foreign parts

of Burt Avenue. Changing neighborhoods is not an unmixed pleasure for a boy. He is an alien, a freshman, with a period of hazing and initiation to undergo before being accepted into the new fold. Timid boys stick closely to the sanctuary of their own yard; bold ones get the agony over with quickly by offering to lick the first boy they encounter—and the second and third, if necessary.

Without raising a finger or leaving our front yard, we were the cocks of the walk before nightfall, levying tribute on all Burt Avenue. Certainly we were showing off, but the effect was unforeseen. I had inherited two clown suits from Gaylord, knew clown make-up and business—which never changes—from close observation of circuses and much practice, and owned the needful properties. Each put on a clown suit and drew on a skullcap made from a white stocking, with holes cut for the ears. I made up Laverne and myself with clown white salve and the orthodox markings—the stripe over the eyes, the red crescent on one cheek, the dots, the wide mouth slit and putty nose. Then with big clown shoes, floppy white cotton gloves and a slapstick, we emerged into the front yard and put on an act that was an old story on Dodge Street.

It included all the conventional clown foolery and such bits as shooting the apple from William Tell's head and a cracker from the mouth—both as old as sawdust. In the former, one clown holds an apple on his head, the other fires a popgun and at the same instant the first clown jerks his head just enough to unseat the apple. In the second skit the clown with the cracker between his teeth bites down just as the other fires the popgun and the bulk of the cracker falls from his mouth as if it had been shot out.

A Great Drama of the Plains

THE fact that we gave the act in the front yard rather than the back indicates that we hoped for an audience. Normally two boys could not be induced to make such a show of themselves in a strange neighborhood, but make-up and costume have the quality of removing self-consciousness by covering the self. A mask alone will do it, as any masked ball will prove.

A boy came down the street, aimlessly kicking a block of wood, stopped in amazement, then peered timidly through the iron fence, unable to credit his eyes. Two boys farther up the street saw something going on and joined him at the fence; then more, until every kid in the street, two big boys from a passing department-store delivery wagon, an Italian huckster and some of his housewife customers had gathered at the fence. Even when they saw us in ordinary clothes the next day, we were not two more boys to the kids of the block, but authentic clowns that by some special dispensation had come to live in their block, and our society was sought on any terms we might dictate. Most of them were mustered into a back-yard and cellar repertoire company soon after.

There had been a stage in the basement of the Twentieth and Dodge house, built for me by father, and he duplicated it in the Burt Avenue home. The two cellar theaters are badly mixed in memory, but thanks to the enterprise of an Omaha newspaper reporter and the saving ways of my one-time leading lady, we are enabled here to present the priceless, in a manner of speaking, program of Tom Morgan, the Cowboy of the West, exactly as written down by the author, Harold Lloyd, and played in the Burt Avenue basement at three cents for the first row, two cents for the second row, one cent for the third—and the audience all farsighted.

The clipping from which it is reproduced is dated February 20, 1921, and relates that Mrs. Guy Burcham, who was the Edith Wanderholm—on the program Wenderhome—of the cast, found it with other souvenirs of her pigtail days in a trunk. In some fashion I failed to see the clipping when it was new, but my patient father pasted it in a scrapbook, where I have just found it. It is written in ink in a hand that took no honors either in spelling or writing, and it reads:

CAST

Tom Morgan, the cowboy of the West	Earl Ketcham
Big-Hearted Jim	Frank Fisher
Happy Holiday	Malcolm Macharthy
Joe Luck	Walter Hitch
Bert Ailaworth, a tender foot from N. Y.	Raymond Moore
Osa Castro, a mexican	Verne Manning
Red horse, a indian scout	George Noran
Jack Dalton, the meanest cow boy of the West	Harold Lloyd
Sal, a cow girl	Edith Wenderhome
Helen Allison	Margaret Macharthy

Acts 1-2-3

A Sallon in Dead Guch, Colorado

Stage carpender . . . . Russel Tetard
Stage director . . . . . Harold Lloyd

The casting of myself as the heavy confirms my memory that, let who would be the hero, I chose always to be the villain. Mrs. Burcham recalled, as I do not, that on his first entrance Jack Dalton espied the tenderfoot, Ailsworth, cracked down on him with the pearl-handled revolver and commanded "Dance, you tenderfoot!" That sounds likely. I do remember, however, that Raymond Moore was a delicate child and accordingly was cast as the effete Easterner, and that Joe Luck was so named because he was a card sharp. Mrs. Burcham recalled the plot as centering around the kidnaping of Helen Allison by the bad Mexican, Castro, played by Laverne Manning, but she did not say which side Jack Dalton rode with; no doubt it was at the unspeakable Castro's flank. "Dead Guch" is intended, of course, for "Dead Gulch," and the spelling of the true names of the cast likewise reflects no credit on the near-by Webster school.

More informal horse operas were played out-of-doors. Among my growing properties were four or five genuine revolvers—rusty perhaps, but man-sized. Two of them came from Gaylord. I fail to recall the history of the others; but one, reserved for personal use, was long barreled and had a pearl handle. I was not so well equipped as to have blank cartridges. Anyway, the firing was so terrific in our back-yard Westerns that Bronco Billy Anderson couldn't have kept us in blanks.

It was necessary therefore to yell "Bang! Bang!" whenever a trigger was pulled—a most unsatisfactory state of affairs, for cowboys, Indians and bandits alike continued to fire and charge while practically riddled with bangs, owing to never-settled disputes as to who had been shot and put out of action first. With the play threatening to degenerate into a debating society, we had an inspiration. The revolvers were retired to the cellar stage and each of us bought a water pistol. By agreement, one drop of water was sudden death, and henceforth the fighting became very much less reckless and spectacular, taking on the nature of ambushes, stalking and sudden forays. The pistoleer had to look to his own supply of water, carrying it generally in a tomato can, and hide it where an enemy could not find it and use it against him.

In the study of make-up I bought a book on the subject in which I remember particularly a photograph of Wilton Lackaye as Svengali in Trilby, generally regarded as a masterpiece of make-up. Before I had entrée backstage I carried a notebook when I went to the theater, jotting down such hints as could be picked up from the front of the house. Once backstage, I fastened unerringly on that member of the company who knew the most about make-up, usually the character man, and made myself his slave and yes man. If I had a part of my own I arrived early, was prepared for my entrance before the character man would appear, then stood in his dressing room, studying his technic and asking how and why, this curiosity made tolerable by my lavish admiration and all-round helpfulness.

Toby and Pirate Make-Up Studies in Harold's San Diego Stock Company Days

Inevitably, I became expert. In fact, when Connor boarded at our house I knew already more about make-up than he, an experienced actor, did, for he had played such straight parts as juvenile and leading man almost exclusively. While yet in grade school few effects were beyond me. Crêpe hair comes in braids, and my first accomplishment was the art of unraveling, rolling and shaping it, applying it with spirit gum, then trimming with shears.

Young Harold Lands a Fat Part

CHARACTER men taught me how to save a good beard or mustache for future use by applying glue over make-up, the glue coming off with the hair and giving it a good body; how to flatten the nose for negro or Oriental parts by stuffing rubber tubes in the nostrils; how to build up the face with cotton, collodion over the cotton and make-up over all; how to putty out my own eyebrows and apply brows of a different type; how to make a dead or a grotesque eye by setting half a walnut shell over my own eye, building it into the socket with putty and glue, concealed by flesh paint, then painting the walnut shell to the desired effect; how to set in false teeth over my own; how essential it was to high-light all wrinkles, and most of the other tricks of the trade handed down through generations of actors.

If my father saved the Omaha programs with his usual care, my debut with the Burwood company was in Tess of the D'Urbervilles in the fat part of Abraham, Tess' little brother. Frank Bacon, who later won immortality in Lightnin', was John D'Urberville, and Lloyd Ingraham, now a well-known Hollywood director, was stage manager. The date was January tenth, no year given, but 1907 may be deduced from a clew in a program advertisement.

There must be sixty sides, or pages of manuscript, to the rôle of Abraham, and he gets one curtain all to himself. The once noble D'Urbervilles are in a bad way. The landlord is foreclosing and the furniture is being carried away;

(Continued on Page 109)

"Bill Gave Me a Love of Big Dogs That Has Resulted Nowadays in My Breeding Great Danes and St. Bernards"

THE DOOR MARKED D

By Will Levington Comfort

From the Sketches of Cliffe-Manville

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

HE HAD come to the French to fly with several other Americans. It was 1917 and getting no better. His name was Manly Mintern Marvin, out of which the squadron took "Minnie" and left the rest. He was considerable of a man to look at, well sized and featured, but all nerves; his business to make nerve of the mess. He had the feeling, suppressed and otherwise, that goes into the making of a big actor. The fellows may have sensed the extent of his emotional sweep, in settling upon that name.

Now Minnie had an insatiable interest in the human heart; not in women—in the man side of the human heart. Mainly it was too much for him. He looked about him now and saw men's faces and heard men's words. If they felt as they looked and spoke they were of a breed different from himself. He couldn't help seeing what was going on—that life was cheap, that it never had been so cheap as right now.

"I'm game as the next," he had said to himself a great many times; but saying it over didn't make it so. The way the fellows looked and talked for the most part, one would think these affairs of the day were a matter of unconcern. "They have all got their front curtains pulled tight," Minnie observed, "just the same as I have." Still he kept searching, peering, craning to penetrate in past these fronts. "Once that kid, Newsom, looked as if he had been crying," he recalled, "but his pal, Dick Maidan, is moron cold, and this new chap, Weston—coolest chap to look at I've ever seen ——"

Thus Minnie went over the men of the escadrille, always pondering on what they held back.

The Cockerels were a jack-high outfit—no spectacular aces or kings. Minnie had longed to be in a squadron that sported a distinguished flyer; even more he had longed to watch the process of somebody becoming great. He had held hopes for another American in the outfit, a man named Perce Beckett who was said to come from a very old Pittsburgh family, but these hopes weren't holding up. He could be all day with Beckett and still want something. Moreover, it was softly getting out about the Pittsburgher that he overplayed the caution side—that he fired too soon in an upside brush, not waiting to get into really close range—a habit hard to break. Captain Zak, commanding the Cockerels, had pointed out the delicate dividing line in caution and continued to give Beckett the benefit, yet Zak could afford to be kind, having proved his own courage. Beckett hadn't. And yet Zak himself was only one of the near great—lacking in that mysterious something new that makes the sensation.

"Not Irving—Now—That Can't Really be—Not Old Irving Himself" But There It Was—Unbelievably Falling and Flattening

The kid Newsom from Southern Michigan was the first American in the escadrille to get his—dropped by machine-gun fire from the ground during a strafing party and burning when he landed. Minnie Marvin was not permitted just to hear about it—he saw it take place; moreover, he had to go close to the muss, and the thing that lingered in his nostrils right now was making a horrid impression in the pit of his stomach. Seeing one of his own squadron hurtled that way was different from seeing a German downed, even when one put over the burst that caused it. Perce Beckett had also seen Newsom's finish. He and Minnie made their report and now moved hurriedly to the Bung-bung for a drink.

"One of the very nicest of the fellows from the States," Beckett remarked, pulling himself together. The Pittsburgher was blocky and elegant to look at, though streaky pale just now.

Minnie squinted up at him in actual distress. "I was just going to let go some of the same sort of rot. Why in hell do we do this? Neither you nor I looked at Newsom twice—till we saw him headed for the door marked D a few minutes ago. He died thinking you a snob like the rest, and probably in his brief drunken career with the Cockerels didn't get to me for a thought."

Beckett looked down. "Sip your drink—don't gulp it, Minnie. You're nervous. You must learn to breathe rhythmically and not lie awake at night smoking. They do things better over here. Study the way these Frenchmen use drink and tobacco. The trouble with so many Americans, even of the better class," Perce resumed, "is that they never learn to drink when at home. Now in our establishment there was always liquor of various kinds on the sideboard. None of us abused it."

"You're abusin' it now, mother superior—you're one ahead of me."

At this moment Irving Weston, the newcomer to the escadrille and also from the States, bowed in under the low door of the Bung-bung and took his place at the far end of the little bar, ordering in excellent French the wine of the district. His head was thrown back, eyes fixed at nothing in particular, lips curved in a cool smile, not parted.

"A gentleman," whispered Beckett.

"You're supposed to know," Minnie wearily remarked.

The roar of a motor sounded over the field and they moved to the door to watch a Nieuport volplane swiftly down, wing-slipping, in a sharp bank toward the far end of the field.

"Looks like Maidan coming in. He cawn't make it," said Beckett.

"I see he cawn't"—absorbedly from Marvin. "He's Newsom's closest—from the same town, isn't he? Wonder if he knows ——"

The plane pancaked and crashed on its nose.

"Yes, that's Maidan," Beckett decided. "Couldn't be anybody else. Third propeller in two weeks. How he ever got through a network of flying schools to the point of getting a chase plane ——"

"He can't land, but he sure can fly," said Marvin. "They're peckin' at us Cockerels today. It just isn't our time of the month."

Baby Dick Maidan had got clear. He was seen standing up, flapping the dust out of his clothes and now hurrying toward them, leaving the wreckage for other hands to clean up. On he came, with never a backward glance, until thirty paces, when he let go:

"I got one—*sans blague*—got him right!"

"No, he doesn't know Newsom's done for," Minnie whispered, "and there's enough bad news circulatin' without me carrying any."

Beckett called out the stock question: "I say, Maidan, did you get any witnesses?"

"Sure ought to," babbled Baby Dick. "Dropped my package right into the arms of the Australians out in front."

Maidan now pushed in between them, fixed his face for a slap of brandy—and quickly turned the other cheek. Minnie pretended still to be grieved over Maidan's atrocious landing.

"How long are you going to take to find out you can't land a plane wide open, Dicky?"

"I'll do it yet," Maidan boasted.

"It's one sure way to become aware of the ground—scraping off one's landing gear or bouncing on a hummock," Minnie mused.

"Say, why should you birds worry?" Maidan wanted to know. "I'm open for juicy felicitating right now, havin' committed myself on a Hun."

Perce Beckett could no longer hold back about Newsom. Minnie stepped aside to watch the effect. Maidan went suddenly quiet, not asking a question. There he stood, bowed over his drink. The instantaneous change from gloating over his success of the day to this shocked silence appealed to Minnie, who was ever trying, as has been said, to understand the male side of the human heart. He had to listen very close to the words Baby Dick muttered at length:

"Now I knew at the time I'd have to finish that letter."

"What letter, Dick?"

"Over in Andorelle last night—girl on each knee Newsom got the idea he must write to his mother. Knew then I'd have to finish that letter."

Lieutenant Mari bobbed breathlessly into the Bung-bung, blinking a moment to adjust his eyes to the shadows after the light outside. The little French officer spied Maidan and came forward with enthusiasm, clapping the American on either shoulder.

"I bring verify—one Albatros to Sergeant Maidan antiaircraft report of 44 yes, *nettement descendu* ——"

"To hell with it," said Baby Dick, pushing past.

Lieutenant Mari then inquired if they had heard of Newsom's death. It was his way to speak of the death of the enemy first. He was one silvery streak of Hun hate.

Minnie strolled over to his quarters, but stopped short at the door. He went pale; his solar plexus peaked with a violent surge. Someone was cooking a steak in the back room. The odor keyed to the thing he had been forced to look at on the ground a while back—after they had got it clear of the hot ruin of the plane.

"None of this stuff is doing me any good," he muttered, backing out. "They oughtn't to let us fellows see a thing like that. I'm game as the next, but this fire thing ——"

Voices reached him as he again neared the Bung-bung. His steps quickened to get in there and forget his own thoughts, but the fellows now gathered at the bar didn't help any. They were on the same subject: "—— down in flames, you know—not a gentleman's way to go out." Perce Beckett talking.

"Would you ride heem or jump?" icily inquired Lieutenant Mari, the Cockerel's second in command.

"I would try to descend in such a way as to fan the flames out of the cockpit," Beckett answered.

In the silence after that one, Minnie could actually feel the others sizing up the Pittsburgher. It was also to be considered that the thing might possibly be done as Beckett said.

"I would jump queeck," said Lieutenant Mari.

Minnie now turned, conscious of a cold draft from the left—a young Frenchman named Dessant standing there, and if Minnie knew anything concerning the nature of a secret funk, Dessant had one now—black beady eyes actually alive with fears—fears like coiling flames crêped in black smoke.

"The worst of it is, I know how he feels," Minnie thought, "but he isn't doing me any good right now, harboring contagion like that." Now Minnie manfully chuckled and felt called upon carelessly to remark aloud: "None of you fellows drink enough. As for me, I fly too stewed to burn."

"I'm Game as the Next," He Had Said to Himself a Great Many Times

"But alcohol burns." This small bright remark hopped out from Irving Weston, the newcomer to the Cockerels, standing at Minnie's right. "Death by fire has a bad name," he added, "but for those who like it quick, I've got a theory there's none quicker—to inhale a single breath of wind-blown flame."

Thereupon Minnie contemplated the voice—coolest thing he had heard so far—quite as cool as Weston's smile. He felt himself falling to idealizing this cool stranger at his right, as he had once idealized Perce Beckett. Covertly, too, he studied Weston's face. The man must have been thirty. "Too old to fly"—on every lip when he first showed up a few days ago, but this man had already flown. Minnie absorbedly studied the way Weston smiled, without parting his lips, the head slightly thrown back. Then finally he felt himself curiously pulled back and forth between the sort of classic self-control of Weston's on his own side and Sergeant Dessant's moiling chaos of nerves on the other.

"Like a monkey on a string—that's me," he muttered.

Alone a little later, Minnie began to think of Baby Dick Maidan and the wrecked look that had come over him at the news about Newsom. He felt drawn to the big kid from Southern Michigan right now. A kind of holy grief, he thought; depths in Dickie not heretofore counted on. Forthwith he went to Maidan's quarters to immerse himself in some more of it. Maidan was in a shower, but presently came out, looking fresher than anyone had a right to look in France in the next to last year of the war.

"You knew him back there, didn't you?" Marvin gravely began.

"Knew who?"

"Newsom." *(Continued on Page 50)*

Just That, and Only for a Second, But Minnie All But Capsized

The Canadian Stake in the United States—By Isaac F. Marcosson

Maligne Lake, Which is the Largest Glacier-Fed Lake in the Canadian Rockies, Jasper National Park, Alberta

THE World War brought about a most significant change in Canada. Fiscally, as well as politically, the Dominion emerged more self-assertive than it had ever been before.

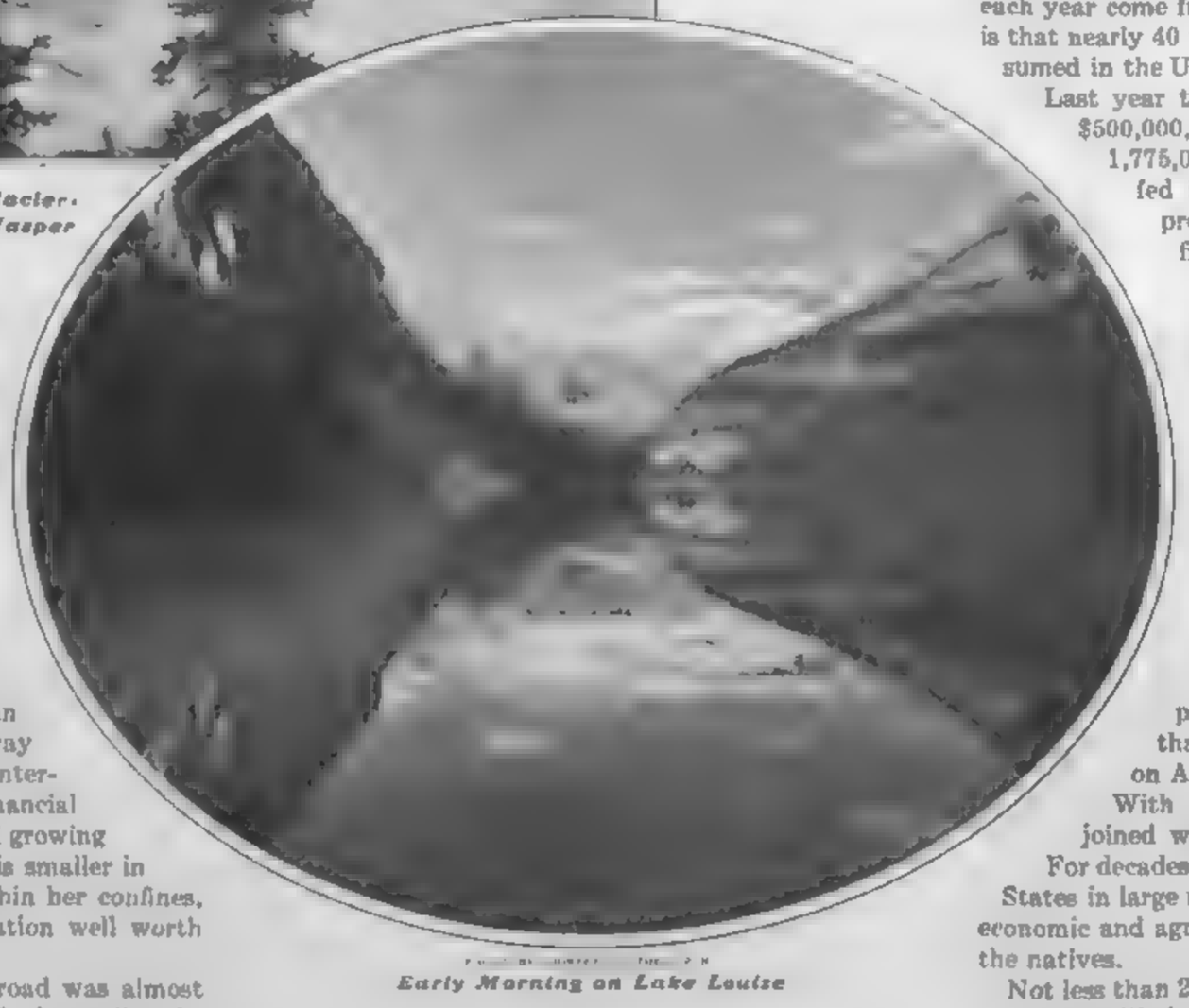
In the preceding article you saw the immensity of the American interest beyond the northern border; how our $3,200,000,000—the biggest investment we have in any alien country—extends to nearly every vital income-producing activity, and how our men and our money have become part and parcel of Canadian life and endeavor. But it is not a one-way traffic. The stream of capital flows uninterruptedly both ways, thus wiping out the financial frontier. Canada has a considerable and growing stake in the United States. Though it is smaller in scope and volume than our holdings within her confines, it typifies a widening sphere of penetration well worth chronicling.

Prior to 1900 Canadian expansion abroad was almost negligible save for foreign investments in her railroads. The land was young, and the growth of population slow. Capital and energy were of necessity concentrated upon the home problems. A great west, similar in opportunity for colonization to our own vast domain beyond the Mississippi after the Civil War, had to be settled and financed. The two great present-day assets—power and wood pulp—had scarcely been tapped.

The New Source of Finance

AFTER periodic booms the beginning of the twentieth century witnessed an era of prosperity. Much of the money, mainly English, that had streamed into the country was caught up in land speculation, company promotion and municipal extravagance. The reaction from this speculative spending discouraged enterprise. Through all these years Britain was Canada's chief banker, and for obvious reasons. The Dominion was so close to us that we did not appreciate the field she offered. Besides, we had not become enmeshed in the world-trade fabric.

The war changed the whole financial map. Bent beneath her own terrific burdens, Britain could no longer finance her dominant daughter, and Canada was forced to turn to us. The war did much more than open up Canada to the American dollar. The Canadian soldier who fought overseas was the herald of a new participation in more permanent and profitable affairs. Great as was the cost in sacrifice and treasure, the nation issued from the stupendous fray with a new confidence in herself. The era of her contribution to the universal scheme of things began. It resulted from the birth of an international consciousness. Nowhere has it impressed itself more forcibly and



Early Morning on Lake Louise

extensively, so far as the economic aspect is concerned, than in the United States.

Canada, however, had to expand within before she could strike her stride without. This she has done in impressive fashion. Typical of the capitalization of her resources—and it has a definite external interest—is the conversion of her western prairie provinces into the granary of the world. Canada has become the greatest of all wheat exporters—her 1927 crop was 450,000,000 bushels—and Montreal is the largest of all inland ports. The Dominion has snatched newsprint manufacturing supremacy from us. It now ranks second in water power and fifth among the trade nations of the globe. The mineral empire, probably richer in potentialities than any other kindred area, has just entered upon an intensive development. Much of this output of mill and mine finds its way to alien markets. This is also true of furs.

What concerns us just now is the precise part that Canada plays in the United States. That there should be a working affinity is not surprising, if for no other reason than because of proximity.

Furthermore, Canada's material fortunes rise or fall with ours. In more ways than one the neighboring Anglo-Saxon peoples speak the same language. There is an identical business vocabulary.

Our affiliation with Canada in a big way began long before Canadian money took root in the United States. As so often happens, the railroad was the first link. It joins countries in bonds of financial interest just as it physically unites great areas. Back in the 80's we helped to make the Canadian Pacific possible. Though this historic enterprise was largely financed with British capital, two former Americans, Lord Shaughnessy and Sir William Van Horne, were factors in the consummation of the scheme that linked the Atlantic with the Pacific.

It was something of a fifty-fifty proposition, because out of Ontario emerged James J. Hill, who became master empire builder of our own Northwest. Hill may be regarded as the pioneer of the Canadian invasion of the United States. He was the first of many outstanding sons of the Dominion who have written themselves into the history of our progress and prosperity.

Canada's Best Customer

THE average American is apt to think that Canada's chief economic relationship with us is expressed in tourists and Christmas trees—one-third of the 10,000,000 we use each year come from her woods. The truth of the matter is that nearly 40 per cent of all Canadian exports are consumed in the United States and they cover a wide range. Last year they were worth in the neighborhood of $500,000,000. Canadian newsprint aggregating 1,775,000 tons and valued at $115,000,000 was fed into the maws of American newspaper presses in 1927. Timber, pulp, furs, wheat, fish, gold, asbestos and cattle are some of the other major commodities that cross the line every year in increasing quantities.

These exports are only part of the picture. When you turn to finance you get the big figures. Although it is difficult to arrive at the exact amount, the total of Canadian money employed in one way or another in the United States is estimated at nearly $1,000,000,000. Fiscal intercourse is increasingly active. In 1927 alone $300,000,000 worth of Canadian securities were marketed in the United States. So expansive is the Dominion monetary interest that many large Canadian investors now sit on American directorates.

With money and commodities must also be joined what might be called the human export. For decades Canadians have emigrated to the United States in large numbers and have been caught up in our economic and agricultural endeavor. There is no quota on the natives.

Not less than 2,600,000 native-born Canadians reside in our midst. Their children and children's children comprise a considerably larger number. Reflective of the new Canadian prosperity is the fact that since 1924 a return movement to the native country has been under way. In 1921–24, 43,775 Canadians went back home. In 1925–26 the number was 47,221, while in 1926–27 the figure reached 56,957. The whole Canadian immigration problem, however, will be discussed in the next and final article. It must be referred to here in passing because it is associated with the Canadian stake in the United States.

You will recall, perhaps, that the American interest in Canada embraces nearly every line, ranging from paper, automobile, aluminum, asbestos and rubber concerns to the underwriting of municipal and power security issues. This is not the case with Canada in the United States. Canadians own no branch factories, nor do they dominate any enterprises. Their holdings, whether by banks, corporations or individuals, are in what might be called straight investment.

Of the $1,500,000,000 of Canadian capital planted outside the Dominion, practically two-thirds is in this country. The rest is employed in the United Kingdom, in Latin America and the Caribbean area.

Canadian long-term investments in the United States are approximately $600,000,000, including $190,000,000 worth of American securities, chiefly public utilities, held

by Canadian insurance companies; $110,000,000 in stocks of American railroads owned by the Canadian Pacific and the Canadian National systems; about $39,000,000 in the form of direct industrial investments; and $30,000,000 of various securities in the possession of the Canadian chartered banks. The remainder represents a wide range of issues owned by the Canadian public.

In this connection is a revelation which will surprise many Americans. Canadian life-insurance companies have become one of the biggest factors in the bulk purchase of our common stocks during the past two or three years.

In addition to the investments that I have already indicated, the great Canadian banks always have a considerable amount of call and current loans in the United States.

The monthly statements of these banks include American loans in the total of their loans abroad. These figures vary, of course, but the balance here runs into the hundreds of millions.

This reference to the Canadian banks brings us to one of the most important evidences of the Canadian stake in the United States. Every leading financial institution in the Dominion has a New York branch, which is a link in a far-reaching chain of immense strength and influence.

Many persons see frequent references in American newspapers to the Royal Bank of Canada, the Bank of Montreal or the Canadian Bank of Commerce—I cite three of the leaders—but they do not appreciate the drama that lies behind them or the share they have had in the development of the country. Moreover, the shares of some of them are to be found in the strong boxes of many American investors. In view of all the connection with us, a brief sketch of the principal banks is in order here.

The Canadian chartered banks have made national as well as financial history. Each has contributed a definite chapter to the story of the Dominion. They have not only been associated with vast undertakings that have opened up new areas and fostered expansion but they have also projected picturesque personalities whose careers in some instances have been so remarkable as almost to have become legends.

Banks With Many Branches

THE Bank of Montreal, for example, was one of the rocks, so to speak, upon which the Canadian Pacific was reared. Among its conspicuous officials in other days were Lord Shaughnessy and Lord Mount Stephen. At the head of the Royal Bank of Canada today is Sir Herbert Holt, the richest of living Canadians and easily the most commanding business figure beyond the border. The chairman of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is Sir Joseph Flavelle, who ranks second only to Holt in fiscal association. The directorates constitute a who's who and what's what in Canada.

These Canadian banks are more like the great London financial institutions than our own, in that they go in heavily for branches. In the United States a national bank can have branches only in the city in which it is organized. A state bank must get a separate charter in the commonwealth it seeks to invade. There is no such ban in Canada. In consequence the eleven chartered banks have 3777 branches at home and 195 abroad. The Royal Bank of Canada has 873 branches, the Bank of Montreal 620 and the Canadian Bank of Commerce 575. The New York branches are barred from doing a domestic business but engage in all other banking activities.

Snow Peak Avenue, Near Field, B. C. In Oval—Piling Pulp Logs in the La Tuque District of Northern Quebec

The story of Canadian finance is rich in human interest, although the word "human" is seldom associated in the popular mind with formal financial operations. The first issue of paper currency on this continent was the result of a unique operation. It happened in 1685, when France was mistress of part of the domain which is now Canada.

De Meulles, the Intendant, as the military governor of Quebec was called, found himself hard pushed for funds to pay his troops. He therefore cut ordinary playing cards into four pieces, marked them good and ordered the merchants to accept them at their face value. He promised to redeem them when supplies came from France, and kept his word. Thus a quarter section of the king of hearts came to represent twenty francs and a kindred corner of the ace of spades was good for forty sous.

Canada's National Currency

THIS card money temporarily served its purpose and was redeemed at half its face value after the Peace of Utrecht was signed in 1713. Later the system was abused. In 1729 there was a new issue of card money and it figured more or less in the financial affairs of New France until Wolfe defeated Montcalm on the Plains of Abraham and English authority arose.

It was the same kind of difficulty, or rather confusion, over a medium of exchange that led to the founding of the Bank of Montreal, the oldest bank in British North America. Before its organization, American, British, French, Portuguese and Spanish coins were legal tender in Canada. The country was too poor to have its own metallic circulation and the expansion of trade and agriculture was therefore hampered. After our war with England in 1812, the army bills issued by the British Government relieved the situation, but their redemption again brought about complications.

The need of a bank became increasingly urgent. In June, 1817, nine merchants of Montreal signed articles of association for what came to be known as the Montreal Bank. From this nucleus the Bank of Montreal was evolved, with its present assets of more than $900,000,000. The plates for its first note were made at Hartford, Connecticut. The bank became the biggest dealer in exchange in what

(Continued on Page 43)

A Log Jam on the Montreal River

Salmon Fisheries on the Pacific Coast

SECOND CHOICE

By Elizabeth Alexander

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

"Announce it at Once, by All Means," Said Owen. "And Do Give That Inestimable Privilege to Miss Pringerford"

XIX

"WHY don't you marry me?" Owen had said.

Valeria stared at him. She seemed to shrink inside the huge fur collar of her coat, to become smaller. Her face was painfully stung with bright color. But her eyes told him, more than all, of her intense surprise—her intense humiliation.

He had been almost as astonished as she to hear his voice uttering that fantastic sentence. But it is a deep-rooted human impulse to try to justify, logically, one's own most extravagant actions.

"Might as well," he said in a matter-of-fact voice. "We've both got to marry someone, sometime, I suppose. Might as well be each other."

She seemed reassured by the reasonableness of his tone.

"You think—we should understand each other? Is that it?"

"What do you mean?"

"Be less annoying to each other, perhaps, than someone else who might expect more?"

"Perhaps that's it." His voice, his manner, were indifferent, rather weary. "I really didn't analyze my reasons. Just spoke—on an impulse."

Her chin went up. She laughed—that hard, ringing note he detested; like the sudden striking of a small silver gong.

"Don't be afraid!" she said. "I shan't take advantage of your very generous impulse."

"Don't talk rot!" he exclaimed, annoyed. "Why 'generous'? I wasn't pitying you."

"No?"

"Well, I mean—not any more than myself. We're both in the same boat."

She considered this. Then, in a very low tone:

"But we couldn't possibly ——"

"—— be happy? No. But we shouldn't expect it."

She was silent for a moment. Then her hands went out in a gesture as if she were relinquishing something.

"What a relief it would be," she said, "not to expect happiness any longer."

He looked at her coldly.

"You will, then?"

"No; it wouldn't be fair."

"It isn't a question of fairness, is it?"

"Yes. I should be taking more than I could give."

"Neither of us would be giving anything."

"Your name—your money ——"

"Oh, that doesn't count."

"But why should you —— There are advantages for me, of course—getting away from home—saving my face. But you—what good would it do you?"

"It would save my face too."

"Oh, is that why you want to?"

"I hadn't thought of any reasons at all. I don't particularly want anything. The idea simply came into my head and I spoke—without thinking."

She took out her lipstick and rouged her lips, looking in a small mirror.

"Well, now that you have thought—I'll let you off."

"I don't want to think. Don't let's argue about it or have any pride. It's ridiculous for either of us to have any pride. We've both been slapped in the face—stripped of all self-respect."

The color rushed back into her cheeks again.

"You're right!" she cried. "It is too silly of me! I should be a fool not to accept your offer. Of course I'll accept it!"

"Are you serious?"

"It's too late now. I shan't let you off now"

"I don't want to be let off, as you call it."

They looked squarely at each other, both perfectly composed, cool; ironic brown eyes looking into ironic blue eyes.

"Very well then," she said. "Are we engaged?"

"If you like."

"Charming! Will you ask me when we are to be married, or shall I ask you?"

"I'll ask you. When will you marry me?"

"Tomorrow."

"Why not today?"

"Thank you. You are very gallant. But don't bother about pretty speeches. Neither of us has any pride or self-respect left, you know."

"Still," he said, "we might as well do the thing properly."

Suddenly her eyes flamed.

"Let's do it magnificently!"

He caught at the idea.

"Not only save our faces but ——"

"—— show them!" she cried wildly. "Simply crush them with our happiness! Show them we don't care—we don't care!"

"I knew you had courage."

"Do you want to? Is that what you want to do? That is what you wanted?"

"Can you keep it up?"

"I've been in love often enough to know how to act the part"

She laughed. And suddenly he hated her. It was nothing to him that she had been in love before; yet her hard, ringing laughter, her words, jarred upon his nerves—he hated her. His voice was frozen, for when he was angry his lips turned white and his voice cold.

"I'll write to you every day," he said in his frozen voice of hate. "And you must call me—darling."

"Of course. What shall you call me? Not dear—that's too much married."

"I shall think of a pretty name for you," he replied coldly. "But first we must decide on the plans for our wedding."

"Yes, it must be a brilliant wedding. Twelve bridesmaids, I think—for persons of our importance."

"And terrible infatuation."

"Oh, yes, infatuation, of course! Reception, cake, old shoes and rice and everything."

"Honeymoon."

"Oh, yes, everything other people have."

"Except—happiness."

"But, my dear—or is it darling?—how many people have that?"

XX

SHE had expected to come home in defeat and she came home in triumph—of a sort. But certainly all her world would consider it triumph. Her new sense of power was evident in the very way she pressed the bell.

She had not been away a week, yet when the yawning, untidy maid opened the door, when Valeria saw again the black narrow hall, the pathetically hopeful sitting room, she could scarcely believe that she had not been away for years.

Her mother rose up from the sofa on which she had been lying, her eyes swollen from tears, and stared at Valeria as if she were a ghost. And Valeria, who had expected to enjoy her triumph a little, to prolong the sum of inevitable reproaches up to its dramatic dénouement, now allowed her climax to fall flat. Spoiling all her dramatic effects in a new desire to comfort her mother, she said quickly:

"Everything's all right. Don't look like that. I'm engaged to Owen Mallory."

There was no answer. For once Kitty Grove could not speak. That ordinarily forceful and violent woman simply clutched the back of a chair and opened her mouth and closed it and turned white. Valeria saw that her mother thought she had lost her mind.

She tried to say something reassuring. But her knees gave way under her, she sat down; pulled off her tight little hat and ran her hands over her aching head.

"Don't make me talk," she whispered. "I'm too tired."

She stooped over to pick up her hat, then laughed and gave it a slight kick; it rolled across the floor. This apparently insane action seemed to convince Kitty Grove of her daughter's sanity and of the truth of her mad statement. "But how can it be?" she cried wildly. "When—where——"

Valeria jumped up. "If you ask me any questions I won't marry him! And if you don't let me have a little rest he probably won't marry me!"

She fled down the hall to her own room. Mrs. Grove followed, knocked.

"But, Val! Val, please! Just a moment. You don't know what I've gone through today."

"Listen, mother," Valeria whispered very distinctly through the locked door. "My fiancé is coming here tonight after dinner to meet you. You'd better get your hair waved and find a clean apron for that girl."

She could tell by the dramatic pause that followed—the effect of awed stillness—the proof that her practical statement had conveyed. Then there were sounds of footsteps tiptoeing hurriedly away, whispered directions, stealthy scurryings all through the apartment.

Oh, what a farce! What a broad farce! Valeria fell down on her bed, laughing. She laughed until she cried, and she cried until she fell asleep.

She woke refreshed, though she had gone to sleep with all her clothes on. Everything was quiet. Twilight was filling her room. She saw in the mirror, for the first time in five days, a face that resembled her own.

She took off her wrinkled clothes, had a steaming hot bath and a cold shower, rubbed her face with ice and her hands with lotion, drank a glass of milk and tried to concentrate on Nirvana. She manicured her nails and stroked her finely drawn black eyebrows into a more perfect line, with some perfume on the tip of a finger. She searched among the few frocks in her wardrobe.

There was one that Hugh had particularly liked, and with an ironic bravado she chose it, though she felt as if she were wrapping her flesh in thorns instead of in silk. The frock was of sealing-wax-red chiffon. She brushed her straight dark hair back from her forehead and close around her head, until it shone like black moire. She used no rouge on her dazzling white skin. But she followed the outline of her lips with a red that was the exact shade of the frock. She wore no ornaments except one fresh white gardenia, out of the huge bouquet that had arrived while she slept.

Those flowers—an armful of deliciously scented thick white gardenias, dozens of frail white fairylike orchids—had forced Kitty Grove to capitulate to the Arabian Nights enchantment. She approached her daughter now almost timidly, with a shade of religious awe, and—for the moment, at least—refrained from questions.

Christopher Grove, coming home apprehensively, was amazed to find his daughter there, lovely, apparently serene, his wife radiant. Valeria had not the courage to explain. She forced herself to eat dinner, to talk casually. Then she escaped to her own room, while her mother, nothing reluctant, played Scheherazade.

Waiting in her room for the bell to ring, like an actress waiting in the wings to go on in a difficult part, Valeria discovered an annoying tendency of her hands to tremble. The inevitable reaction was setting in; the adventure was beginning to appear in a cold light, to assume at the same time a more definite proportion, and yet a more fantastic outline.

She pressed her hot cheek against the cool, fragrant satin-textured flower on her shoulder, and it was as if the touch released a spring in her memory, for she heard Hugh's voice. Hugh had brought her gardenias, had laid one against her cheek.

"Why, Val, they're just alike! How wonderful!" And she remembered his kiss.

"Oh, Hugh, I ought to hate you! I do hate you! But I love you still. I can't get over it."

She snatched the flower from her shoulder and crushed—tore it. But if it were Hugh who was coming tonight—instead of Owen ——

She closed her eyes. She would pretend it was Hugh. That was wrong, of course—wrong to Owen, doubly harmful to herself. But always, in secret, in the dark, she would shut her eyes, pretend it was Hugh.

She heard the bell ring; she made her whole body tense with resolution and moved down the hall with a fixed, nervous smile on her brightly painted lips.

(Continued on Page 76)

"It's Not a Question of What I Want. I Don't See Why I Should Spoil Your Life. You Were Meant for Love, Val"

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PHILADELPHIA, MARCH 31, 1928

Art Museums Humanized

THE extraordinary expansion and multiplication of our public museums for display of the best examples of the fine and decorative arts is one of the most welcome signs of our times, and one that is rich with promise for our national future. Most Europeans and many Americans of limited perceptions take pleasure in telling us that we are a nation of materialists, with no thought or concern for the finer things of life. Our museums and private collections give the lie to this slander, and they give it the more effectively because most of them were founded or largely financed by great leaders in industrial or financial fields, men typical of the class of so-called moneygrubbers, held in such low esteem by those who can find nothing praiseworthy in America.

Many years ago we awoke to the fact that our public libraries were far below their highest plane of usefulness because there was no driving force to bring them into intimate association with the lives of the plain people for whom they were created. At length the truth began to dawn upon librarians, and they came to see that a closed book has no value except as a door stopper, and that one good open book before the eyes of a thoughtful reader is serving the community more than a thousand volumes wedged together in deserted stacks. With such thoughts in mind they began to put into execution all sorts of ingenious and well-devised plans calculated to make people book thirsty and book broken, to make them call the closed books out into the light of day and open them and get acquainted with them and profit by them and come back for more. Comparatively few readers who are addicted to the constant use of public libraries realize the extent to which this source of pleasure has been cunningly forced upon them by arts just as skillful as those employed by department-store proprietors to crowd their aisles with eager shoppers. The results, however, are obvious to all. No longer is the public library a musty warehouse for the storage of books, but a pleasant, bustling clearing house of information, instruction, diversion, business counsel and the skilled service upon which its other activities depend.

Our art museums are now undergoing a similar transfiguration. The progressive ones are no longer bleak storage warehouses for the protection of art objects from the ravages of the elements and of the predacious. They, too, have wooed their way into the lives of people of all classes, and they have accomplished it by humanizing themselves and by offering countless services that were formerly unavailable. A stranger in almost any large city may go to the local museum and see the collection there under circumstances nearly as favorable as if it were in a private house and he were the invited guest of the owner. Docents, or assistant curators, stand ready to give technical information, to bring out reference books helpful in the study of paintings, ceramics, textiles or prints. Bewildered students who know in a general way what they want but do not know how to ask for it will not consult them in vain. Those who come simply to bask in beauty may bask in peace.

Our more progressive museums have already entered a third stage of development. Not content with exhibiting eighteenth-century English portraits in English frames of the same period, they must be shown in an eighteenth-century wainscoted room transplanted bodily and furnished with the chairs, tables, sofas, fire screens and other articles of the same era, down to the smallest item which will lend verisimilitude to the make-believe that some white magic has transported the visitor back to eighteenth-century London and set him down in a nobleman's drawing-room to wait half an hour until Sir Joshua Reynolds comes to whisk him off to a dish of tea with Doctor Johnson and Topham Beauclerk.

Much time and labor and a great deal of money are required to translate such bold imaginings into reality, but it has more than once been done with such signal success and resultant beauty and effect that a new standard for museums has been set up and universally approved. The American Wing of the Metropolitan is still the most talked-of feature of that notable treasure house.

A similar plan, on a somewhat larger scale, is being carried out in Philadelphia in the wonderful Pennsylvania Museum nearing completion on the edge of Fairmount Park. Ten period rooms have already been given, and a score or more of additional ones will be added as soon as sufficient funds are made available. Such ideally perfect display of the treasures of other centuries has never before been attempted on so large a scale or under such exacting conditions.

The Pennsylvania Museum has peculiar significance not only on account of the collection it houses but because it exemplifies all the most recent advances in museum construction, display, administration and educational activities. The building itself was inspired by the Parthenon. In its construction history repeated itself, for like the Parthenon it cost far more than the taxpayers anticipated, and the taxpayers of Philadelphia reacted very much as those of Athens did when they got the bill for the edifice that has done so much to make their city immortal. It is so large that if the Greek Government should offer the Parthenon as a gift it could be comfortably housed in one wing; and yet its proportions are so exquisite that the idea of size is entirely subordinated to the impression of beauty.

Within, electricity simulates daylight so perfectly that most visitors are deceived by it. Superadded to the advantages of displaying art objects against proper backgrounds of time and place is the provision made for the special collections, in other parts of the building, which are at the service of students and research workers. In such matters extraordinary pains have been taken to make the institution serve the practical as well as the æsthetic needs of a manufacturing community continually on the lookout for beauty of design in textiles, wall papers and other merchandise whose appeal depends as much upon style as upon materials. Frequent lectures, special exhibitions and the activities of a long-established school of industrial design knit the institution into the lives of the taxpayers who support it to such an extent as to make it a communal necessity for the many, rather than an added luxury for the few.

It is only a question of a very few years when the most advanced ideas of what an art museum may be made and the varied purposes it may serve spread over the entire country and attract substantial support on a basis of sheer merit.

Russia at the Crossroads

THE conflict between Stalin and Trotzky represents a contest between the right wing and the left wing of communism. But it is something more; it is a conflict between nationalism and internationalism. Neither Stalin nor Trotzky so defines it, nor do their respective adherents classify themselves as nationalists and internationalists. But it is the logical interpretation of recent political and economic developments within Russia.

When communism was first established in Russia it was believed that the movement of revolution would inevitably spread to other countries and encircle the globe. Through the red International, social and political revolution was to penetrate into every country. But as the exhausted countries of Europe gradually recovered from the war they drew farther from communism. Dictatorship of the proletariat has ceased to be a possibility in any European country during the present generation. The Western Hemisphere has had no ear for communistic propaganda. Despite elaborate underground propaganda in India, no revolution has transpired—not because Hindus and Mohammedans love the British, but because communism does not appeal to Brahman or Mussulman. The total collapse of the communistic movement in China, despite widespread occurrence of civil war, has closed the last door to the International.

Now, in the beginning, apparently, some revolutionists in Russia believed that a communistic Russia could be self-sufficient, that the soviet theory of the state could be demonstrated in the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. Others, however, believed that the success of communism in Russia must depend upon the installation of communism elsewhere. As the hope of revolution outside of Russia waned, the two sides to this opinion had to face the question of future policy. At the International Economic Conference held in Geneva in May the Russian delegates recited a glib rigmarole to the effect that soviet states and capitalistic states could and should exist side by side, without friction or interference with one another. The policy of Stalin is based upon compromise with capitalism, or at least a passive neutrality. The policy of Trotzky stands for continued agitation for revolution in capitalistic countries, irrespective of the internal situation in Russia and undeterred by the discredited position of communism.

Whether the party of Stalin still believes in world-wide communism at some future date, to what extent it would enforce the New Economic Policy of Lenin, how far it would go in the recognition of private property, are not revealed. But for the time being, Stalin is not fighting capital. In the meanwhile the party of Stalin has been forced by internal developments to compromise with the peasant class. In effect, the peasant owns the land. In effect, also, the peasant owns his crops and cannot be dispossessed by forceful seizure, under the guise of taxation or otherwise. Compelling the peasants to export through a state association has limited exports and correspondingly limited imports of foreign goods in return. The industries of Russia cannot be developed without outside capital. Agriculture also requires outside capital. Outside capital cannot be secured with a militant policy of communism.

In the meantime the Russian spirit of nationalism has slowly revived. The party of Stalin is sympathetic to this note, that of Trotzky is antagonistic. The veins of Stalin carry Russian blood, those of Trotzky do not. Apparently, the new feeling of nationalism and the conviction of impossibility of world revolution have come together. The new policy seeks restoration of a Russian nation within the boundaries of the Soviet Union, rather than the perpetuation of an international state on Russian territory.

How sincere, on the part of the leaders, is the desire to regenerate the Russian nation cannot be known. But it is clear that the leaders of the Stalin party realize that outside capital might be secured to aid in the revival of Russia for the Russians, but cannot be secured to save the failing fortunes of a communistic state within Russia. For practical purposes, therefore, the conflict between nationalism and internationalism in Russia has become synonymous with the conflict between capitalism and communism. One hundred million people move slowly, but inexorably.

Exporting American Brains

By BOYDEN SPARKES

THE company, I knew, had been performing miracles in export trade, its volume of $175,000,000 a year standing as one of the major items of American business beyond our borders; and this man seemed to be a very young fellow to be the leader of such an enterprise.

He was lean—even his nose was lean—and his teeth were startlingly white. Beneath his relaxed hands and under the plate glass that covered his desk was a chart suggestive of a genealogical tree or of the channels of authority of the Army in wartimes. A bewildering forest of lines at the bottom gradually merged until they became at the top a single horizontal line on which was lettered, "Vice president in charge of export company." It was a flat picture of the pyramid of authority by which his company carried on operations in more than 100 countries, and he was the capstone of that pyramid.

The day before I saw him at his glass-topped desk in the towering Manhattan office building named for his corporation, he had returned from an Odyssey of months in South America; and on the next day his schedule provided for his departure, by way of Detroit, to the Far East for more months; and yet he was as unhurried as if we had been sitting on the porch of a country club.

"What kind of men do you use to carry on this business all around the earth?" I asked him.

His answer came as quickly as he might have told his name: "First-class Americans. Americans who might try to be second-rate Englishmen or imitation Continentals would be worse than useless. They would do us harm. We use first-class Americans with sand. Here, I'll show you."

He led the way across the carpeted room to a large frame on the wall that incased the photographs of some of his friends.

"Know this one?" He indicated a camera portrait of a youthful face surmounted by silvery hair. It was a familiar face, and realization why it was familiar came when he named the man. He had been one of the first of the daredevils of the sky to carry the United States mails through the air by night between New York and Cleveland.

"We have a big factory as well as a merchandising organization in Java and he runs the production end of it. He is a first-class American and therefore he has no difficulty in getting along with the people of Java.

"See this man? He is a graduate of the United States Naval Academy and during the war he was skipper of a submarine. He directs the operation of our business in a part of Europe. This one down in the corner of the frame was a big-league baseball player, fought in the Army and came with us after the war. He is managing director of our plant in Japan.

"All these happen to be men who have demonstrated their ability to exercise authority under fire. They are the type of men who have made it possible to project the conveyor belts of American mass-production methods past the barriers of alien frontiers. They have courage and they need it, for they frequently must make important decisions that an executive here in the United States would be glad to pass on to a board of directors. We have more than 13,000 employes overseas, and the leaders of that industrial army must have a special quality. We waive technical experience if a man has that quality. It is the kind of gameness that seems to be housed in the abdomen."

The vice president in charge of export grinned.

"We pay them well," he said, and I knew that he spoke with restraint, because it is a fact well known that any man remaining with that company as an executive is sure to become a rich man, and then he added: "We pay them much better than if they were working in the United States. We feel that these men deserve compensation for what they do on a scale that approaches the rewards they could earn if they were in business for themselves.

"By paying our men what they are really worth to us we solve our own problem of continuity and stability as a consequence of solving their problems of future financial security. We pay them so well they cannot

(Continued on Page 145)

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

"Are We Goin' in Here Again, Bill?" "Yeah, the Newspapers Jay We Overlooked a Thousand Dollars an' a Diamond Necklace"

Rara Avis

HEIGH HO! I'm tired as I can be
Of naked shoulder and bare white knee,
Of smudges of powder on my coat,
When through jazz dances we madly float;
And if I could find some rare dear bird
Who of rouge and lipstick never heard,
I'd carry her off, with a caveman's glee,
To a place where no one else could see
Such a wonderful twentieth century prize—
Too precious by far for vulgar eyes!
But alas! She comes not to my lair,
And sadly I'm seeking her everywhere.

—E. E. Brown.

High Test

I WAS the first customer at the new gas station.

"Well, my man," I said, "you certainly have a beautiful place here."

"Thank you, sir," the immaculately groomed attendant replied. "We tried to erect a structure which would be attractive."

"You have, beyond a doubt," I said, as I observed more minutely the artistry of the station. "Is this an original design with you?"

"Not exactly," he answered. "It is a combination of the rococo, Doric and Romanesque. We really preferred the former with all its extravagance, but the station on the other corner was built along that order. My partner favored the Ionic for the major theme, but the one across the street follows that pattern. I suppose a spirit of rivalry prompted us to select the threefold combination.

"Still, it is a marvel of beauty, isn't it? Despite the fact some students claim the rococo is a debased style, you can't help admitting that it embraces some charming imitations in its line of ornamentation; in the Doric touches you will find just the opposite—a simplicity the beauty of which is enhanced through contrast with the rococo—and the Romanesque affords that necessary attribute of solidity and stability. I feel sure we will be successful here."

"I am sure you will," I said. "Well, I'd better be getting along. Give me five gallons of gas."

"Yes, sir. From which tank would you like it, sir—the Gothic or the Ionic?"

—Russell Wilks.

Advance Sample Copies From the Easter Parade—Unless the Ultra Fashion Magazines are Deceiving Us

Voice From Inside: "Mandy, Take That Pie Away From Them Pups! They'll Ruin It!"

The Extenuating Circumstances

WHEN I see these young dames, quite unhampered by shame,
Scamper round with their stockings half-masted,
There's but one proper mind for a man of my kind,
And that is to be flabbergasted!
For the cut of their hair and the clothes that they wear
Are proof they are non compos mentis,
And I could, with much glee, turn them over my knee
And spank them in loco parentis.

(Continued on Page 40)

First Citizen: "Who's the Dame With the Million Dollar Outfit, Ed?" His Friend: "That's the Poor Little Orphan Girl You Cried Your Eyes Out About at That Movie Last Night"

A Scotch Joke Originator Visits Scotland

The soup your appetite remembers!

Your sense of taste likes to remember such a lively and delightful flavor as it enjoys in Campbell's Tomato Soup. No other soup in the world is demanded so often or served so frequently. Once the appetite learns how good this soup is, the desire to "repeat" the experience is certain—and frequent.

Just the tonic juices and luscious tomato "meat" in a smooth puree, enriched with golden butter and seasoned deftly and delicately. Serve this famous soup also as Cream of Tomato. See the simple directions on the label. 12 cents a can.

"Dick-Dead-Eye" is my fame,
I never miss my aim.
To soup I owe
My health and glow
And Campbell's is its name!

Your grocer has, or will get for you, any of the 21 Campbell's Soups listed on the label.

Campbells' SOUPS

LUNCHEON DINNER SUPPER

Discoveries of a Gem Expert

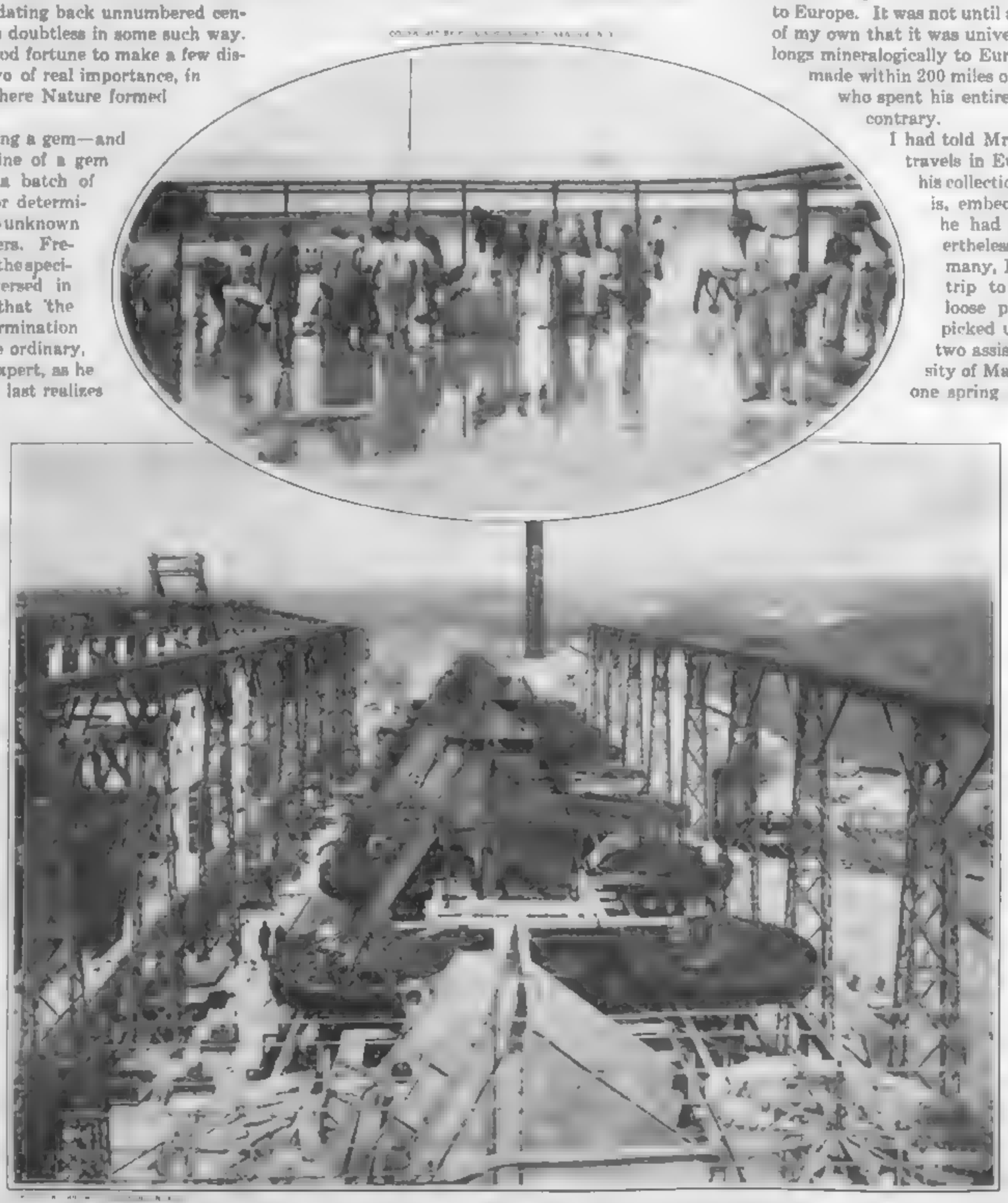
By Dr. George Frederick Kunz

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

THERE is more than one way of discovering a gem. Naturally the first that comes to mind is the actual finding, in the place where it has been centuries in the making, of a precious stone; as Wells, a mine manager, on an evening's stroll, discovered the greatest diamond of all time—the Cullinan. It is usually the miner or the pearl fisher who makes these discoveries, not the remote gem expert.

The Excelsior, monarch of diamonds until the Cullinan appeared in 1905, was picked up by a native from a load of earth he was shoveling into a truck. The Tiffany Queen Pearl of ninety-three grains was found by a New Jersey carpenter in a local stream. No one knows how the Orloff and Koh-i-nur were found, dating back unnumbered centuries as they do, but it was doubtless in some such way. However, it has been my good fortune to make a few discoveries of stones, one or two of real importance, *in situ*—that is, in the place where Nature formed them.

A second way of discovering a gem—and this is much more in the line of a gem expert—is to find, among a batch of stones or minerals sent in for determination or valuation, a hitherto unknown gem differing from all others. Frequently the original finder of the specimens, even if somewhat versed in mineralogy, has no idea that the group he sends in for determination contains anything out of the ordinary, and it is then that the gem expert, as he applies test after test and at last realizes that a totally new gem lies before him, experiences a genuine thrill. This thrill I have several times known—as likewise the bitter disappointment of following up a false scent. It has been my good fortune to discover more new gems, I believe, than all the others discovered during my lifetime.



The Premier Diamond Mine. Above—A Scene in the Wesselton Compound, Kimberley, South Africa

Erratic Jade

OR AGAIN one may, perhaps accidentally, perhaps with due scientific procedure, discover in some well-known species hitherto unsuspected properties which set it apart for the first time from other stones of its species; and this, too, in a sense constitutes the discovery of a gem, for now it must be named to distinguish it from its fellows, previously grouped with it.

We might even term the refinding of a stone, known to exist, which has long been among the missing, a discovery; for example, as if someone should today bring to light the lost Tiffany Pearl. Even the finding of a gem outside the beaten track of commerce, or the identification of an object considered as of little value as a gem of real value, or the coming upon a gem of price in some totally unexpected place—all these might quite properly be called discoveries.

The most important discovery of a stone *in situ* that I have ever had the good luck to make occurred in 1890 while I was journeying through Germany. I was particularly interested at the time in jade, not only because I was assisting Mr. Heber R. Bishop with his famous collection but because of the general lively discussion of the jade question. The whole subject of jade is unusually interesting, from many angles; but while a collector would be chiefly interested because of its æsthetic value, my interest was largely mineralogical.

During the nineteenth century there raged a great controversy known as the *Nephritfrage*, or jade question. Whereas it has always been perfectly well known that pearls are found in oysters, diamonds in mines or streams, and agate in buried forests, it had never been established where European jade came from. In Asia it is located in fissures in rocks, but in Europe—even in Siberia and New Zealand—it had always been found loose, seeming to have no organic connection with the earth. Often, indeed, it was found roughly hewed into axes and other primitive shapes, and these were generally picked up under trees or in lakes.

Thence arose the earliest, utterly unscientific theory that these erratic bits of jade were thunderbolts. Later, scientists advanced the archæological explanation that jade had been brought to Europe by nomad tribes from Asia.

These prehistoric people, it was well known, were lake dwellers who built their houses on piles driven into the water to be safe from enemy tribes and wild animals. They threw their refuse conveniently off the front piazza and occasionally lost overboard their ornaments and implements of jade; or stopping under trees in storms, they lost them there, or perhaps were struck dead by lightning.

These pile dwellings were called *Pfahlbauten* by historians, and a number are known to have been erected on Lake Constance in Switzerland, now filled with alluvial soil in which considerable jade has been picked up. Doctor Fischer spent his entire life studying, collecting, and writing upon jade in an effort to prove that jade is not indigenous to Europe, but occurs only erratically, loose, where dropped by prehistoric tribes. This was the theory generally held until—and indeed after—the appearance of articles by Doctor Meyer which maintained that jade was indigenous to Europe. It was not until a certain interesting discovery of my own that it was universally admitted that jade belongs mineralogically to Europe—and that discovery was made within 200 miles of the home of Doctor Fischer, who spent his entire lifetime trying to prove the contrary.

I had told Mr. Bishop jokingly that in my travels in Europe I would try to find for his collection a piece of jade *in situ*—that is, embedded in its native rock—and he had merely been amused. Nevertheless, arrived at Marburg in Germany, I decided to take a little side trip to Jordansmühl, where small, loose pieces had occasionally been picked up. With Doctor Hintze and two assistant professors of the University of Marburg, I set out at five o'clock one spring morning for Jordansmühl, a matter of a few miles, on a little provincial train which slowed down at every barn and stopped at every house—doubtless that the passengers might get out and pick wild flowers. Even so, we arrived at the home of Herr Karl von Kriegsheim at the unceremonious hour of six A.M. and waited for him to arise; for naturally I wished to ask his permission to hunt for jade on his property—a quixotic conceit on my part, it seemed, for of all the jade hunters who had looted his lands, none had ever conceived so quaint a notion.

Eureka!

VON KRIEGSHEIM, astonished at our punctiliousness, asked us to partake of breakfast and set before us a princely repast of meats and wines, ordered the peasants who were working on his roads to accompany and assist us in excavating, put at our disposal his excursion wagon, and at noontime sent out to inquire what we would like for luncheon, asking each of his laborers what they preferred to drink. And then out came the hampers, filled with goodly things and protruding bottles.

At eleven o'clock, four hours after we began operations, I came across a peculiar protuberance on one side of a ledge of rock—green like the rock, but to me, even at first glance, subtly different. That is, I often notice, a surprising thing to the amateur. I almost always know as soon as I see it what a gem is, though I naturally take pains to verify my judgment. In this case I could tell by the way it fractured when struck with a hammer that it was jade nephrite, that fracture being distinctive.

(Continued on Page 32)

. . . . and

MEAT

"DESPITE the temporarily fashionable belief that a large amount of meat in the diet is harmful, medical science has discovered nothing which should cause the great majority to deprive themselves of the meat diet which they now enjoy."

This statement in the Journal of the American Medical Association by Dr. Clarence W. Lieb of New York, a distinguished investigator, was quoted by Mr. Louis F. Swift in his address to the shareholders of Swift & Company at the Forty-third Annual Meeting, January 5 (Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book). It is an indication, as Mr. Swift pointed out, of the growing appreciation of the value of meat in the diet.

Swift & Company has led in the packaging and branding of many meat products to insure the consumer highest quality. Premium Ham and Bacon, Brookfield Pork Sausage, and "Silverleaf" Brand Pure Lard, for example, have long been famous. Recently fresh beef and lamb have been branded and wrapped.

Swift & Company's 1928 Year Book also includes an interesting discussion of the essential value of meat in the diet. It will be sent free upon request.

Swift & Company

Owned by more than 47,000 shareholders

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(Continued from Page 30)

I soon realized that I had come upon a piece of jade of incredible dimensions. When it was finally lifted out of the embedding rock it was found to be by far the largest piece of jade ever discovered *in situ* anywhere in the world. It weighed 4700 pounds and measured eight feet by five by one and a half. Unparalleled in size and value as was this piece, its greatest value to me was scientific. It settled for all time the much disputed jade question which had raged so long, proving beyond peradventure that jade was indigenous to Europe. Mr. Bishop had smiled at the idea of my finding even a few scattered bits *in situ*, and here towered almost 5000 pounds of it, actually *in situ*.

The magnificent Von Kriegsheim insisted that this two and a half tons of jade was mine by right of discovery and so it came to America with me. It exists today intact, with one side highly polished to show off its marvelous beauty, in the entrance hall of the Museum of Natural History in New York, the generous gift of Mr. Bishop. So unwieldy was it that it lay for years in the back yard of the museum—this priceless stone—exposed to weather and thieves, but perfectly safe, as no one could suspect beneath its unprepossessing exterior its true value and wonderful beauty.

A discovery of quite a different nature—in the second category in fact, that of finding a totally new gem—came my way in 1902. One day a group of uncut stones came into my office with a request for determination but no statement as to where they had been found. The sender believed them to be tourmalines of an unusual variety, but at the first glance I knew that they could not be tourmalines but were something much more difficult to classify. I had a sudden keen intuition that they were a hitherto undiscovered stone. However, it would require many tests to determine the exact properties and the correct classification of these stones.

I won't claim that this was not an occasion of some excitement. These stones had been in the hands of many jewelers and experts, none of whom had conceived their unusual nature, and indeed one can scarcely blame them for identifying them as tourmalines, to which they bore a close resemblance.

The layman has no idea how many stones of which he has probably never even heard the names there are in existence; how closely many of these are related chemically and what a variety of forms one species may assume. The lay person knows how difficult it is for him even to distinguish a true stone from a false. It is only by their color that most people tell a ruby from an emerald, a diamond from a topaz. What then if they are shown a topaz as white as water and a diamond as yellow as an egg yolk?

Spodumene Reincarnated

COLOR is only the most superficial of differences, almost completely discounted by experts in identifying a stone. Diamonds may be definitely blue—not blue-white, but blue as sapphire—canary yellow, orange, light green, brown, red, black, and pink. Sapphires may be almost any shade of blue, green, lemon yellow, salmon, pink, heliotrope, white. Topaz may be not only many widely different shades of yellow but pink, deep red, salmon, light blue, green, and pure white; so that even a connoisseur might conceivably mistake it for a diamond. The great Braganza, of 1680 carats, long reputed to be a magnificent diamond, I feel sure, from an old illustration I saw of it, is merely a white topaz. So, since a diamond may be blue as a sapphire and a sapphire as white as a diamond, it isn't an easy matter for the amateur to distinguish between them.

But there is enough in common, outside of the color, between the tourmaline and certain varieties of spodumene—which I determined these stones to be—to make even the expert hesitate. Those who had handled them previously had decided in favor of tourmaline because these stones were transparent like tourmaline, not opaque as were, with a few exceptions in yellow and green, all known varieties of spodumene. Nevertheless, a beautiful lilac spodumene I soon knew them to be beyond peradventure of doubt—a new variety never before obtained. I proved them harder than tourmaline, with a quantity of lithia, and belonging to an entirely different crystalline system.

Spodumene had long been known to mineralogists, but it had never before taken rank as a gem because it is peculiarly liable to alteration, the first effect of which is to destroy its transparency. Indeed, practically all the spodumene found up to that time had been opaque and of little beauty. It was recognized that this alteration to opaqueness must have taken place throughout the centuries, for often, at the heart of the opaque stone, was found a tiny fragment of the original transparent crystal, indicating that originally the whole had been wonderfully clear and beautiful. But even these remnants were so fissured and marred that they could not be used for gems; yet they indicated a lost elegance that had once led me to call spodumene a defunct gem.

Little did I ever expect to see this "defunct gem" come to life before my very eyes, yet as I applied test after test to one of the supposed tourmalines I gradually became convinced that it was a bit of the hitherto undiscovered transparent spodumene; and soon I knew that I held in my hand a new and very beautiful gem. It was gloriously transparent, of a lilac or orchid color, hard, and practically as brilliant as any stone that exists.

Doctor Kunz and His Party Beside the Largest Piece of Jade in the World

Since that time this transparent spodumene has been found in several colors in various localities, but chiefly in a glorious shade of lilac on Pala Chief Mountain in California, near where the first stones I received were found. This stone, which has a facile cleavage in one direction, like the diamond, can be cut in every gem form and produces marvelously brilliant gems many of them of remarkable size, weighing up to 150 carats. This new gem, because of my work in identifying it, was christened kunzite by Prof. Charles Baskerville and is now one of the favored semi-precious gems.

Kunzite has several remarkable properties. It can, for example, take a photograph of itself. A crystal subjected to an electric charge exposed to a simple strong light or the X ray becomes strongly phosphorescent, the glow visible through several thicknesses of paper in a dark room. This glow continues for almost half an hour, and the glowing crystals, laid on a photographic plate, produce a photograph of themselves. No other varieties of spodumene have this quality, and no other stones at all except the very rare phosphorescent diamond. Held in the mouth, a kunzite will phosphoresce when an X ray is turned on the face and continue luminous for ten minutes after the light is turned off. For this reason I suggested and some physicians believe that it has definite therapeutic properties.

This isn't an age when one can discover many new gems, but occasionally a new stone does appear; and, as I said, I have myself discovered a number. But then, I don't suppose gems are ever out of my mind or my sight for more than a few moments at a time.

A discovery of a somewhat similar nature to that of kunzite was my work on the milky blue-white diamond. This is a gem of the greatest rarity—so rare, indeed, that there are not many in existence. I made certain experiments with the few I could lay my hands on and discovered peculiar properties in them that no other diamonds possess. I cannot say that this was a pure discovery on my part, as Robert Boyle, founder of the Royal Society of England, had made various experiments with this gem about 1660; but from that time to the present day many of these earlier discoveries had been lost and I unearthed them myself only after I had almost finished my own experiments. In addition, I discovered various properties that he had overlooked.

A Prodigy Among Diamonds

ALL diamonds are luminous to some slight degree—that is, if rubbed in the dark on a piece of cloth or wood, they will glow faintly for a second. Some few diamonds are phosphorescent—that is, if exposed to an arc light for a few moments they will, in a darkened room, throw off a strong light for a considerable length of time, somewhat as radium does. One of these rare diamonds, worth some thousands of dollars, I exhibited some time ago at an electrical show at the Madison Square Garden, and the crowd, knowing nothing of this phenomenon, was amazed to see the gem, heavily guarded by civil-service men, become luminous and gradually lose its luminosity after its exposure to a strong electric light.

So rare is this quality of phosphorescence in a diamond that, on an average, out of every 1000 stones I have examined, only four are phosphorescent; yet the milky-blue diamond, I discovered, is invariably phosphorescent. It absorbs and stores up electric light, X-ray light or sunlight, and emits it in a soft, steady glow.

I happened upon this discovery in the most accidental way. I had already retired for the night and was just dozing off when I heard my wife, who was still up, give a little cry. I was instantly awake and dimly saw her emerge from a closet—the room was in darkness—holding up her hand and regarding it intently. Even from where I lay I could see a distinct point of light beaming from her finger.

"George," she said, "do all diamonds phosphoresce when struck?"

I leaped up. "Heavens, no!" I cried. "Do you mean to say that yours does?"

She held up her hand for me to see. The stone gleamed like a brilliant glowworm. "I was hanging a gown away—I purposely didn't turn on the light, so as not to disturb you—I struck my ring against something and at once it began to glow."

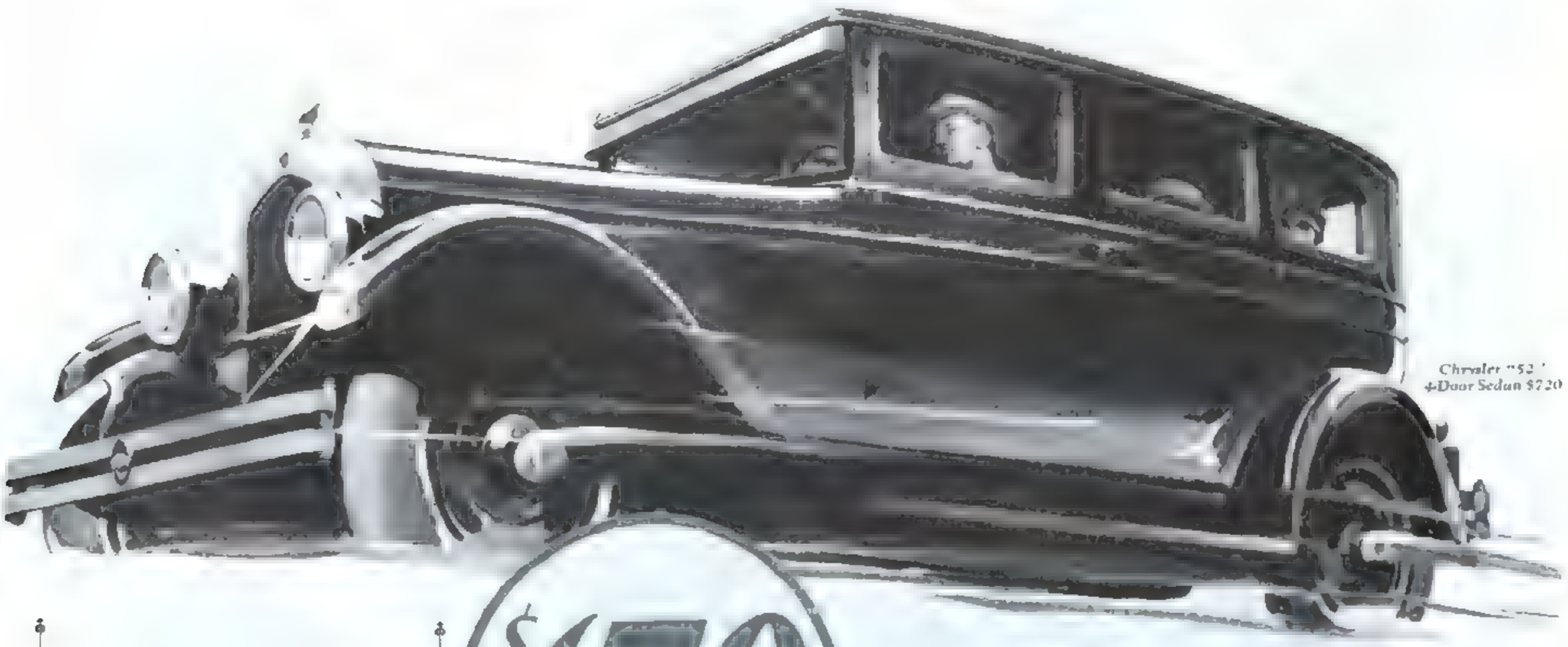
I snatched it from her and spent the remainder of the night in experiments. Later I learned, on reading an old treatise, that Boyle had likewise made his discovery accidentally at night and had stayed up all night experimenting.

Boyle, the great scientist of his time, had his own primitive methods of experiment. For example, he dropped the diamond into spittle and was amazed to see that it still glowed. He immersed it in the oil of dead men's skulls—still it shone! My own methods, somewhat less gruesome, proved that these rare milky-blue Brazilian diamonds retain their phosphorescence far longer than any other diamonds; and because I was the first to make known the peculiar qualities of this gem in modern times, I was granted the honor of naming it, and called it tiffanyite—by which name it is always known—after the late Charles L. Tiffany.

Sir William Crookes, who several times exhibited this milky blue-white diamond belonging to my wife as "the prodigy of all phosphorescing diamonds," had a remarkable diamond of his own which, phosphorescing in a vacuum, gave enough light to read by.

A third discovery of mine along the line of scientific research was that variety of the pink beryl, never before classified, which I had the pleasure of naming morganite

(Continued on Page 98)



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This pretty design is "DU BARRY"—Rug 326. If you like an oval rug effect, just cut along the rounded lines at the corners of this rug—and there you are!

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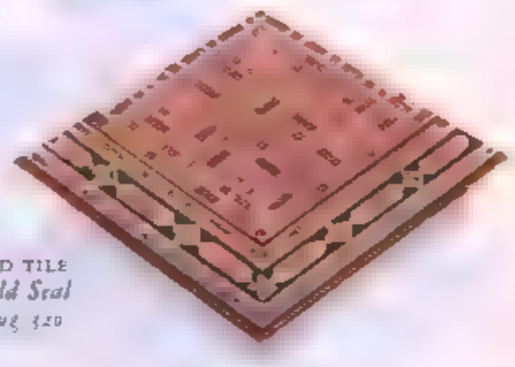
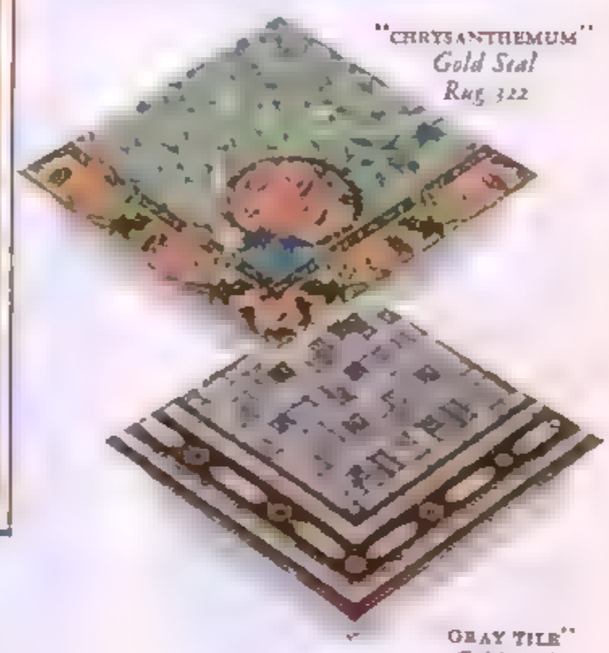
Gold Seal
Rug 324



RED TILE
Gold Seal
Rug 320



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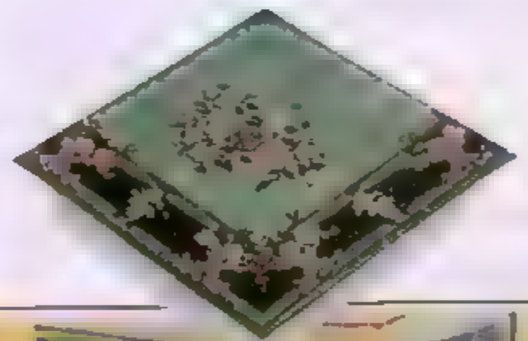
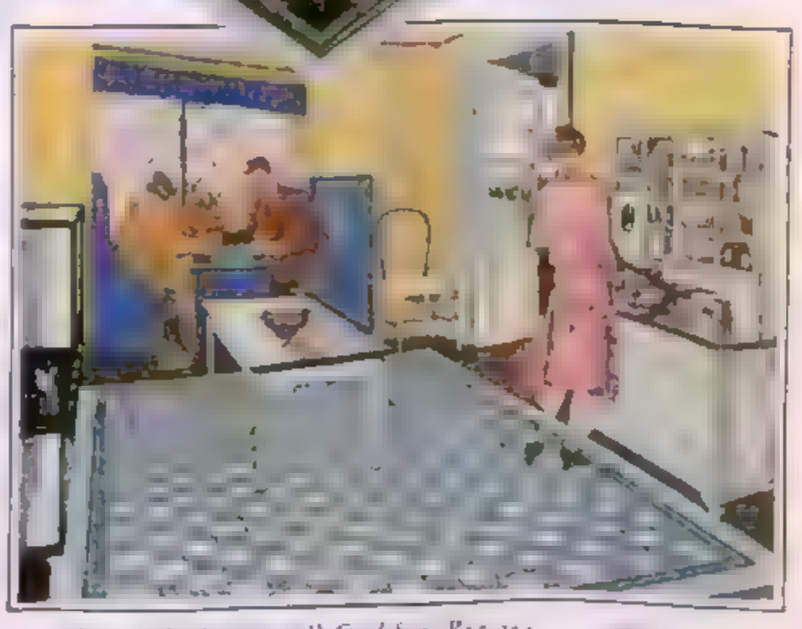


"BAGDAD"
Gold Seal
Rug 199



Above is the "DRESDEN" Gold Seal Rug 304

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A SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

By Henry A. Shute

ILLUSTRATED BY LESLIE TURNER

FRIDAY, September 3, 186— the town meating was tonite. i went down with father. Beany was there with his father and Pewt with his father most of the fellers had to go with their fathers becaus if they dident old Bob Carter whitch hit old man Getchell in the eys with a broom of soft sope, woodent let them in.

father told me i had got to keep quiet and not distirb the perceeding or the modderater wood throw me out. i asted father what a modderater was and he sed he was the man whitch stood on the platform and told the speekers when to speek, and i asted father why they called him the modderater and father sed becaus he was the man whitch repressed their noble raige and froze the geenial currant of the sole.

and then i sed i know that poitry and if that is so why dont they call him the represser, and father sed that wood be a good naim but they dont call him that. then i asted father why they dident call him the chairman and father sed becaus he had to stand up all the time he was modderating. then i asted him why they dident call him the speeker and father sed becaus a modderater wasent suposed to speek mutch but to shet up. but he sed peeple talked two mutch ennyway and he sed i was talking two mutch and if i dident shet up i cood stay at home

well we went down erly because we wanted to get good seets and it was lucky we did becaus befoar the meating begun evry seet was taken and lots of peeple had to stand up.

well old Gnatt Gilman was the modderater and he got up and pounded on the table with a little wooden mallit and then he read a long paper telling what the meating was for whitch dident seam necessary becaus evrybody gnew what it was for. but ennyway he read it. then he sed what is the sence of the meating and 3 men gumped up and hollered Mister Modderater to onct, and waived their arms. they was old William Corner and old Jarvis McDuffy and old Gewett Swasey. then old Gnatt the Modderater hollered Mister Corner has the floor whitch was a lie becaus old William was standing on a settee. i asted father if the modderater thougt we was all blind or if he was blind himself and coodent see that old William Corner was standing on a settee. but father xplaned that having the floor ment he cood speek ferst

then old William Corner waived his arms and sed things had come to a pretty pass if the sittisens of Exeter was getting so biggoty that they coodent walk on gravil sidewalks. he sed that what was good enuf for our own fathers was good enuf for us. he hollered for a long time and most of it i coodent understand. when he set down a lot of people hissed and a lot stamped and clapped and wissled throug their fingers. and a fite started in the back of the hall and the polise arested 3 or 4 men and threw them out and evrybody gumped up and stood on settees and 2 or 3 settees broke and men fell heels over head and the modderater pounded on the table with his mallit and hollered for order order order.

then Amos Tuck got up and talked splendid for the concreek sidewalks and when he set down general Marstin gumped up and piched in on the other side and sed the concreek sidewalks was a invension of the devil and when we dide we wood leave our childrens sholders bowed with a weigt of det that wood crush them. then he set down and sumbody hollered how menny children have you got General and evrybody laffed and the general laffed two and then the polisemen arrested 2 moar fellers whitch was drunk and threw them out and moar settees broak down

then old Jerry Flynn got up and hollered Mister Modderater I move that Mister Kelly has the same rite to kape pigs in Tan Lane that Charles Haley has to kape a slaugter house on Auburn Street and dom the mon that says he hasent begob begorra. and when old Jerry set down old doctor Flood got up and sed Mister Moderer i shay Mis Morerer dam he mis moderer wan shaw damsite er dam lie er dam sunthimg mis Moderer and then old Mizery Dirgin grabed him and rushed him out.

then Fuzzy Thirstin who is a feerful fiter and evrybody is afrade of him punched old Mike Mahoney and gnocked him down and was going to kick him when father gumped rite over the settee and grabbed Fuzzy and gave him a sling and he went heels over head and Fuzzy gumped up and sed what did you do that for you—i wont say what he called father and father sed i had augt to have gnocked your head off for hitting a old man most 100 years old. and Fuzzy sed i cood have licked him if he had been 200 years old and i shood like to see you gnock my head off. and father he sed all rite i am going to accomodate you and father hauled off and gnocked Fuzzy flatter than a flounder and then led old Mike to our settee and give him my seet. but Fuzzy lay there holding onto his eye and groaning until old Swane and old Kize lifted him up and carried him down to the lockup and a lot of men laffed and sed good boy George you hit him a hell whooper

i was auful proud of father and if Fuzzy had stood up to him i shood have grabbed Fuzzy by the hind leg and tride to trip him up. i woodent see my own father in a fite without piching in and helping him out. wood you. i bet you woodent or enny other feller eether.

well then the modderater pounded for order and sed well gentelmen this little bit of necessary castigation having been disposed of we will perceed with the question of the concreek sidewalks. and then old Gim Odlin the xpressman gumped and talked for the concreek and hollered good. and when he set down old George Perkins the other xpressman gumped up and saled into old Gim Odlin and called him evrything and old Gim gumped up and sassed him back and the modderater pounded and maid them both set down. and then he sed that Messers Odlin and Perkins was both out of order and reely it seamed so the way they talked

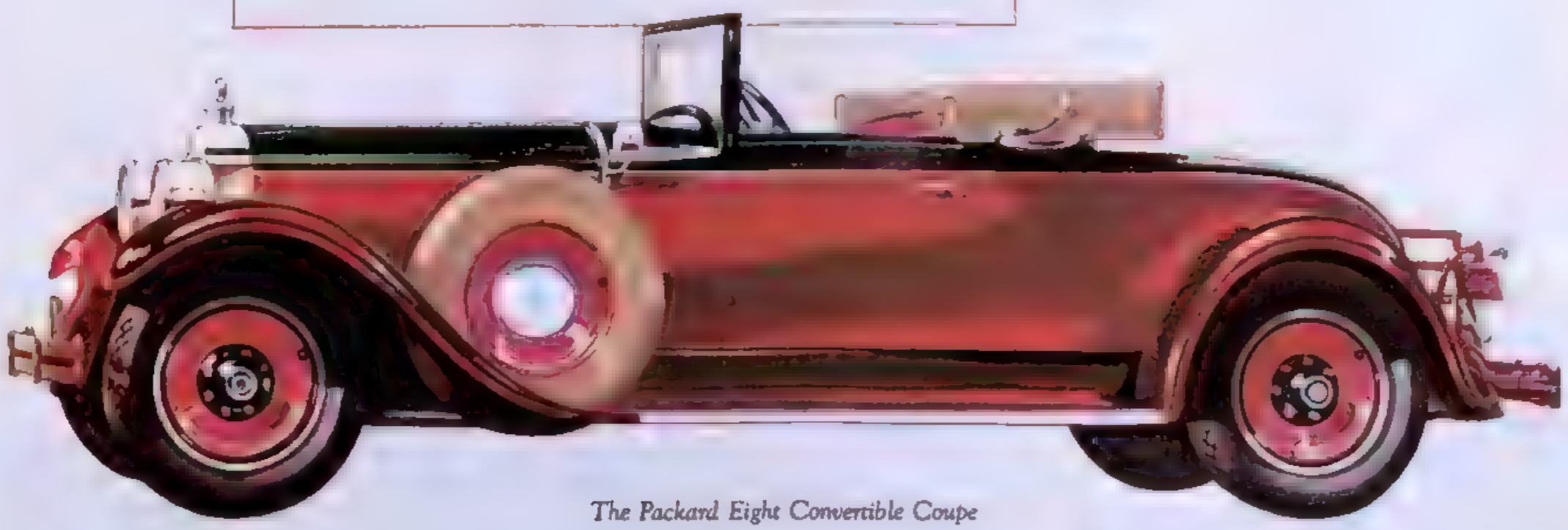
then old Gewett Swasey gumped up and sed he rose to a point of order and i asted father if old Gewett had set on a pin or a tact or a splinter in the settee and father told me to shet up and lissen and lern sumthing if i cood and so i shet up and lissened

then the modderater asted old Gewett what his point of order was. and old Gewett sed mister Modderater when you called mister Odlin and Mister Perkins out of order you spoke of them as messers. Know you sir that the brite lexington of youth and the american language contains no such wird but it is a corrup use of the french wird messeers whitch is the plural of the french wird monseer. you shood have called them gentlemen sir a good american wird sir, and i demand sir as a american sittizen sir that our publick

(Continued on Page 92.

Then He Banged the Old Hat Down Hard on the Table So That Eorybody Cood See and Out Come 1 Ballot

Years before the Christian Era it was a slave's duty to lubricate each chariot for the Public Games in the Roman Circus



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Packard long has realized that precision manufacture goes but part of the way in insuring to owners long and trouble-free car life. And so in Packard cars *precision is protected.*

Every morning from the driver's seat the Packard owner can oil each of the thirty-one chassis points requiring daily attention as quickly and easily as he sets the hand brake. One pull of the plunger on the dash and a charge of thick, clean oil—correctly measured to a single drop—is spread upon each bearing surface from within.

Packard has made chassis care so easy that it is never neglected. The Packard owner invests in fine engineering and watch-like accuracy—the "Instant" oiling system protects his investment. Thus Packard assures to owners delightful riding and driving comfort, reduced maintenance expense and lengthened car life.

Packard cars are priced from $2275 to $4550. Individual custom models from $5200 to $8970, at Detroit

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

A COOK'S TOUR

By George Rector

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

THE frankfurter of Frankfort-on-the-Main is the pride of the hot-dog kennels. Its coat of arms is golden mustard on a roll, azure, and its pedigree goes further back into history than the Spanish Armada. Coney Island, Revere Beach and the White City may boast of their hot beagles, but they cannot bark in the same dog show with the original Frankfort. This town is The Hague of the sausage business, as the American Hotel Association discovered in 1926, when its members ate a wide swath through the culinary topography of Europe. I find that I have been following the hotel men's itinerary through Europe, and all the boys must remember Frankfort with deep regard, tinctured by a slight precipitation of bicarbonate of soda. Though London, Paris, Berlin and Brussels may have shone in the big parade of caviar, pheasant and filets, yet the best dinner served on the trip was in the Rathskeller and Romerhallen of Frankfort's old Town Hall. And the meal consisted of sauerkraut and frankfurters!

Of course there were other items in the meal. The boys and their wives could have had their choice of Gefulter Schweinskopf, Westfälischer Schinken, Gefülten Spanferkel, Netzroulade Galantine and Sülzpastete Schinkenroulade. But when their exhausted noses caught the aroma of Frankfurter Würstchen mit Sauerkraut und Kartoffelbrei, a roar shook the Romerhallen and the committee on new business voted unanimously for the hot dogs. It was the most successful banquet of the tour, and Director Schmoll of the Frankfurter Hof was amazed at his guests' capacity for boiled hay and canines. One lady, name withheld because of her social position, ate four pairs of hot dogs, which is a big-enough team to draw a sledge from Nome to Sitka. The Frankfort frankfurter always arrives in pairs, like two dogs in one collar. It is a beautiful ornament of the sausage maker's architecture, and has a bulging forehead and most intelligent expression. I do not blame the lady for scoffing four sets of frankfurters, for Goethe was born in this town and achieved his greatness on the same food.

Don't Think That I Have Exaggerated the Importance of the Docile Frankfurter in Germany

From Bad to Wurst

I THINK that the 1926 trip of the American hotel men did more to cement good feeling between Europe and the United States than any other agency, for there are no better diplomats in the world than hotel men and no better medium for international conferences than food. It would be a good idea if visiting diplomats ate more and said less. The German's theory of hospitality is sincere. He knows there must be speech making at banquets, but warns his guests in advance and tries to fortify them during the procedure. The menu card of the Bad Nauheim dinner to the hotel men was exceedingly frank in its opinion of speakers:

THIS LUNCHEON BEGINS WITH
A few words of welcome spoken by Herr Lorenz Jeschke

AFTER WHICH THERE WILL BE SERVED
A dish of crab meat embedded in spaghetti and baked in the oven

THIS COURSE BEING OVER
The President of the Hessian state will speak

BUT AT THE END YOU WILL ENJOY
A real good ice cream and a few nice petits fours

I don't know what the president of the Hessian state thought of the comparison between his office and pastry, but his speech was short and to the petits fours.

Bad Nauheim is one of the famous baths which feature Europe. There must be a million of the Bads on the continent, any one of which is guaranteed to remove paint, tar and pitch from the clothing, and moles, blemishes and warts from your constitution. The blemish doesn't have to be on your face. It can be in a radius of thirty miles and these wonderful Bads will make it worse. You see all kinds of Europeans headed for some mysterious Bads in the Ural or Persian Mountains, and very often you spot rich Americans looking in Europe for the health they lost in America. You cannot recover anything when you look for it in the wrong place, but the Bads spring up every week. Somebody hears of a new one in some inaccessible region and the procession of hypo-invalids marches off toward it in a body. They are expensive, as the Bad hotels are very good, if you know what I mean.

The only thing I can say about a Bad is that it might have been worse. The Bads are the oil wells of Europe, and the proprietors drill until they strike tourists and the pockets of those tourists start gushing. The Bad cooking is also good, for the cuisine is a strict diet. And a strict diet will cure everything except hunger. The minute that a German farmer finds a well that has turned sour he builds a hotel over it and advertises a cure. Any water will do, provided that it tastes bad enough for a Bad. When an American farmer finds a well like that, he fills it in and bores in another place.

Here is a typical advertisement for the health resorts. It is from a thermal station which we can call Bad-Bizzness and it is located within groaning distance of the Alps:

Remarkably pure atmosphere and perpetually mild climate. Fine for liver complaints, horseback riding, nervous troubles, dandruff, stomach trouble and golf.

Which just about covers all the ills the flesh inherits. However, the Bads are really wonderful, as they entitle the sufferer to a month's rest. And a month's rest will benefit anything except a cash register. I have a notion that the most popular liquids which come out of the earth in the vicinity of the curative Bads are the juices siphoned out of the wine cellars of the Rhineland. As a citizen of a dry republic I had the posthumous pleasure of looking at the big tun in Heidelberg Castle. This vat contains 221,726 quarts of wine. I aimed my camera at it and it obligingly sat for a portrait, but I assure you I could not secure its autograph.

Our Real National Dish

DON'T think that I have exaggerated the importance of the docile frankfurter in Germany. Or in America for that matter; for, if you figure in the baseball, football and fight carnivals, where millions of them are sold, I will wager that we eat more doggies than turkey, which last meat is supposed to be our national dish. Harry Stevens was the first to realize this and to capitalize it. While Rector's and Delmonico's were catering in expensive structures, Harry stepped out and became the richest restaurant man in America, and he never had a restaurant! He operated on the daylight-saving system in baseball parks and later branched into the race tracks. And, if I remember rightly, the hot-dog concession at the Democratic Convention in Madison Square Garden was sold for $30,000. The concessionaire can thank Smith and McAdoo for stretching their argument long enough to enable him to break even on the transaction. But frankfurters are not the only good thing at Frankfort. You get tired of eating anything after a while, especially silent Pomeranians. If you want to try something neat but not gaudy, I recommend Leberknodel. You have eaten it before, but not under that name, and you probably didn't enjoy such unique cooking. Leberknödel is popular all over Germany and is a true example of its cuisine. It is a calves'-liver dish.

The ingredients are one kilo, or about two pounds, of calves' liver, one-quarter pound plain larding pork, one-half pound white bread, three medium-sized onions, one small bunch of parsley, three eggs, and salt, pepper and marjoram.

The liver and larding pork are run through the meat chopper and finely minced. Place this minced meat in a good-sized bowl and add to the contents of the bowl the three onions, which have been chopped minutely and seared very lightly in butter. Also add the parsley, which has been chopped finely, a little marjoram, pepper and salt. Now break the bread into small pieces and allow it to soak in milk for a few minutes. This is added to the bowl of meat. Thoroughly mix all the ingredients which are in the bowl.

Do your mixing with a silver tablespoon and then form the meat into little balls, each made from the contents of one spoonful of meat. You take a heaping tablespoonful for each ball and shape the ball with your hands. Drop these balls into boiling consommé or stock which has been freshly prepared. The consommé is made easiest from cubes of meat extract. When the meat balls are dropped into the boiling stock they will sink immediately to the bottom. When they are cooked they rise to the surface and are spooned out and placed on a hot platter.

These liver balls are always served covered with a sauce made in the following manner:

Chop finely a couple of more onions and sauté very lightly in butter and larding pork. Pour this over the Leberknödel and garnish the dish with sauerkraut and mashed potatoes.

This is the favorite dish of Frankfort, which is not in the Rhine Valley, but close enough to enjoy all the aromas of

the many fine dishes of the Rhineland. Don't forget the onion sauce, sauerkraut and mashed potatoes, for each one has its special flavor and all are essential to the success of the recipe. It was cooked for me by the chef of the Frankfurter Hof-on-the-Main. From now on my kitchen slogan is the old patriotic one of the Spanish War, for Leberknödel will cause me always to remember the Main.

If you don't care for that, how about Gefültes Spanferkel im Backofen gebraten? Which, when spelled out in alphabetical soup, means suckling pig baked brown in the oven. Pork is the food mainstay of the Fatherland. Take the porcine pet away and you have deprived them of the stuff of life. It is served in a thousand different ways, and the Germans should be thankful to the careless Chinaman who burned down his house many centuries ago and accidentally roasted a pig. In dragging the pig from the involuntary funeral pyre, the Chink managed to burn his fingers on the piggie's smoking hide, and, when he licked those digits in an effort to assuage the pain, his palate vibrated with a new gastronomical melody. He had discovered roast pig. He burned down seventeen more houses before they discovered him, and there was a pig tied in each house. Instead of being punished, he was rewarded by being made Pig Scorcher for all Mongolia, for he packed the jury by staking them to their first dish of roast porker.

Gefültes Spanferkel takes the place of the beefsteak served at American smokers, fraternity dinners and lodge meetings. It is preferably served during the cold months, and no Yuletide celebration in Europe would be complete without it.

Tell your butcher to prepare for cooking a small suckling pig. That is, if you were here you would do it, for when you are in Frankfort you must act like a Frankfurter. First you parboil the pig in boiling water. Then remove it from the water and allow it to cool off. It is ready to be prepared for roasting and now is the time to put in the stuffing.

The stuffing is one of two kinds—either sauerkraut or meat. The sauerkraut stuffing is simple. The meat is just as simple, but somewhat of a surprise, for the pig is stuffed with none other than frankfurter-sausage meat. The stuffing is crammed inside the little pig, which is then sewed up. Place it in a large roasting pan and allow it to cook in a hot oven for about two hours, until it is crisp and the skin is just as brown as the turkey you roast for Thanksgiving Day. Larding pork is used freely during the process of the cooking, the little pig being larded about every fifteen or twenty minutes. The pig should be basted very often also.

Drink on the Gold Basis

This is a great winter delicacy over the Continent. Especially now, when Europe's cattle herds are numbered far below the normal census of the prewar period. Germany is lacking in milch cows and is dependent for its milk on imported American condensed brands. France has plenty of cows, but most of their milk goes into the fancy and multitudinous cheeses of Normandy. The Fatherland could get milk from other European countries, but it prefers the American condensed, because they know it is pure and unadulterated. However, this is one country in Europe which is taking terrific strides toward prosperity. The commercial isolation forced upon it has caused it to grow fat within its own borders and everywhere I go I see plenty of food and healthy citizens. Germany has been eating well for quite some years, but figured it best to perform the operation known in Europe as "making a poor mouth." Back in America we call it "crying with a loaf of bread under your arm."

Germany has a loaf of bread under its arm and looks as if it will not suffer for some time. America is a foolish nation to send a relief ship to Europe every time somebody starts hollering wolf over here. I was in Europe during the period of the Mississippi flood and I didn't see any relief ships steaming west. The burghers of the Rhineland feel considerable elation over the fact that their country is on a gold basis. It shows in their gold-tipped cigarettes, and the confectioners even put gold leaf on chocolate caramels. But they carry it too far when they drop flaked gold leaf in a liqueur known as Goldwasser Dantzic, made in the town of Dantzic. I didn't drink any of this business. The gold shows plainly when the bottle is shaken up, but I failed to see the medicinal properties of such a mixture. By drinking this stuff, Diamond Jim Brady might have secured the gold stomach he asked the surgeons of Johns Hopkins Hospital to make for him. But when I wear jewelry, I will wear it in a place where it can be admired.

Berlin, Now and Then

The restaurants and hotels of Leipzic, Hanover, Hamburg, Munich, Cologne and other German cities are all doing big business, which indicates plenty of money among the working people. And nowhere in Europe does the prosperity shine as in Berlin. The town has gone through the mangle of circumstance, the wringer of panic and has been under the hot iron of civil warfare. The result is that Berlin has emerged freshly starched and laundered and is today the one bright spot in Europe. Paris, Vienna, Rome and Leningrad have all been through the same hazing, but only Berlin shows no ill effects. This statement is no press agentry, even though Berlin hopes to snare its portion of the 450,000 American tourists who will flock over here for the summer. Another pleasant feature of Berlin restaurants and cabarets is the fact that the American is not the only fish being scraped for his silver scales. The Berliner is spending his own money and having a good time doing it. When you walk into a Paris cabaret you are one of many Americans in the joint, for few Frenchmen ever give up offerings to the gods of entertainment. When I walked into a Berlin cabaret I was the only American in the place, which was crowded with Germans doing the black bottom and the Charleston. That is the only fault I had to find with Berlin. It is not German. It is being Americanized by Irving Berlin and Walter Donaldson, with the result that the happy Unter den Lindeners do not care who is guarding the Rhine, provided that they are kept informed of the whereabouts of my sweety, weety, weety, weety.

It certainly sounds peculiar to hear one of Irving Berlin's ballads rendered in the manner of Sam Bernard, winding up with an unintentional but uproarious parody: "I'll be luffing you in hallways." The tenor was sincere, but his dialect had two more rings than a three-ringed circus. Any American song is popular in Berlin and no more do you hear Wagner, Weber, Strauss, Grieg or Liszt.

All of which proves that it is easier to recover from a famine than it is to recuperate from a feast. While the Italian lira was playing monkey on a stick and the French franc was bobbing for apples, the mark stabilized itself and is very spendable. And the Berliner is spending it fast. The night life of the town makes Paris look like a Florida turpentine camp at twilight. The Kurfürsten-Damm, the Broadway of Berlin, is the liveliest street I have ever seen, flanked for miles by theaters, restaurants, dance halls and cabarets. The cabarets are open until three in the morning, under a new government ruling which anticipates the summer run of American shad who will soon come up the rivers to spawn their dividends.

But this is not Berlin. At least, it wasn't the Berlin I knew twenty-five years ago when the waltzing impetus of the Blue Danube was the principal method of locomotion and Max the waiter could hold fourteen steins in each hand and make change with his thumbs. The stern old days of militarism and sauerkraut have been replaced by the sleek lounge lizard and the chocolate soda, for Berlin seems effeminate, which is inevitable when a Fatherland becomes a sister republic. There must be plenty of dieting among the fair sex, for the Wintergarten boasts girls as slim as those of Ziegfeld's Follies. The last time I was here the Berlin chorus girls looked like Billy Watson's Beef Trust. The truth about the present crop of slim Berlin chorus girls is that they have migrated from Vienna, a town which no longer holds attractions for their kind.

The stein-banging period in Berlin is a thing of the past. I heard no roaring choruses of Old Heidelberg as the merry swill-lagers spooned their Ganseleberpastetenschnittchen or knifed their Jungschweinsrücken mit gemischtem Salat. The diners are well dressed and cosmopolitan, for the days of community singing, mob feeding and group dancing have evaporated under the genial rays of the sunny Charleston, which dance makes everyone an individual performer.

The Americanization of Berlin even extends to real Chesapeake Bay crab meat—from Japan.

That miniature Ætna of indigestion, the chafing dish, has a toehold on the restaurants, and you can get any kind of rarebit that ever caused a nightmare on Long Island. The prices are very high in the eating places. I mention this because you can divide traveling expenses into three sections, like all Gaul—railroad fares, hotel accommodations and food. Of the three, the food is the most important, because you must eat plenty to build up a constitution that will offset the shocks of the other two. The most expensive joint was a place on Neue Wilhelm Strasse right off Unter den Linden. I paid twenty-two dollars for a dinner for three people, and after I had dug up that terrific fine he had the nerve to ask me to mention his name. The sons of the ex-Kaiser all dine in this place which is the rendezvous for actors, sportsmen and the motion-picture industry. I sat next to Eitel Fritz, who wore no uniform, for no military uniforms are allowed in the restaurants and big hotels. When the Germans captured the Czar's palace at Warsaw, the man who runs the restaurant acted as chief steward to the officers quartered there. He said the only bombs he heard explode were the pops of champagne bottles and the only man he saw wounded was a general who was lowbridged by a cork.

The Way of All Legends

After that he came to Berlin and built his restaurant during the communist troubles in 1919, and was under fire for the first time, for the Reds turned machine guns on his workmen. The famous Adlon Hotel was a hospital during the same period. The Adlon is the hostelry which has gained the worldwide reputation of having 1000 servants for a hotel of only 400 rooms. I heard this claim eight or ten years ago and naturally wanted to see how such an immense personnel was handled. As a matter of fact, the Adlon has only 550 employes, which is a very large number for a small hotel. The reason for having that many is the new eight-hour law which compels all hotels to utilize three shifts of servants. So there is really a crew of only 183 servants working at one time, which is not an excessive number. However, I guess the 1000 servant legend will stand, as every tourist I have ever met retails the rumor in an awed manner.

A lot of these employes are pages, bell boys and waiters. A waiter draws no salary in the hotels and restaurants. He is paid by the patrons via the 10 per cent tip route. This tip is compulsory and is included in your check. The only expense contracted by the hotels in hiring waiters is in the feeding of the men. The 10 per cent system seems to be satisfactory to everybody, but reacts against the patron, who generally gives his waiter an extra tip to insure good service. You are not forced to tip your chambermaid, your valet or any other employe, for they share in the 10 per cent, which is pooled and divided pro rata.

If you want to get real German cooking in Berlin you must get off the tourist track, for the French cuisine predominates in the big hotels. All the famous places where I dined many years ago are now gone. There are many coffee houses, cafeterias and sudden lunch rooms, but the automat, which mechanical granary was born in Berlin, has now been discarded in favor of the Kaffee Hof.

One real old Berlin establishment is the *weinstube* formerly operated by Lutter and Wegner. This *weinstube* is the cellar where Bismarck used to munch the herring named in his honor, which didn't do the herring much good. A *weinstube* is not a restaurant. You go in there for the purpose of drinking wine, and the *stubes* are usually dark tunnels under gloomy buildings. It was here that Offenbach listened to the boastings and romances of Hoffman and wrote the Tales of Hoffman. All the old-time actors and musicians pounded their steins on the oak tables as they tried to think up lies and boasts to rival Hoffman's, but that lad had the edge on his rivals and reserved Offenbach's ear for his private telephone exchange. There is a restaurant over the *weinstube*, which, like the lady in the song, may have seen better days. The cooking is purely German, and it was here that I took my first try at Erbsensuppe mit Schweinsohren, a dish that proves you can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear, for it is pea soup with pigs' ears. When you search out native recipes you must eat a lot of things, and Erbsensuppe mit Schweinsohren is one of them.

A Weighty Food Problem

Take three pounds of pickled pigs' ears, parboiled until soft, and chopped into small squares. Soak two pounds of shelled yellow peas overnight, to which is added the broth of the pigs' ears, half a pound of lean fried bacon, sliced carrots, celery, onions, leeks and a dash of dried marjoram and pepper. Boil this mixture until quite soft and run through a very fine sieve. Should the soup prove too thick, it may be thinned with a little meat broth and half a pound of fresh butter.

The second stage is to prepare slices of white bread by cutting them into small squares and frying them in butter. Put the dices of pigs' ears and the bread croutons into the soup tureen and pour the boiling hot soup over them.

Now that is a recipe which should be mixed by high explosives experts in times of great national peril and stress. I realize that it is a concoction which will fail to appeal to the artistic temperaments of our ethical culturists. But I saw a couple of opera stars mopping it up with brooms of bread, and I thought you might want to know the kind of bird food that makes the canaries sing.

Remember one thing about the recipes which I have gathered. Some are good, some are terrible, but none of them is compulsory. If you read them with that understanding we shall get along better. I never cared for exotic cooking, and you can have the pigs' ears, birds' nests and elephant lips if you give me ham and eggs. I have sampled a good many dishes now in Europe, and my stomach is starting to laugh out of turn.

There is not enough bicarb of soda in the world to fill in the Grand Canyon of Dyspepsia that I have dug with my teeth on this trip. The countries of Central Europe specialize in dishes so heavy that a ten-pound dumb-bell would be considered as pastry, light and flaky. The Hapsburgs, Hohenzollerns and Romanoffs must have known something when they established the French cuisine in their palaces, for it is much lighter and daintier, and easier to digest.

One restaurant had a fairly good dish in Schmorbraten, a name which can be

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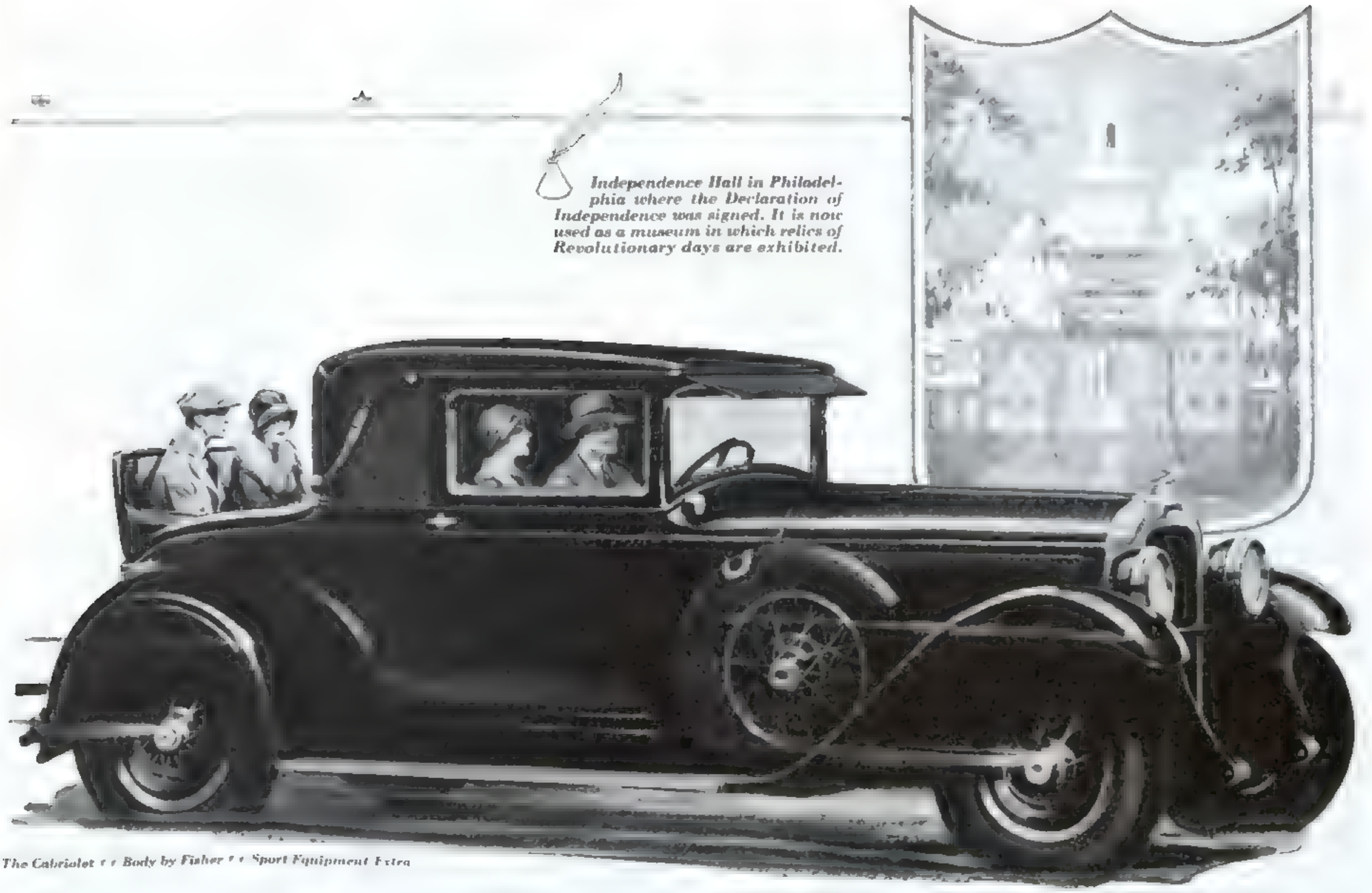

Independence Hall in Philadelphia where the Declaration of Independence was signed. It is now used as a museum in which relics of Revolutionary days are exhibited.

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PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

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cross-worded horizontally into braised beef. Do not allow the German titles to dismay you, for they translate into well-known dishes.

Slice a long piece of meat from a leg of beef. Lard it with larding pork to make it tender and then stew it slowly in a casserole with a couple of small ham bones, a few bay leaves, a few peppercorns, carrots and onions. Throw in a good big pinch of salt. When the meat has become almost cooked add two tablespoonfuls of flour, and at the same time fill the casserole in which the meat is cooking with a good consommé. Allow the consommé to reduce by slow boiling to a rich essence. A few minutes before the dish is cooked entirely add several fresh tomatoes cut in quarters. To prepare this German specialty in the right manner requires from two to three hours. Another variation is to substitute sauerkraut for the fresh tomatoes. The kraut can be added very early in the preparation of the Schmorbraten.

A potato dumpling is served with the Schmorbraten on the same platter. The dumplings are made separately. Take a dozen medium-sized potatoes and boil them. After they are boiled, peel them and mash them up. Add four or five eggs, a little flour, a dash of nutmeg, some salt seasoning and a little ground rice to the mashed potatoes. Stir all these ingredients together in a bowl and then shape it into small balls about the size of plums. Drop the dumplings into boiling water and allow them to remain until cooked. It is not necessary to boil the dumpling in salt water, as you have already seasoned it when mixing the ingredients. When the dumplings are ready for the table, place on a hot platter and pour the following sauce over them:

Take two cupfuls of crumbs made from stale bread, put them in a deep sieve and then lower the sieve into a pot of hot, boiling fat. Allow the sieve to remain in the fat until the bread crumbs are a rich golden brown. Sprinkle the bread crumbs over the potato dumplings and pour over the whole platter some browned butter made from a half dozen pats of butter.

The Same Thing, Only Sour

Another form of braised beef is Sauerbraten, made famous by Luchow's in the good old days when Tammany Hall ate in that renowned restaurant on Fourteenth Street, New York. Luchow has been dead several years, but when he was alive his was the eating headquarters for Charley Murphy, Tom Foley and Little and Big Tim Sullivan, who ate there much to the indignation of the good old Irish restaurateurs in the neighborhood. My father and myself often deserted Rector's to make a late evening call on Luchow and annex our share of Sauerbraten, which is prepared almost the same as braised beef, except that it is marinated. The beef is placed in a crock containing equal parts of vinegar and water. Put in a few peppercorns and bay leaves and allow it to remain in the vinegar and water for two days before cooking. After the two days the Sauerbraten is treated exactly as the Schmorbraten.

A restaurateur usually buys the lower leg of beef, which is full of sinews and tendons, and tries to soften it up by excessive cooking. I advise you to select the hip or round steak from the thigh, for that is very tender and is never stringy.

One of the famous eating places outside of Berlin is the Klosterkeller at Potsdam, which is a short ambulance ride either way. It was at Potsdam that Frederick the Grosse ate his groceries. He erected the beautiful Sans Souci, a sort of squat palace or imperial bungalow. The famous Voltaire visited Fred the Great, but the visit was over when Fred tried to make Voltaire listen to some of his royal poetry. You can get Matjes Hering at the Klosterkeller if you like an *r* left out of your herring.

A Side Dish for Everything

First catch your Matjes herring. Soak it in plain cold water for twenty-four hours. If it is a genuine Matjes herring it will not object to this treatment. Remove the skin and filet the fish. Place the filets in an earthen crock. Slice a few onions thin over the filets. Use an onion for each herring you are preparing. Scatter a few bay leaves and a few peppercorns into the crock and over all pour a pint of heavy, fresh cream. Place the crock on a shelf and allow it to stand for eight or ten hours. It is then ready to serve. The Germans like it along with a nice, hot, boiled potato on the same plate.

Hiller is another old restaurateur who passed on to the chefs' Valhalla. But his place is still continued by a company who manage to maintain the high standard set by Hiller, for the clientele is of the highest type. You can see Crown Prince Wilhelm in there most any day, even though he is not so popular as his brothers. Ex-King Frederick Augustus of Saxony, Foreign Minister Stresemann and the industrial barons of Germany all dine there. Its popularity may be due to the fact that, when the rest of Berlin was on quarter rations, you could always get fine food and drink in Hiller's. Hiller makes a good Kartoffel Salat, which is only potato salad. But what an awful fuss the Berliners make over a good Kartoffel Salat.

Take some small potatoes and boil until tender. One of the secrets of good Kartoffel Salat is the smallness of the potatoes used. Drain off the water and let them cool. Peel them and slice them one-fifth of an inch thick. Season with salt and pepper and add some very thin-sliced onions. Pour a cup of consommé over them and allow it to stand until the potatoes have absorbed the consommé—which should be chicken, as beef consommé will discolor the salad. Add three tablespoonfuls of olive oil and one tablespoonful of vinegar. Sprinkle a pinch of chopped parsley over all. To improve this dish add a tablespoonful of mayonnaise and mix it thoroughly with the other ingredients. Many Berliners like their Kartoffel Salat served warm. It is used as a side dish for about everything on the menu, until you almost expect to get it mixed in with your coffee.

One of the restaurants which preserves the old traditions of Berlin is Kempinski and Unger, cable address: Weinkempinskiberlin. The house was founded in 1862 by Granddad Kempinski, who was the biggest wine dealer in the country. The wine cellars are still located in Berlin, but I am afraid that the cable address will not help you in that respect. The Kempinski place on Leipziger Strasse is the biggest in town and seats 2500 people for an average feeding of 15,000 patrons a day. It was started as a *weinstube* and, as business grew, new additions were tacked onto the original place, until it now looks as if the establishment was designed by a couple of idiots playing dominoes. It is a rambling structure, with many doorways and more levels than a coal mine. You can get good German food there at a moderate price. The firm owns three or four restaurants in Germany and Amsterdam, and is about to take over the Ufa Building, home office of Germany's disastrous experiment in competing with American motion pictures, and will convert the studios into a restaurant seating 5000 people, if you care for statistics with your meals. It will be the biggest thing on the Continent and probably in the world. Figuring four people to a table, that means about 1250 tables. Unger, the youngest of the firm, has plenty of experience in big feeding, and allots a waiter to every four tables, which means more than 300 waiters. But in order to take no chances in a rush period, he has hired 600 waiters and 300 omnibuses, making almost a thousand dining-room attendants. Here is where the tipping system takes the strain off the firm's shoulders. Not one of those waiters gets a nickel pay, as all of them are glad to get an opportunity to share the 10 per cent compulsory bonus laid on each patron.

Educated Hamburger Steak

Help is the easiest problem in Berlin. It is different in Vienna. If you hire a man in Vienna as a chef, stenographer or chauffeur and he proves unsatisfactory, it is up to you to try and fire him inside of six months. If you want to get rid of him inside of thirty days, you can do it, but you must give him five months' extra pay. That is why many businesses, including the restaurant, seem to be on the rocks in Vienna.

It is a fine state of affairs for the workingman, but rather a difficult problem for the employer. And if you want to know the reason for Berlin's prosperity, it is because the communists were defeated in the fighting under the lindens some years ago.

One of Kempinski's best recipes is for Königsberger Klopse, which sounds like an order for right-about face in the Czech army, but is really a dumpling of the Hamburger type, with a little more education.

Take a pound of beef and a pound of pork. Run the meat through the chopper until finely minced. Put it into an earthen bowl and add three eggs, a dozen chopped anchovies, and season with salt and pepper. This is stirred thoroughly with a spoon and then formed into the dumplings. The dumplings are then cooked in consommé and spiced with marjoram.

They are served with a sauce made from the consommé in which the dumplings have been boiled. To this stock is added a little flour, to make a cream sauce. In the cream sauce, pour in two hard-boiled eggs which have been chopped very fine, and a tablespoonful of capers.

Reduced by Trigonometry

Königsberger dumplings taste better when served with plain, boiled potatoes. Kempinski told me that his grandfather and father did not go in for the catering end of the restaurant game until the United States went in for prohibition. When that happened the firm was forced to seek another form of revenue, as the United States was their largest consumer of beers and wines. It will take some time before the United States becomes the biggest consumer of Königsberger Klopse. Until that time arrives we will look over the final recipe of the German tour, which is none other than our old friend Hammelfleisch Bürgerlich, which can be reduced by higher trigonometry to a sort of boiled mutton.

Take two pounds of mutton meat and boil it for two hours in water seasoned with salt. Cut carrots, celery, potatoes and onions into small cubes. These vegetables are cooked along with the mutton. When ready to serve, it is advisable to add two more fresh vegetables, new string beans and fresh peas. The dish can be improved by preparing a good horse-radish sauce out of the stock in which the mutton has been cooked. Reduce the stock to a pint by boiling. From this make a good rich cream sauce, and to the sauce add half a cupful of freshly grated horse-radish.

You can liken Hammelfleisch to our New England boiled dinner, except that the vegetables are chopped into cubes. Boiled meats are very popular in the Teutonic countries, the reason being that the choice cuts of meat are very expensive and boiling makes the cheaper cuts of beef and mutton very tender. The general heaviness of German cuisine is due to the overuse of pork products, but outside of that the German cooking is plain, substantial and satisfying.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 28)

Yet, in all my despair, I am moved to forbear
From resorting to weapon or missile,
For the trouble may be in their family tree
And you can't grow a fig on a thistle!

Then I often debate when I watch some young skate,
Some graceless young male heir apparent,
Whether shooting one would do the others some good,
Or in any way be a deterrent.
But then, I reflect, when I'm moved to connect
With one of these boys with a swatter,
It might be more pat if I busted a bat
Over one of their papas or maters!
For when I look back on their ancestral track
And consider their sources parental,
It becomes very plain that if they had a brain
It would certainly be accidental!

Though they're often not nice nor exactly precise,
And their conduct is often dismaying,
Yet in view of all sides, I am free to confide
That I'd like to be quoted as saying:
"Their pace is so fast that it leaves me aghast,
Their manners unspeakable, yet it
Would be impudence to expect common sense,
For where in the world could they get it?
Though they idle and play and throw money away,
And swagger and loaf and tell whoppers,
Yet I thank the kind stars they're as good as they are
When I look at their mommers and poppers!" —*Walter C. Hawes.*

The Specter and the Spectroscope

THE arras lifts along the floor;
The owl cries thrice; the lights subside;
The ghost of old Earl Cruddlegore
Comes stealthily to slay his bride.

And down the crumbling corridor
Dead horror wakes to life again,
For wicked old Earl Cruddlegore
Must slay and slay what once was slain.

The old hound bays; a strange rook caws;
Veils hide the moon, by some command;
By the high bed it seems to pause,
And something shimmers in its hand!

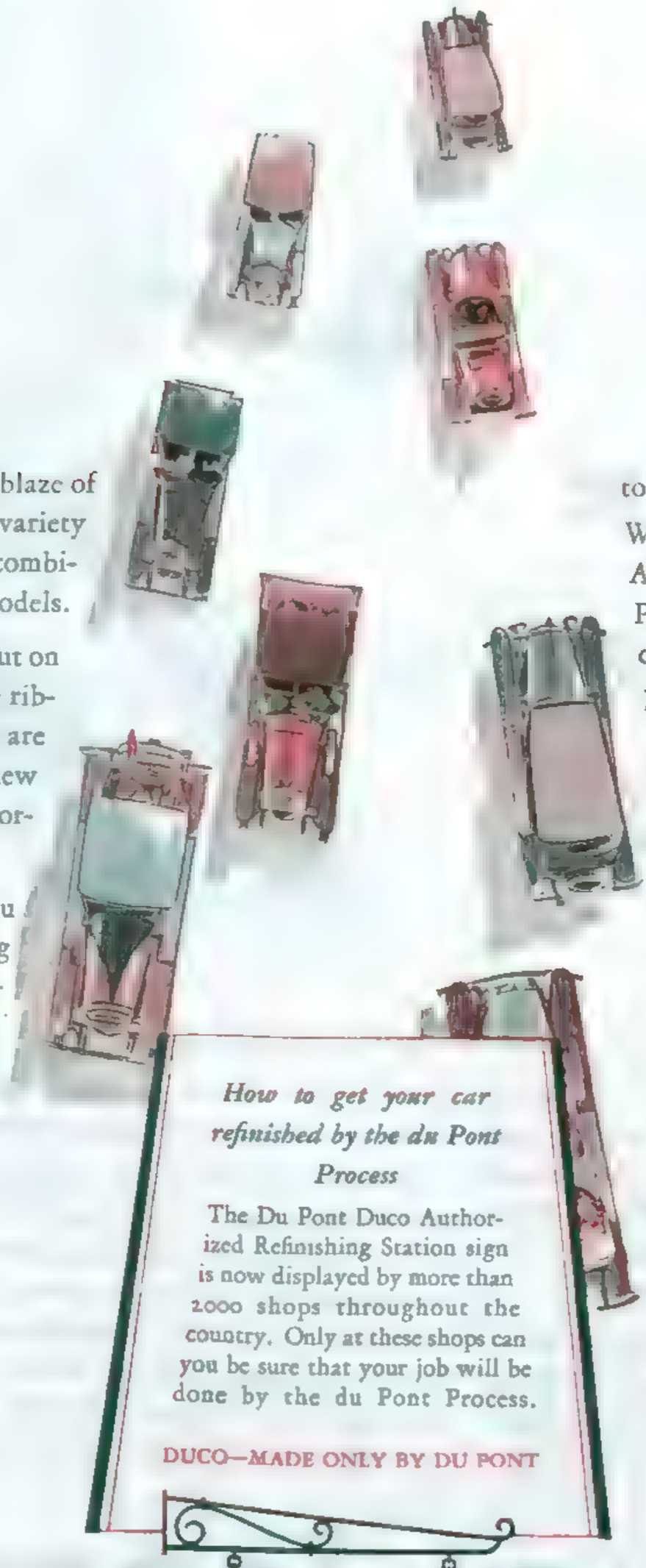
But stay! What marvel doth astound
The specter! See him mow and grope!
Within his lady's bed he's found
No lady, but a spectroscope!

And where long since he'd murdered her—
What specter could forgive it?—he
Perceived a galvanometer
To test his conductivity!

And where a dozen men he'd changed
To madmen by his demon laugh,
A camera was now arranged
To take his spirit photograph.

He was a sorrowful phantasm;
"This is the end!" he seemed to say.
He folded up his ectoplasm
And wailed in weary woe away.
—Morris Bishop.

Now that the streets are ribbons of color


How to get your car refinished by the du Pont Process
The Du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station sign is now displayed by more than 2000 shops throughout the country. Only at these shops can you be sure that your job will be done by the du Pont Process.
DUCO—MADE ONLY BY DU PONT
DUCO
AUTHORIZED RE-FINISHING STATION

THE 1928 auto shows opened with a blaze of color. Never before was there such a variety or profusion of shades. New Duco color combinations blossomed on hundreds of new models.

Now that these new cars are getting out on the highways, now that the streets are ribbons of color, now that your neighbors are beginning proudly to exhibit their new models—it's time to see the Duco Authorized Refinisher in your community.

The Authorized Refinisher uses the du Pont Process, the proper way of applying Duco. He has all the 1928 color combinations. His work is supervised by du Pont technical experts, his men are trained by du Pont. He can make your car look like a 1928 model, exactly as though it were finished at the factory.

The du Pont Process was worked out by du Pont chemists, in collaboration with leading automobile and body makers. It prescribes the proper succession of "anchored" coats, controls the time, and standardizes the quality of the materials from the priming coat that is applied to the bare metal to the final color coat.

Wherever you see the sign—Du Pont Duco Authorized Refinishing Station—the du Pont Process is used: and nowhere else can you be sure of getting this "new car" process, outside of the automobile and body factories.

Look up the Authorized Refinisher in your own community. Let him tell you how Duco, properly applied, can bring your car up to the minute. Drive in today or tomorrow for an estimate. *The du Pont Process costs no more. It is simply a guarantee of results.*

If your car does not need a complete refinishing job, if the original finish is still in good condition, you can make it look like a 1928 model by a Duco recoloring job. A recoloring job with Duco can be done quickly and at a moderate price.

E. I. DU PONT DE NEMOURS & CO., INC.
Dept. R-2, General Motors Building, Detroit, Michigan.
Gentlemen: Please send me, without obligation on my part, a copy of your booklet on the du Pont Process. I should also like to have the address of a Duco Authorized Refinishing Station in my community.

Name

Address

DUCO *Authorized* *Auto Refinishers*

A pipe and P. A. —*great!*

A WONDERFUL combination for pleasure, Men. Any time. Anywhere. Just get a tidy red tin of Prince Albert, open it and treat yourself to the finest aroma that ever floated out of a package. A fragrance that tells you about a grand taste to come. You can't wait to load up and light up.

The first puff comes through a winner. Cool as a bailiff ringing your door-bell. Sweet as the thought that he has the wrong house. Mellow and mild and long-burning, with a rich, round body that bangs the old smoke-gong right on the nose every time. No two ways about it, P. A. is great smokings.

You can waste a lot of time beating about the bush-leagues, or you can take the direct road to pipe-joy . . . via Prince Albert. When you know the deep-down contentment of a pipe and P. A., you'll know why the National Joy Smoke outsells every other brand. Get going today with good old P. A., and you'll say with me: "A pipe and P. A.—*great!*"

You get such a lot in every way—there are TWO full ounces in every tin.

PRINCE ALBERT

—no other tobacco is like it!

© 1928, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

THE CANADIAN STAKE IN THE UNITED STATES

(Continued from Page 23)

was then Upper and Lower Canada, and used New York as a market for sterling bills.

As I have already indicated, the Bank of Montreal contributed vision, brains and financial sinew to the building of the Canadian Pacific. One of its chief figures also had a part in establishing a great steam transportation line in the United States. It grew out of an incident which shows how chance may affect a vast enterprise. The way of it was this:

In 1879, R. B. Angus, general manager of the bank, accompanied the then president, George Stephen—he later became Lord Mount Stephen—on a business trip to Chicago. After the completion of their errand they had a free day and decided to visit another American city. Mount Stephen wanted to see St. Louis.

But Angus said, "No, let's go to St. Paul and see this James J. Hill about whom and his railroad Donald Smith is always talking."

Each determined to have his way, so they decided to flip a coin to decide. The toss said St. Paul and there they went. Hill sold them on his proposition—he had just started his railway building—and in consequence a syndicate was formed to purchase the St. Paul and Pacific Railroad, in which he was interested. Donald Smith—who afterward became Lord Strathcona—joined them. Through subsequent development the St. Paul and Pacific expanded into the Great Northern system. The success of this enterprise brought Strathcona and Mount Stephen into the railroad game and inspired them to undertake the colossal job of seeing the Canadian Pacific through.

From a Former War Boom

The Bank of Montreal today is no less adequate in personality than in the stirring days when it was geared to railway expansion. Sir Vincent Meredith, who began his association with the institution in 1867 and retired from the presidency to become chairman of the board last year, is the grand old man of Canadian banking. His successor as chief executive—Sir Charles Gordon—is the textile king of the Dominion and was Director General of War Supplies for Great Britain at Washington during the war. Sir Frederick Williams-Taylor, the general manager, represented the bank, first in Chicago and later in London, for many years, and is a distinguished factor in Canadian finance.

With the Royal Bank of Canada we reach, in its president, the outstanding financial figure of the country. Prior to meeting him face to face, however, we must briefly trace the history of the institution, which is full mate to the Bank of Montreal in power and prestige.

The forerunner of the Royal Bank, as it is always called for short in Canada, was the Merchants Bank, founded in Halifax while our own Civil War was at its height, when blockade runners carrying on trade with the Southern Confederacy flocked to the chief Nova Scotia port. The war boom made larger banking facilities necessary, and a group of business men supplied the deficiency with the Merchants. In 1869, two years after the achievement of Canadian confederation, the bank became the Merchants Bank of Halifax and retained that name until 1901, when it was changed to the Royal Bank of Canada.

There is neither the space nor the need of outlining the ramified development of the bank, save to point out two facts. One is that it became the Canadian pioneer in the development of the Caribbean, Latin-American and United States fields. Among other things it has extensive sugar holdings in Cuba. The other is the American participation in its ownership. In 1902, 5000 shares of the capital stock were sold to a group of prominent American financiers, including the Blairs, George F. Baker, J. J. Mitchell, J. Ogden Armour, Norman B. Ream, P. A. Valentine and Marshall Field. Though the original ownership of these shares has changed, they still remain in the United States.

Long before Sir Herbert S. Holt became president of the Royal Bank in 1908, he was conspicuous in big Canadian affairs and had many American connections that ranged from oil to public utilities. His life is a dramatization of the type of self-made success that studs so many gilded narratives in our own country. The Rockefellers and the Ryans have nothing on him. Despite his premier place as a constructive force and the familiarity of his face on the Royal Bank five, ten and twenty dollar bills, he is scarcely known personally outside his immediate working circle.

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Sir Joseph Flavelle

Holt was born near Dublin, Ireland, where he studied civil engineering in an elementary way. In 1875, when he was nineteen years old, he arrived in Canada with a few dollars in his pocket. Luckily he fell in with James Ross, who was constructing a small railway into the lumbering country around Haliburton. Ross gave him a job. The young Irishman was so quick on the uptake that he rose rapidly in his employer's favor. When he was still under twenty-five Ross made him superintendent of the Credit Valley Railway, which he was building. The experience that he gained in this early period enabled Holt to become the greatest railway contractor in Canada.

One day while he was engaged on the Credit Valley undertaking a lank individual strolled into camp and said to him, "My name is Mackenzie and I would like to get the timber contract for your culverts." It was long before the concrete-culvert era.

Holt gave Mackenzie the contract. Out of it developed an association that was to bring fortune to both. Mackenzie, once a school-teacher, was the future Sir William Mackenzie, cobuilder with Sir Donald Mann of the Canadian Northern Railway and promoter of a series of public-utility and other enterprises that reached from Toronto, by way of Mexico and Brazil, to Spain. He was perhaps the most enterprising Canadian to venture overseas with his capital.

Holt's first big opportunity came with the construction of the Canadian Pacific. When Ross took over the task of building part of the prairie section of Canada's first transcontinental system, Holt went along as right-hand man. Before long he became dissatisfied with what he called a hired man's job and undertook contracts on his own. This not only led him far afield but gave him the nucleus of what is today the biggest single fortune in Canada. He built long stretches of road for the Canadian Pacific in the Rocky Mountains, Quebec and in our state of Maine. In partnership with Ross, Mackenzie and Mann he constructed the Regina, Qu'Appelle and Long Lake and the Calgary and Edmonton railways. Subsequently he built lines in the American West and in South America.

Hazard and hardship were his lot on some of these enterprises. He crossed the Andes on muleback, but it was all part of the game he loved.

Canada in general and the province of Quebec in particular now became his objective. In 1901 he reorganized the Montreal Gas Company and merged it into the Montreal Light, Heat and Power Company, of which he became president. In many respects this remains his favorite project, although, like many men of his mold, he is interested in a variety of enterprises that include power, paper, railroads, insurance companies, textiles and banks. His elevation to the presidency of the Royal Bank was a logical advance, because he was not only a large stockholder but had served as director and vice president.

A Man With Foresight

A little-known story about his connection with the World War shows the keenness of the Holt foresight. Soon after the great struggle broke he was invited by the British Government to undertake the control of the British-operated railways in the war zone in France. His characteristic reply was: "I cannot make a decision until I go over the ground thoroughly."

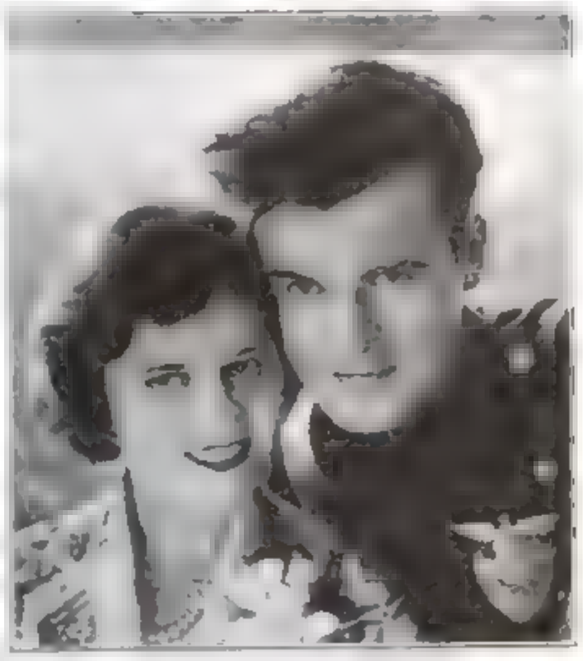
After he had made a careful inspection of the field he suggested that, to insure the best results, the British must take over the French roads. The recommendation was frowned down and Holt declined the post. Later events proved the wisdom of his observation.

Holt was among the first to point out the need of light railways to haul munitions and supplies to the British front. This idea was afterward carried out by Sir Eric Geddes. Although untrained in war, Holt emphasized the necessity for high explosives. In this he antedated Lord Northcliffe, who brought the campaign to a successful conclusion in one of the notable British newspaper drives of the war.

I talked with Sir Herbert in his office on the third floor of the Montreal Power Building at Montreal. From the big desk in the center of that severely plain room radiate the wires that join a multitude of enterprises to his power and will. For Canada he represents what a cross of the late J. P. Morgan, the elder James Stillman, Thomas F. Ryan and E. H. Harriman would be in the United States. He has Morgan's doggedness of purpose, Harriman's wizardry of fiscal operation, Ryan's vision and Stillman's bulldog strength. At seventy-two he is erect, vigorous and upstanding. His

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Chat



NEIL HAMILTON *and* DOROTHY GULLIVER *in* "The Shield of Honor"

Occasionally I hear criticisms of some of the pictures Universal produces, and this leads me to inquire:

"If YOU were in the movie-business, what would YOU do to improve it?"

If you were the head of a big moving-picture producing business like UNIVERSAL, what kind of pictures would YOU produce? What kind of stories would YOU buy? Would you specialize in any line? Would you cater to the great majority or to some particular class? If so, why? An answer to these questions from all of you would be helpful.

By the way, only a comparatively small number of the millions who patronize UNIVERSAL PICTURES have seen ***"The Cat and the Canary,"*** the thrilling mystery play, directed by Paul Leni and featuring LAURA LA PLANTE supported by a great list of other stars.

Mary Roberts Rinehart has wired me praising the picturization of her Saturday Evening Post story, ***"Finders Keepers,"*** also the excellent direction by Wesley Ruggles and the splendid acting of LAURA LA PLANTE. ***"Finders Keepers"*** will open on March 31st in the following cities:

Milwaukee, Wis. . . . Alhambra Theatre
Portland, Ore. . . . . Columbia Theatre
Seattle, Wash. . . . . Columbia Theatre
Spokane, Wash. . . . . Clemmer Theatre

The name of GLENN TRYON has become synonymous with delightful comedy. Keep it in your mind.

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

Send 10c in stamps for autographed photograph of your favorite Universal star

If you want to be on our mailing list send in your name and address

UNIVERSAL PICTURES

730 Fifth Ave., New York City

He *thinks* his face is Clean.... but *is* it?

The pore-dirt that hides in every face can't be SCRUBBED away!

WHEN you get out your razor and scrubbing brush for tonight's date, place one thing beside them. A jar of Pompeian Massage Cream!

Here's why: Pore-dirt can't be scrubbed or scraped away. And pore-dirt hides in *every* face!

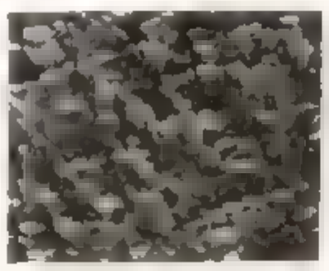
What with dusty offices, crowded cars, windy streets, the air about you all day is alive with millions of tiny specks of gray. These particles fall onto your face. Cling to the skin. Get rubbed into the pores . . . down deep, where washing never finds them.

These remarkable microscopic photos show *that*. And they show one other thing. Pompeian Massage Cream rolls every gray speck of pore-dirt free.

Goes in PINK... Rolls out GRAY!!

The upper photo (1) shows a section of the skin that somebody *thought* he had cleaned. Compare it with the lower photo (2) taken after Pompeian had gone into the skin and made it *really* clean.

Those dark marks are the dried pellets of cream . . . gray with the pore-dirt that just a few seconds' massage lifted away.



1. *Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.*

2. *Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with pore-dirt that has been rolled free.*

Give yourself a Pompeian massage tonight. Free your pores of the sallow-toned dirt that now grays your skin. Pompeian not only sets you up with a clean, invigorated feeling but sets your face tingling with the ruddy glow of an athlete in the very "pink."

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any toilet goods counter. But test it *free*. Fill in and mail the coupon below—right NOW—while you are reading this page.

POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company, Dept. 903-C1, 595 Fifth Avenue, New York.
In Canada, 72 St. Ambroise St., Montreal.

Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name

Street

City State

jaw is square, his mouth firm, but Irish humor twinkles in his blue eyes. He likes to hear a good story and to tell one. He looks the business baron that he is.

Sir Herbert has no monopoly on the stewardship of big affairs. Almost equally varied are the undertakings in which Sir Joseph Flavelle has a leading part. He bears something of the same relation to the Canadian Bank of Commerce that Sir Herbert does to the Royal Bank. Instead of being president, however, he is chairman of the board and head of the National Trust Company, which has close connections with the bank.

Before appraising the extent of Sir Joseph's activities we must fix the status of the Canadian Bank of Commerce, because it is one of the big three, with important associations in the United States. It was born with the Canadian Confederation, which means that it came into being in 1867, when the first union of provinces was effected. Moreover, it has kept pace with and contributed to Dominion development. It sprang from the charter of the Bank of Canada, purchased by William McMaster, largely to give Ontario a pretentious bank of its own. At that time the outstanding financial concern in Canada was the Bank of Montreal at Montreal, which is in the province of Quebec. In the course of the expanding years the Canadian Bank of Commerce absorbed various other banks, including the Halifax Banking Company, the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island, the Gore Bank, the Bank of British Columbia and the Eastern Townships Bank.

A Contrast in Big Men

In connection with the Halifax Banking Company is an interesting story. It was founded by Enos Collins in 1812, during our second war with England. Collins was first lieutenant on a Nova Scotian privateer, the Charles Mary Wentworth, which fought and captured a Spanish brig and three other prizes and took them in triumph to Halifax. With the proceeds he laid the foundation of a great fortune. One of Collins' assistants was the Hon. Samuel Cunard, who, when the British Admiralty called for bids for a steam-packet service to carry Her Majesty's mails on the Atlantic, went abroad and succeeded in interesting the famous Clyde shipbuilder Robert Napier in the project. Not a single shipowner in Britain made a tender. The result was the formation, in 1839, of the British and North American Royal Mail Packet Company. In this way the Cunard line had its beginning.

It was not until 1896 that Sir Joseph Flavelle entered the Canadian Bank of Commerce as director. Like Holt, he is of Irish origin, but was born in Ontario, which has been the seat of the operations that have made him the second figure in Canadian business life. It was as head of a meat-packing firm with many branches that he first became known. He dissociated himself from this enterprise during the World War, when he was chairman of the Imperial Munitions Board. Among the many concerns that engross him now is the Robert Simpson Company, which conducts one of Toronto's foremost department stores.

Physically Sir Herbert Holt and Sir Joseph Flavelle make a striking contrast. The former is big and solid of bone and bulk, with smooth face, while the latter is spare, bearded and nervous in manner. Unlike Holt, Sir Joseph is constantly projected before the public because he is actively interested in religious and educational matters. Holt sticks to his desk. Save for generous endowment of charities, he is absorbed in his work.

Sir Joseph Flavelle represents the same type of forward-looking financier as the late Sir Edmund Walker, president of the Canadian Bank of Commerce from 1907 until 1924. Walker began as a discount clerk and became one of the eminent leaders in Dominion banking. As associate of Mackenzie and Mann, he initiated many enterprises that contributed to the national development.

Two other Canadian banks with branches in the United States must be included in this summary. The Bank of Nova Scotia was launched in 1832, and its head office is still maintained at Halifax. Because of its location it was the first Canadian bank to open up relations with the West Indies, where it is still strongly intrenched. Perhaps its most picturesque personality is the Hon. W. D. Ross, now lieutenant governor of Ontario, who started with the Bank of Nova Scotia, then joined the Department of Finance at Ottawa and later built up the Metropolitan Bank, which he sold to the Nova Scotia.

The Bank of Nova Scotia has a peculiar interest for us in that it has been a training school for bankers who have distinguished themselves in the United States. Chief among them was J. B. Forgan, a Nova Scotian. As chairman of the board of the First National Bank of Chicago he became one of the outstanding figures in American finance. Another was Alexander Robertson, vice president of the Continental-Commercial National Bank of Chicago.

The Dominion Bank, one of the five large institutions of the country, began before the Maritime Provinces had been linked with Central Canada by rail. One of the founders was Sir William Mulock, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Ontario, who gave Mackenzie King, the present Dominion premier, his first opportunity for public service. Its principal personality was Sir Edmund Osler, member of the famous Osler family of Canada which contributed eminent figures to law, medicine and business, including Sir William Osler, the most distinguished of them all.

The Canadian banks represent only one phase of the Dominion financial and other stakes in the United States. More intimate in some respects is the connection that the railways have with us. They traverse our states, own big office buildings and enroll thousands of Yankee investors on their stock books. The Canadian Pacific, for example, has 7500 stockholders in this country. At the head of the Canadian National system is a former Hoosier—Sir Henry Thornton—whose first experience was gained on the Pennsylvania and the Long Island.

Government Ownership

Like the banks, the Canadian railways are bound up in the making of the nation. The Intercolonial, which joined the Maritime Provinces with Quebec and Ontario, was part of the confederation pact. Construction of the Canadian Pacific brought British Columbia into the union. The statistical sharks will tell you that Canada possesses the most extensive railway system of any country of its population, no other exceeding her in mileage per capita. There are exactly 40,352 miles of steam transport lines.

The Canadian National system represents a striking experiment in government ownership. Although the government had heavily subsidized the Canadian Northern with land and otherwise, it was long a privately owned institution. At one time it was the property of Mackenzie and Mann, who owned practically all the common stock. They built the bulk of it under the sponsorship of Sir Wilfrid Laurier.

Government operation on any kind of scale began in 1915 when the National Transcontinental Railway was taken over, together with the Lake Superior branch of the Grand Trunk Pacific. Two years later the government acquired the capital stock of the Canadian Northern and subsequently was appointed receiver for the Grand Trunk Pacific. In 1919 the old Grand Trunk was included in the government railway scheme, which afterward was consolidated and reorganized under a single national board. This undertaking now embraces 22,872 miles, the largest single system in North America.

In this vast network of rails the Grand Trunk has a strategic part. Concerning the

(Continued on Page 46)

For Hospitality At Home Or On Wheels

As YOU step with your hostess from her charming home into her waiting motor car, do you feel the same ease, the same comfort as you did in her living room? It is doubtless an exacting test to ask of motor car luxury, yet it is one to which CA-VEL upholstery can instantly respond. CA-VEL, indeed, transforms the car interior into a veritable home on wheels. The subtle loveliness, the inviting comfort of the fabric steals over you like enchantment .... Your hostess has chosen well.

No other material provides such easeful depths, such glowing, animate beauty, such remarkable resistance to wear. Its luminous surface never fades. CA-VEL, indeed, is the perfection of velvets selected by the greatest cabinet-makers the world has known to beautify their masterpieces of furniture. Nothing could express more distinctive taste or greater appreciation of practical motor car beauty. No fabric could assure so high a resale value for your car.

CA-VEL will probably be in the next closed car you buy—but it is well to inquire and *insist*. Collins & Aikman Corporation, Established 1845, New York City.

CA-VEL

VELVETS OF ENDURING BEAUTY

a baby can play with a Clark

WE do not recommend Clark Lighters as toys for children. Still if a child should pick up one, no harm would be done. A Clark cannot "go off" accidentally.

Though the Clark has this safety feature it lights instantly and easily and always works in an adult's hand.

The safety of a Clark lies in its construction. The sparking wheel is permanently covered, and as this is a Clark patent, you will find it on no other lighter.

The wheel you turn with your thumb is as clean as the winder for your watch. There is no chance for smudged thumbs or gloves.

With all these advantages, the Clark is a good-looking, jeweler-made article that has the appeal of a fine watch. Clark owners are proud of them.

When you buy a Lighter look for a permanently covered wheel, then pay any price you want from $7.50 up.

W. G. CLARK & CO., Inc.
North Attleboro, Mass.
Showrooms: 580 Fifth Ave., N. Y.

CLARK
ALWAYS WORKS

(Continued from Page 44)

American end is the story of a unique competition. Rivalry between Portland and Boston for the Atlantic terminus was decided in 1847 by a sporting proposition which ended Boston's ambition. The event took the form of a race by postriders to deliver two letters from England to the postmaster at Montreal. One was routed by way of Boston and the other through Portland. The letter which reached Montreal first was to settle the competition and procure the terminus. Portland won, but the contest was so keen that Boston was only four hours behind in the 300-mile race.

The building of the Canadian Pacific was one of the great engineering feats of history. I have already pointed out how two former Americans, Lord Shaughnessy—often called the "peer that made Milwaukee famous"—and Sir William Van Horne, contributed vitally to the consummation of a project that was regarded as insuperable because of the mountain barriers. What many people do not know is that the letters patent to the Canadian Pacific show that the contract with the government contains the names of two American citizens, James J. Hill and John S. Kennedy, the New York banker and philanthropist.

Since its incorporation in 1881 the Canadian Pacific has had only four presidents, Lord Mount Stephen, Van Horne, Lord Shaughnessy and the present incumbent, E. W. Beatty, who, at forty, became head of what is regarded as the greatest business corporation in the British Empire. Today, when he has just turned fifty, he looks the beardless boy. From a small job in a lawyer's office Beatty has risen to an outstanding executive post.

A fact in connection with Beatty is worth pointing out. He is one of the three most conspicuous men in Canada who have so far been immune from matrimony. The other two noted bachelors are Mackenzie King and the Hon. R. B. Bennett, the new Conservative leader.

From this field of unemotional finance we can now turn to the most colorful of all the commercial bonds between Canada and the United States. During 1927, $15,000,000 worth of furs was shipped to us from our northern neighbor. Behind this commonplace merchandising movement is a story that links the last frontier of romance in the New World with a prosaic everyday need.

Romance In Business

Most people know about the Hudson's Bay Company mainly from the novels of Sir Gilbert Parker, James Oliver Curwood and Stewart Edward White, and the exploits of the Northwest Mounted Police. They look upon it merely as a fur-procuring agency with a movie background of snowy, pine-clad places under the cold polar stars. The truth of the matter is that it has evolved from a succession of trading posts into a vast business concern with a chain of eleven department stores that stand where once its palisaded forts rose up to resist the belligerent redskin. In addition, the company has a land department engaged in selling and colonizing 3,000,000 acres of farm and city land in Western Canada. More than one Yankee farmer has established himself on Hudson's Bay property.

Like the great Canadian banks whose histories have been outlined, the Hudson's Bay Company has contributed vitally to Canadian progress. Its most eminent servant, to use the British phrase, was Lord Strathcona, the Scotch immigrant who graduated from factor in a lonely Labrador fur camp to the governorship of the company, and likewise Dominion builder.

The temptation is strong to linger on the beginnings of the company: How Charles II of England granted its charter in 1670 to Prince Rupert, that dashing royalist cavalry officer in the Great Rebellion who was the first governor; how it acquired autocratic rights, in that it embodied the law and issued its own currency; how it blazed the way for civilization in the northern wilds; and how the purchase of part of its immense domain by the new Canadian Confederation in 1868 helped to make the existing sisterhood of provinces possible. Alberta and Saskatchewan were carved out of old Hudson's Bay grants. Blood, battle and intrigue have mingled in its two and a half centuries of life.

One more detail before we get the connection with American consumers. The Hudson's Bay Company was one of the last of the historic chartered organizations that grew out of the world's greatest era of discovery. Back in that spacious Elizabethan era conquest and business went hand in hand. Monarchs like Philip II of Spain parceled out empires to individuals and groups more easily than New Jersey and Delaware bestow charters on many-millioned corporations. Thus were born aggregations like the East India Company, which became empires of trade. The only modern revival of the chartered-company idea in a big way also grew out of the subjugation of a primitive country. It was the British South Africa Company, which fulfilled Cecil Rhodes' dream of British rule in the vast area that came to bear his name.

The most striking feature of Hudson's Bay Company operations today is that the furs shipped for export are acquired in many instances through the same system of barter that obtained more than 200 years ago. At remote trading posts on the Mackenzie and Peace rivers, or on the Arctic Ocean, the Indians and Eskimos exchange their pelts for tea, flour, blankets, rifles and ammunition. It is interesting to contrast this primitive business process with the huge department stores owned by the company at Winnipeg, Vancouver and elsewhere, which represent the last word in modern merchandising methods.

Sir Herbert J. Holt, Canada's Most Commanding Financial Figure

Like every other activity that formerly depended in the main on casual initiative, fur has become a definite business. Fur farming in Canada is now well organized, with 2702 different establishments where silver, red and blue foxes, mink, raccoons, muskrats, beaver and other fur-bearing animals are bred for their pelts.

The allusion to the American end of the Canadian fur trade will serve to disclose a new and little-heralded commercial leadership for the United States. Before the World War, London, Leipsic and Paris were the chief fur markets of the world. There the best skins were mobilized and the fashion set.

Both the United States and Canada, two of the largest individual fur producers, sent the raw products to Europe to be manufactured there and then reshipped in the form of coats, neck pieces and other articles. We therefore lost an important part of the turnover.

With the break of war we took the lead in fur and have held it ever since. The United States not only markets its own raw furs at home and abroad but imports foreign furs and reexports them in a finished state to Europe. New York City has become one of the great retail fur markets, while St. Louis is the central shipping point.

The Missouri metropolis lends itself ideally to this purpose. The Mississippi basin is a breeding ground for animals such as the opossum and the muskrat, whose skins figure more and more in fur manufacture. Including the territory of Alaska, the United States produces nearly $70,000,000 worth of pelts a year, which is more than the combined production of Canada and Russia. There are more trappers in America than in these two countries.

As in Canada, there has been a considerable development in fur farming. It has reached the point where practically all the silver and black foxes used within the United States are raised on farms. Regulated trapping of muskrats on privately owned or leased marshes is being widely and profitably practiced. Rabbit raising both for meat and pelts is obtaining a strong foothold in the West.

In consequence the fur industry in this country has grown from $44,000,000 in 1914 to more than $250,000,000, which is a conservative figure for last year. Raw and dressed fur now ranks seventh in value in American imports. The activity has become so important that the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce of the Department of Commerce has established a fur section.

The furs that help to give us our new supremacy in that commodity comprise only a small part of Canada's export stake in the United States. There is no more convincing evidence of Dominion expansion than in the growth of her international trade, in which we have the largest part. We are Canada's best customer, just as she is ours.

The Customs Barrier

Being young, Canada must depend heavily upon export markets, which is the reverse of the situation in the United States. We are the world's largest individual producer and consumer. Excess of production over consumption is relatively smaller than in most other countries. The domestic market is by far the most important sales field for both the manufacturer and the farmer. Hence our annual exports are only 6 per cent of the value of our total output.

In Canada the situation is different. The new and vigorous country still lacks sufficient population to absorb the production of its farms, forests, mines and fisheries. In consequence, more than 40 per cent of it is consumed outside. In the fiscal year ending March 31, 1927, the total of Canadian exports of domestic produce reached $1,252,168,000. Canada does business with 112 nations. She has a favorable balance of trade with eighty of her alien customers, while we have a favorable balance with only sixty-seven. Her adverse trade balance with the United States is offset by her favorable balance with the United Kingdom.

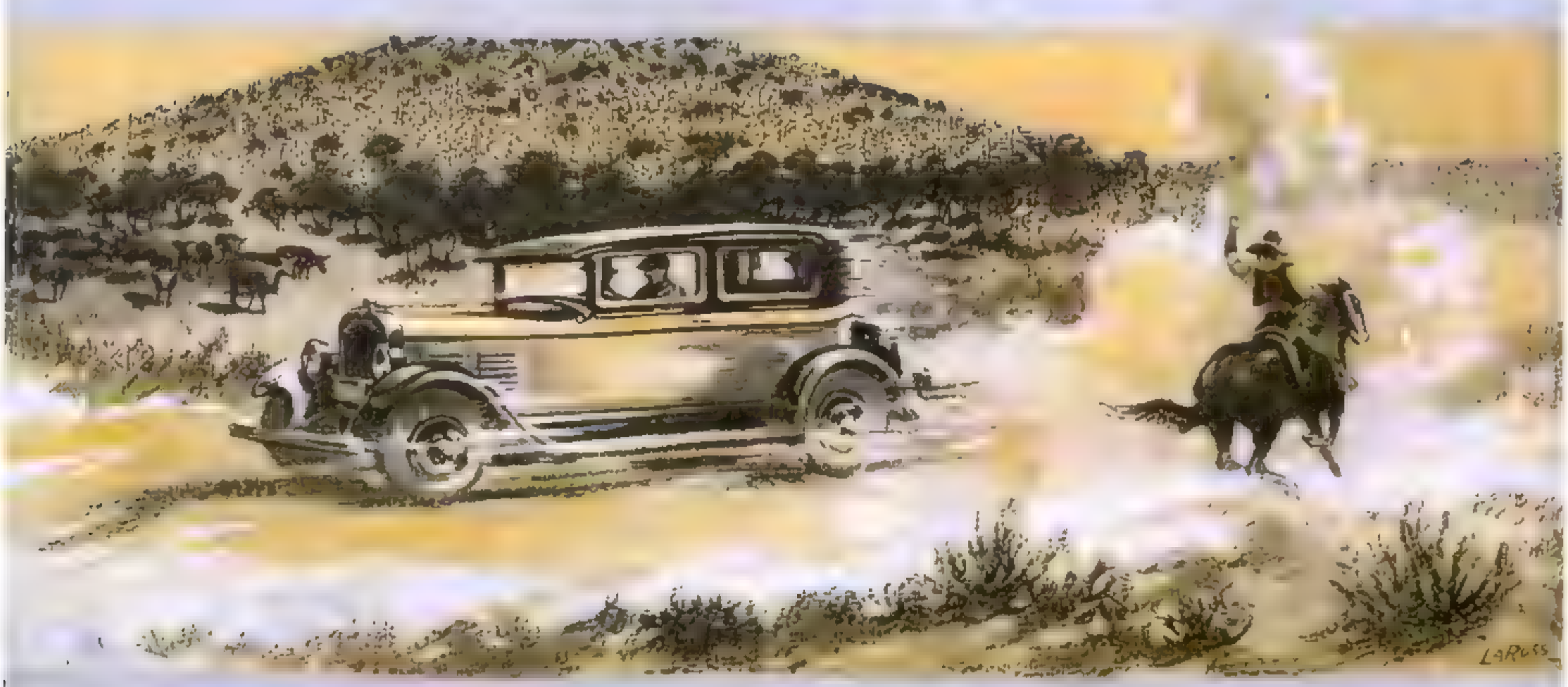
Because of the tariff we impose, Canadian agricultural exports to the United States declined $85,000,000 between 1921 and 1927. Since the customs barrier is one of the obstacles to complete economic harmony between the two countries, it must be briefly explained here. The Canadian farmer construes the existing tariff as a direct blow to him, and not entirely without reason.

There were no serious tariff complications prior to 1921, when our emergency measure became effective. It was enacted in the interest of the American agriculturalist and increased the duties on many of Canada's agricultural products, notably wheat, livestock and flour. The Fordney Act of 1922 made some adjustment of these rates, but increased the duties on other Canadian products, particularly fresh, dried, salted, smoked and pickled fish. Two years later the duty on wheat was advanced from thirty to forty-two cents a bushel.

The Canadian farmer met the situation by opening up new markets and expanding

(Continued on Page 49)

164 Texas Miles in 152 Western Union Minutes



A strictly stock Reo Wolverine Brougham recently set a record that will be the envy of many a future automobile for a long, long time to come.

Fully equipped, just as you would drive it from a show room floor, this Wolverine flashed from San Antonio, Texas, to Eagle Pass down on the Mexican border.

164 miles in 152 minutes. 164 miles of dusty prairie and of rolling hill country. 152 minutes of elapsed time as certified by the Western Union Telegraph Company. 64.7 miles per hour average speed. You can easily guess what top speeds were necessary to maintain so high an average over hills, through towns, through loose sand.

Here is proof again of the Wolverine's fitness as a car for the last far mile of the open road. Here is evidence of the Wolverine sturdiness that can stand the strains of hard driving with the accelerator pushed to the floor. Here is convincing testimony of riding and driving ease without which sustained speeds would be impossible. Here is assurance of the quick, zooming acceleration that drives a car through the forties, the fifties, and far beyond in very few seconds—and of the sure braking that permits such fast driving with safety.

Those who have not bought Wolverines never expected so much in honest performance at anywhere near the Wolverine's price. But the Reo Wolverine never sells itself on price alone. In it Reo has built the eager performance that conquers the hearts of square-jawed men—the ease of handling and riding, the charm of style that women love—the everlasting "pep" that girls and boys in their twenties or forties turn to admire.

Ride in this Reo Wolverine yourself. Then you'll understand those 164 Texas miles in 152 Western Union minutes. Then you'll find it's the kind of car you'll like to own.

$1195—$1295 at Lansing Plus Tax

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY, *Lansing, Michigan*

REO WOLVERINE

It will pay you

~~in dollars and cents, weeks and months~

to get the EVEREADY LAYERBILT

This is the Eveready Layerbilt, the unique "B" battery that contains no waste spaces or materials between the cells; the longest lasting of all Everedys.

THE most economical Eveready Battery is the Eveready Layerbilt. You will spend less money for "B" batteries, and enjoy better ones, if you always get the Eveready Layerbilt. It is the best "B" battery we know how to build, and we have been building dry batteries for 33 years. If during all that time we had not continually increased our skill, added to our knowledge, and built better and better batteries, the name Eveready would not have the reputation it enjoys today among battery users.

Inside the Eveready Layerbilt are unique *flat* cells, instead of cylindrical ones as in all other dry cell "B" batteries. The flat cells pack in the box tightly; there is no waste space between them. The flat form gives the active materials larger surfaces to act on each other. These flat cells actually produce more current per unit of materials—by all our tests they are the most efficient dry cells made. That's why the Eveready Layerbilt lasts longer.

So long does it last that the effort of replacement after months of use seems slight indeed. During all those months you enjoy Battery Power, pure Direct Current, hum-free, silent, uniform, dependable. You get the best reception of which your receiver is capable. Any good battery will give you Battery Power; the very smallest Eveready will do so. But no Eveready will last as long as the Eveready Layerbilt "B" Battery No. 486, the one that contains Eveready's exclusive invention of the efficient *flat* dry cell.

Illustrated to the left is the cylindrical cell type of "B" battery construction. Each cell is a unit connected to the others by soldered wires. The space between the cells is wasted, useless.

Radio is better with *Battery* Power

Tuesday night is Eveready Hour Night

East of the Rockies

9 P. M., Eastern Standard Time
Through WEAF and associated N. B. C. stations

On the Pacific Coast

8 P. M., Pacific Standard Time
Through N. B. C. Pacific Coast network

NATIONAL CARBON CO., INC.
New York UCC San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide and Carbon Corporation

EVEREADY
Radio Batteries
–they last longer

The air is full of things you shouldn't miss

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those already established. As a matter of fact, our farm neighbors on the north are doing better, on the whole, than their American cousins, at the moment I write. Large quantities of Canadian hard wheat are still being shipped into the United States. It goes in bond to American millers, who mix it with our soft wheat for the European flour trade.

The Canadians have not retaliated. In fact, they have shown a greater tendency toward reducing their duties than almost any other people during recent decades. Canada is about the only country that has decreased rates since the war. Most of the others have raised them. She has made reductions in sugar, agricultural and other industrial machinery and automobiles. On some commodities, particularly textiles, the preferential rates on British products have been cut down.

There is still considerable sentiment among the Liberals and Progressives for some kind of reciprocity agreement with the United States. In the 1923 budget a standing offer for such an agreement was written into the Canadian customs act.

The matter of Canadian reciprocity has been a sort of seesaw. When we are prepared to deal, Canada backs down. When they are ready, we retreat. Canada was really more interested in the reciprocity movement in 1911 than we were.

The Scale of Tariffs

Canada had seen the reciprocity agreements of 1890, which we entered into with various countries, not including her, abruptly terminated by the Tariff Act of 1904. The Canadians were firmly convinced that an understanding with the United States would lead to an increased commercial dependence upon us. With a change of party or opinion we might cut them off from our markets, leaving them in the lurch, since they would have developed their economic organization largely on the basis of trade with Uncle Sam.

There is likelihood of reciprocity bobbing up again as a serious issue. Our policy at present is not to make out-and-out reciprocal trade arrangements with anybody. The only exception is the favored treatment which we accord Cuba, which is based on the fact that we are her steward and sponsor. It is only fair to the Canadians to say that they are not so much opposed to a high tariff as to an unstable one. They regard the not infrequent changes in our schedule as distinctly disquieting to their commerce.

The Canadian customs tariff now in effect is the tariff of 1907, with modifications, mostly downward. There are three schedules of duties—namely, the British preferential, which is one-third lower than the general rate, the intermediate and the general. The British preferential tariff applies to nearly the whole of the empire except Australia and Newfoundland. The British West Indies get lower rates than those of the preferential schedule.

The intermediate tariff is the basis for commercial agreements with most of the Continental and Scandinavian countries and Japan, Argentina and Cuba. From some of them Canada receives tariff concessions in return. Others grant no concessions, but get the benefit of the intermediate rate by reason of most-favored-nation treaties. The general rates are mainly applied against the products of the United States and Germany. They are considerably lower than those we impose.

The biggest item on the list of Canadian exports to us is newsprint, upon which newspapers are printed, and pulp. Both happen to be duty free. The growth of the paper industry is the feature fact in the development of the new Canada. In 1890 the value of all the paper that left the Dominion was $130. In 1927 the exports to the United States alone—they comprise 89 per cent of the total production—were worth $115,000,000, as I have already indicated.

In newsprint statistics—and they are a model for other activities—both production and consumption are regarded in terms of the North American continent. Of the total continental output of 3,789,000 tons in 1927, Canada contributed 55 per cent, the United States 39 per cent, and Newfoundland 5 per cent. The remaining 1 per cent came from Mexico. The continental measure is useful at this point to emphasize a fact in relation to Newfoundland. Ninety-nine out of every hundred people in the United States are under the impression that the stout little sea-washed domain is a part of Canada. Such is not the case. Newfoundland is Britain's oldest crown colony. This, however, is a digression.

Canada assumed world leadership in newsprint in 1926, with an output of 1,881,737 tons, or 196,000 tons in excess of the United States production. Prior to that time we led. Last year she produced 601,454 tons more than we did.

Canada's paper prestige is due to her vast supply of timber, which provides the pulp, to cheap power and to the astounding increase in the size of newspapers on this side of the border. In view of the rapid depletion of our forests the Dominion is likely to fortify her position in the United States with each passing year. At the moment American capital and enterprise are strongly intrenched in Dominion paper making, but a succession of recent consolidations is giving Canadian money an ever-increasing advantage.

Next in importance in Canadian exports to us are logs, planks, laths, boards and shingles, which last year represented a value of nearly $60,000,000. Canada has the second largest forest area in the world, embracing practically 500,000 square miles of merchantable timber. Almost equally useful for American consumption is chemical pulp, which was exported to us to the amount of nearly $40,000,000 in 1927. Pulp wood aggregating $16,000,000 also came in.

The Tourist Trade

Canada's mineral empire, whose output was $95,000,000 last year, is beginning to be a factor in the American scheme of production. In 1927 we received Canadian coal, copper, gold, iron, nickel and silver worth more than $45,000,000. Nor is all the commerce on the raw material side. Last December the New York Central Railroad ordered rails in Canada for the first time. Though these rails will be employed for Michigan Central lines in the Dominion, it is an indication of the Canadian industrial advance.

Canadian-caught fish have always been a big commodity in Uncle Sam's market place, as the annual export value of more than $14,000,000 attests. Because of competition from Norway and Newfoundland, the fishing industry of the three Maritime Provinces has turned from cod and haddock to the swordfish, and helped to popularize it for the American table.

To enumerate the remaining Canadian exports of consequence to us would be to catalogue a score of essential commodities including cattle, asbestos, hides, leather, aluminum, seeds, maple sirup, milk, cream, raw wool, potatoes and cheese. It is not surprising, therefore, that the total bill rendered to us last year by Canada was $474,588,125, or $232,612,319 less than the value of our exports to her.

One phase of the Canadian stake in the United States deserves a paragraph all its own. I refer to our tourist trade, which vies with newsprint as the most profitable of all Dominion operations. It has become the third largest in the country. Of the $761,000,000 which American citizens expended in foreign travel in 1927, a little more than $200,000,000 was left in Canada. Ontario and Quebec accounted for 90 per cent of the automobile traffic, although the Maritime Provinces registered an 85 per cent increase in the number of automobile travelers from the States. The Canadian Rockies also attracted a larger number than usual.

This section would be incomplete without a word or two about one of Canada's most valuable assets, which is water power. Though utilized to a tremendous extent by the Americans operating branch factories in the Dominion, only a very small percentage, comparatively, is exported to our side. From Horse Shoe Falls in the Niagara zone enough energy is transmitted to provide heat, light and power for 500 American communities, large and small.

Exporting Man Power

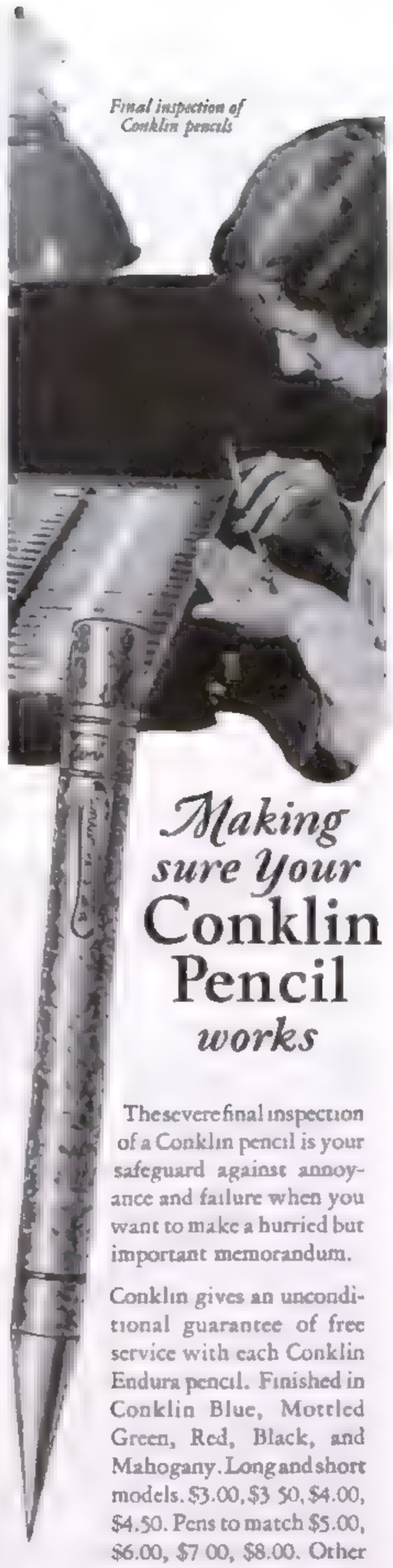
Canada, it is worth adding, now ranks second in water power, with 4,556,000 installed horse power, a tenth of the potential energy of her streams. Approximately $900,000,000 is invested in the business. It has enabled many communities whose interests were formerly agricultural and lumbering to become manufacturing centers of the first importance. Electric light and power is now first among Canadian industries. Low-cost power has been the magnet to draw to Canada important industries, especially American, whose output helps to swell the foreign trade.

There remains the human export. The Canadians in our midst have impressed themselves from farm and factory to forum and foreign post. A well-known sociological authority maintains that English-speaking sons of the Dominion who settle in the United States produce 40 per cent more great men per 100,000 of their total number than do native Americans. Be that as it may, the Canadians have made good in every field of endeavor.

Hill and Forgan are only two of the Canadians to register in the high places. From Prince Edward Island came Franklin K. Lane, to hold commanding public position, including membership in President Wilson's cabinet. Senator James Couzens of Michigan is a native of Ontario. William T. Dewart, upon whom the Munsey publishing mantle has fallen, is also an Ontario product, as are H. A. Guess and W. H. Coverdale, the well-known engineers. Although born in England, Ernest Thompson Seton grew up in Canada and is still naturalist for the Manitoba Government. Jacob Schurman, former president of Cornell University and now American Ambassador to Germany, was born in the maritime section. Prof. Simon Newcomb, the great astronomer, hailed from Nova Scotia. Canada has also sent us preachers of the type of Dr. Charles A. Eaton and Dr. George Barton Cutten, president of Colgate University; actresses of the fame of Mary Pickford—whose family name, by the way, was Smith—Norma Shearer, May Irwin and Margaret Anglin; and writers such as Arthur Stringer, Harvey O'Higgins and Basil King; and sculptors of the talent of Tait McKenzie.

In the light of all this association the Canadian may well call the American "cousin."

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr Marcosson dealing with Canada and the United States The fourth and last, which will appear next week, will be devoted to the Dominion future.



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The severe final inspection of a Conklin pencil is your safeguard against annoyance and failure when you want to make a hurried but important memorandum.

Conklin gives an unconditional guarantee of free service with each Conklin Endura pencil. Finished in Conklin Blue, Mottled Green, Red, Black, and Mahogany. Long and short models. $3.00, $3 50, $4.00, $4.50. Pens to match $5.00, $6.00, $7 00, $8.00. Other Conklin pens, all prices, all colors, all sizes. In stores everywhere that make a home for pen and pencil quality.

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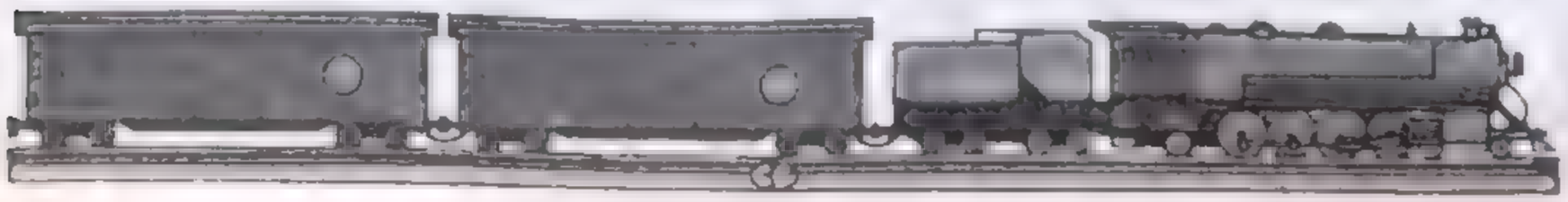


THE DOOR MARKED D

(Continued from Page 21)

"Not so much. Knew his girl—smoothest little zany in Michigan. I'll certainly make it a point to look her up. Sure must put that down so I won't forget."

Minnie bowed over his glass. Another one of his disappointments. Genus homo altogether erratic and not to be relied upon; strong drink alone to be relied upon to do what was expected of it. Baby Dick now chattered about his plans for the evening in the village:

"Got to bring me back one of them golden stockings of Andorelle—lacy, sleazy, golden. They wear 'em out—don't wash 'em out. Have to have me one."

Minnie sank and sank. At least Maidan had no fears haunting him, even though his pal was gone—not a thought of death apparently, not even of the fiery death. Minnie was lost to words for a spell, until he realized Maidan was discussing the newcomer, Weston:

"Mari says he's shot tiger and Arabians and some kind of deadly bulls; says he's been out on the danger trails for ten years—finally got to flyin' and picked out us Cockerels to stir up excitement for him. Mari says he lectures or writes—one of those camera coolers, most likely. . . . Just happened the lid of his trunk was open and there was a little photograph—looked as if it came from way back somewhere—read the word 'Congo' on it—Congo, that's in Africa. Just had time to look close—Weston, all right—but standing behind a bush all you could see was eyes ——"

"Bush?" Minnie put in.

"Sure, what a man grows when you don't tend to it. They must have put him down on the Congo and left him there—old enough to be anybody's father ——"

"They say he's a gentleman," said Marvin.

The tinted glamour he had draped around Perce Beckett was slipping off like a cold fog. Maidan was not further to be thought of idealistically; Dessant was a stale passage, only to be considered because of his correspondence to one's canary-colored streak. Minnie had tried to make a picture to tie to in Lieutenant Mari, but the little Frenchman lacked sweep; he was all one thing—a Frenchman in war with the Hun. Captain Zak was kindliness itself, courage itself, but stodgy somehow. Zak seemed stunned, yet galvanically carrying on. With these and others falling short of human character before him, it would seem that Minnie had been sufficiently stung, yet his insatiable idealizing, his searching into the stuff men were made of, went on. Yes, he was doing it again—his hungry heart having picked on Irving Weston, enfolding the same motherlike.

Easiest man to get at, this Weston. You were significantly and freshly welcomed each time you approached; you were made easy. You told the story of your life to a perfect listener. Hours afterward you realized that you knew no more about Irving Weston than you did yesterday. At times Minnie was queerly halted by that easy smile that looked so readable—lips not parted, head thrown slightly back; very kind and very cool, that smile.

Stories gradually sifted in of Weston's past—Minnie called him Irving to himself, but Mr. Weston in their talks—travels, explorations, ten solid years in the rawest, reddest sort of fields. Weston's occasional observations from all this were summed into epigrams which Minnie treasured, along with that first theory expressed that death by fire was the easiest and quickest way out. Minnie tried to believe that, tried hard and long, but secretly choked with personal revolts engendered at the time of Newsom's end. In regard to death in general the thing constantly before their eyes Weston remarked.

"It appears we've got to learn to ride this pale horse—not let him ride us." He further observed that he had always been interested in the gamester sort of chap in sport, chance, fight and all kinds of pinches. "Only, I'm a sort of bystander," he confessed, "as much interested in looking on as in taking part." One day when they were together Lieutenant Mari joined them and began at once to relieve himself of his hate for the enemy, expressing a theory that the German nation ought to be kept from perpetuating itself after the war. Minnie had a clammy feel at this and later when they were alone, asked Weston's opinions on the subject.

"Why, the Hun flyers are just the same as we are," his new ideal said. "They hate to get up in the morning just as we do. Mari's French—you have to consider that. With me it isn't the hate, it's the game."

Minnie was in a rut of unglorified encounters, not nearly so innocent as his records showed, but something always happening to rob him of verifications. Today he was shaken to the core. There had been a desperate free-for-all for ten or twelve minutes. The Cockerels had lost two French boys, though making the Germans pay three to two. Maidan had gone utterly crazy up there and had got his third in two weeks. Irving Weston had broken into the money again, showing unqualified class besides. Upon landing, he asked Minnie over to his quarters.

"I have some very fine tea," he said. "If you'll excuse me a moment I'll put on the water. I like to make it myself." He appeared a few moments later with the teapot and a small jug of milk. "Perhaps you'd like to try my way. I learned to drink tea in Arabia, where the desert determines what one shall do. Tea isn't good with cream, to my taste; but with unseparated milk it is very palatable, as one can take it full strength."

All Minnie knew about tea was that you took it with toast when ailing; also this was husky enough to be chewed going down. But tea or not, the man before him within the hour had got on the tail of a fast Fokker and sent it down in a black streak—and here he was discussing a sanitarium drink, head thrown back a little, not the faintest imprint of havoc or horror in his eyes.

"He's one of them," Minnie concluded with awe, meaning that the Cockerels had the makings of a true ace at last—one of the few great ones who really flew for the fun of the thing, who took it easy and had their way.

Still over the tea, they got to talking of Baby Dick Maidan, who was scoring like a madman of late; not averaging three hours' sleep a night—sort of packed into his cockpit at daybreak, a lot of fellows seeming to feel it a privilege to help lift or carry the flaring youth—whole housefuls of girls in Andorelle listening for his step.

"The kid seems in a big bloom time," Minnie said. "Why, he's lucky enough to get the bloody-nosed baron himself!"

"Sort of play boy of the Western world," Weston mused. "Once in Egypt I saw a golden youth of a tribe fixed for sacrifice, and in the days before that, they let him play like this."

Minnie pondered long on Weston's bystander attitude, coupled with the fact that the cool one did a lot of writing. One day he got a theory. Weston was really more interested in the telling than the doing, and this was the same thing that carried along the cameramen. They lost themselves in their work in a way that eased down personal strain. Minnie's attachment was now hourly strengthening. At last, for once—this became breathlessly true through the harrowing weeks—the ideal held. The contours of all other men fell away into a blur in Minnie's mind compared to this man—Zak stodgily efficient, Mari simply unpleasant with hate, Beckett a talker of things Weston quietly did, Sergeant Dessant writhing in a far corner.

One day a thing happened you would hardly speak about, but through it the nature of Weston's quality cleared. They were together well over the German lines. Considerably ahead, to the right and half a mile or so below, was Dessant, who could hardly know the two others had an eye out for him. Dessant's solo expedition was queer in itself. He had dropped away from the flight soon after it left the *piste* on strafing orders. That morning Minnie had breakfasted with Weston—as cool and orderly as a man preparing to go to his office. That morning also he had caught Sergeant Dessant shaving—the smooth-cheeked fat round face of the Frenchman with old friend Fear looking out. Polished boots, freshly pressed tunic and breeches —— Oh, yes, he had seen Dessant carefully—a drop of oil on his head and upper lip, nervous attention to the curve and polish of his nails. And now Dessant's Nieuport began to volplane in a wide circle—mighty queer, this—less a secret at length. Down and down Dessant went, until he was lost against the torn landscape below. Weston had turned back. Minnie also veered about with a shudder.

"Prison camp looked too good to the poor —— But it's none of my business," he muttered, in the sickness of sheer understanding. "I don't have to say a thing about it. I wonder if Weston will."

Later that day Minnie found out that Weston had considered it necessary to make a report, which Captain Zak let him read:

Sergeant Dessant and I became separated from our escadrille some distance over the enemy's lines. Dessant's motor, possibly disabled in combat, apparently forced him to land. He was not completely out of control.

WESTON.

Minnie chuckled. "*Esprit de corps.* I couldn't have lied better myself. He knows I saw it too."

But not a word of the matter was ever exchanged between them.

A blow of rain had brought in Minnie and Weston, mainly together when possible. Baby Dick Maidan had been farther out, off by himself. All were accounted for except Dick, that noon, when they saw his Nieuport coming. It didn't look right to Minnie, but nothing was said, though he took a step closer to Weston and unconsciously caught his arm. They saw the familiar bank and wing slip at the far end of the *piste*.

"He's tickled about something," Minnie thought. "He's going to try for another high-speed landing." The plane flattened out as it neared the ground, made a perfect contact at terrific speed and taxied close, as it happened, to where they stood. Maidan made no movement to pile out, sat hunched a little in his seat, smiling but strained. The flat of his hand came up to wipe his eyes, but lingered numbly across his mouth.

"I'm hit center—twice. Went off inside me. I'm all wrong in the middle, but did you see that landing—neat?"

And this was what their eyes fixed on then: A girl's silk stocking, yellow and limp—a worn stocking draped around Maidan's helmet, and under that the boyish smile.

Daily the strain intensified. Spring of the last year had come. The Cockerels had just passed up their old Nieuports and taken on 220 Spads. It was during one of their suppers over a vacant chair that this little matter was accentuated.

"I should have waited a bit longer before firing," Beckett, the Pittsburgher, was explaining, and a general silence followed. To every man in the room except the speaker himself, Beckett's excessive caution was now held to have become a disease.

"I wonder if they have got something on me like that—something they all know and I don't," Minnie muttered.

Beckett added: "Later, when I got really in range of another, my guns jammed and it seemed the better part of valor for me to retire."

Another silence. Some in the room may have secretly snorted over the story of Beckett's gun jamming, but Weston didn't.

"No, Beckett wouldn't lie," he said to Minnie later. "He believes in himself, believes he will get over the fault of opening attack at too great a distance."

Minnie was silent, having trouble plenty with devils of his own. It was a long time since the morning shaving, when he discovered a kicking muscle in his cheek under the right eye. It was a long time since he first put a flask in his flying coat, though of all times his nerves were steadier up there. Low down, he could smell the death and feel the shadow of it all—dying like rats in the trenches, scurrying like rats through the door marked D—less frightful up in the sun. It was some time, even, since the day he slipped ahead of Captain Zak's battle-scarred avion, wriggling his wings and pointing—they had just come out of action and another flock showed ahead—only to see Captain Zak's plane float by with a strange phantom leisureliness, as if wearily slipping aside from further action—the last thing Captain Zak would do. Minnie veered and sped up to pass him again close by, peering into the other cockpit. There Zak sat, slouched a little, head straight to front, goggleless, a thick dark line penciled down his cheek, the plane for a moment balanced in neutral. Then it began swaying like a sick chicken and presently went crazy.

"That wasn't any good for me to watch," Minnie said, shivering, hours afterward.

Now came on the blur of unlifting sickness; nights in Andorelle, but the brandy wouldn't bite. Mari was gone. Invisible strings—were they strings of his hatred?—had drawn him into a net of Fokker triplanes. Men said to one another it was human to get used to anything. Men were making it come true, but Minnie knew too well the flopping havoc in his own chest, the smell of burnt meat in his nose.

"I'm as game as the next," he persisted, but the affirmation rang no truer than before. Weston's cool smile was before his eyes. "He sure doesn't look the way I feel," Minnie had to grant. "Old Irving couldn't hold such a lie between his inside and outside. I bet he sees what I'm carrying."

Yet no matter what Weston saw, he was the same capacious friend; and no matter what Weston saw, the others did not see what was going on in Minnie's insides; they surely didn't, for they stepped him up to command of the escadrille after Mari's finish. What must Weston think to find himself second in command to a man crawled with stink and blur? Cool smile, head tilted back, taking it as easy as a bystander—hand and word of congratulation.

"And I'm supposed to give orders to that! Some comedian must be running all this. . . . If I could only slow down to tea." But when Minnie curtailed the strong drink the jimmies took him worse than ever—the sudden jump as he walked, the darting look behind the thing always behind—the enemy on his tail. "I'm as game as the next, but ——" Once he jerked up straight out of a doze, saying "I won't scream if you won't," but the one he was talking to ducked out like a shadow. . . . There was once in the daytime, passing through a doorway, when the blur was on him thick as tear gas, when all the hags were on him at once, and greater than any—that he couldn't hold his front with Weston a second longer—passing through a doorway, the low door of the Bung-bung, and Weston's arm slid round him—just that, and only for a second, but Minnie all but capsized with a bawl,

(Continued on Page 55)

Smooth as Watson *Stabilated* Motoring

Imagine your car being *unable* to throw you—imagine the *cause* of throws being eliminated—just smooth, swift, straight-line travel. That is exactly what Watson Stabilators will do for you.

The explanation is simple. The cause of a throw is *force—recoil* force. This force follows each compression of the car springs. Simultaneously with the compression of the car springs, Watson Stabilators flash to "holding" position and are thus waiting, instantly ready, to offset the recoil force.

The force then, instead of having nothing to do but throw the car body and passengers, finds itself confronted by a second job—in addition to forcing upward against the car body it must also drag the Stabilators. This dragging of the Stabilators (right from the beginning of the movement) uses up a great portion of this force and thus leaves, *in* the springs, not enough force to *throw* the body and passengers, but just the proper amount to gently and smoothly *lift* them back to position.

This Watson Method of removing the *cause* of throws removes the necessity for checking or absorbing throws after they have started—with Watsons there just simply *are* no throws.

So why tolerate throws?

Your neighborhood dealer is waiting to demonstrate Stabilated Motoring *on your own car.* Discover for yourself what a difference it makes in motoring comfort. John Warren Watson Company, Philadelphia, Pa.

FOR LARGE CARS

An outstanding number of America's foremost heavy cars come with Watson Stabilators, Type C7. Tests showed these manufacturers that Stabilated Motoring is a necessity: Chrysler . . Dodge Senior . . Dodge Victory . . DuPont . . Duesenberg Franklin . . Gardner . . Graham-Paige . . Hudson . . Meteor . . Nash . . Packard Eight Packard Six . . Peerless . . Stearns-Knight.

COMPLETE FOR ALL HEAVY CARS $40 . . IN THE FAR WEST $49

FOR LIGHT CARS

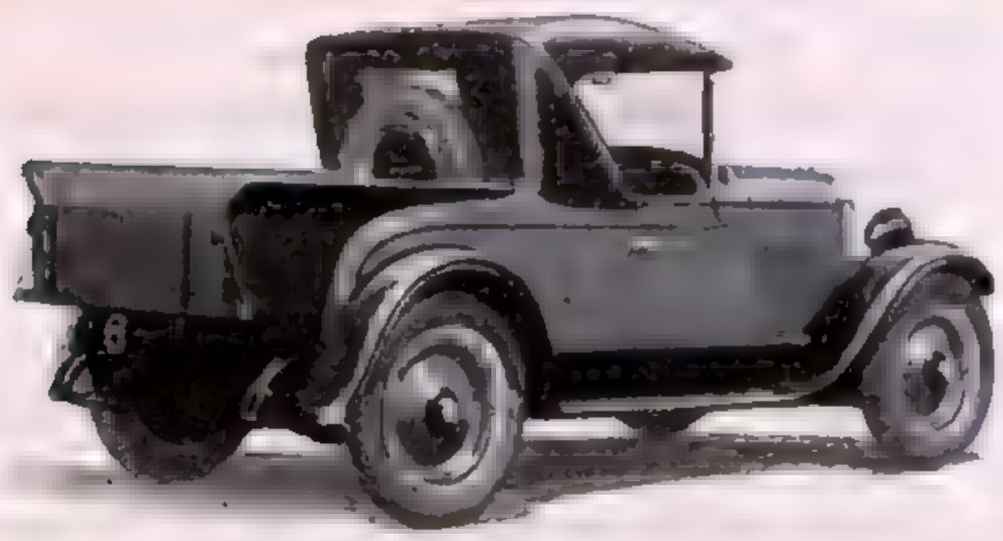
Owners of millions of America's light-weight cars can now enjoy the new sensation of Stabilated Motoring. For the new Watson Stabilators, Type AA, have been expressly designed to conquer the riding peculiarities of small, short-wheelbase cars, such as: Chevrolet . . Dodge . . Oakland . . Whippet . . Chrysler . . Nash Star . . Essex . . Oldsmobile . . Wolverine . . Pontiac.

COMPLETE FOR ALL LIGHT CARS $28 . . IN THE FAR WEST $29

WATSON STABILATORS

The Lowest Ton-Mile Cost provided by Chevrolet Trucks

LIGHT DELIVERY
$375
(Chassis Only)
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.



By removing the rear deck and installing an inexpensive slip-on box, the Chevrolet Roadster can easily be converted into a speedy and economical light delivery unit that is ideal for marketing, hauling feed, transporting tools, etc. The slip-on box can be supplied by any Chevrolet dealer.

The ROADSTER
$495
(Box extra)
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

POWERED by a valve-in-head motor that is famous the world over for its amazing endurance and efficiency... built with a margin of over-strength in every unit ... and incorporating the most advanced engineering design throughout—Chevrolet trucks have repeatedly demonstrated their ability to deliver the world's lowest ton-mile cost!

For Every Line of Business

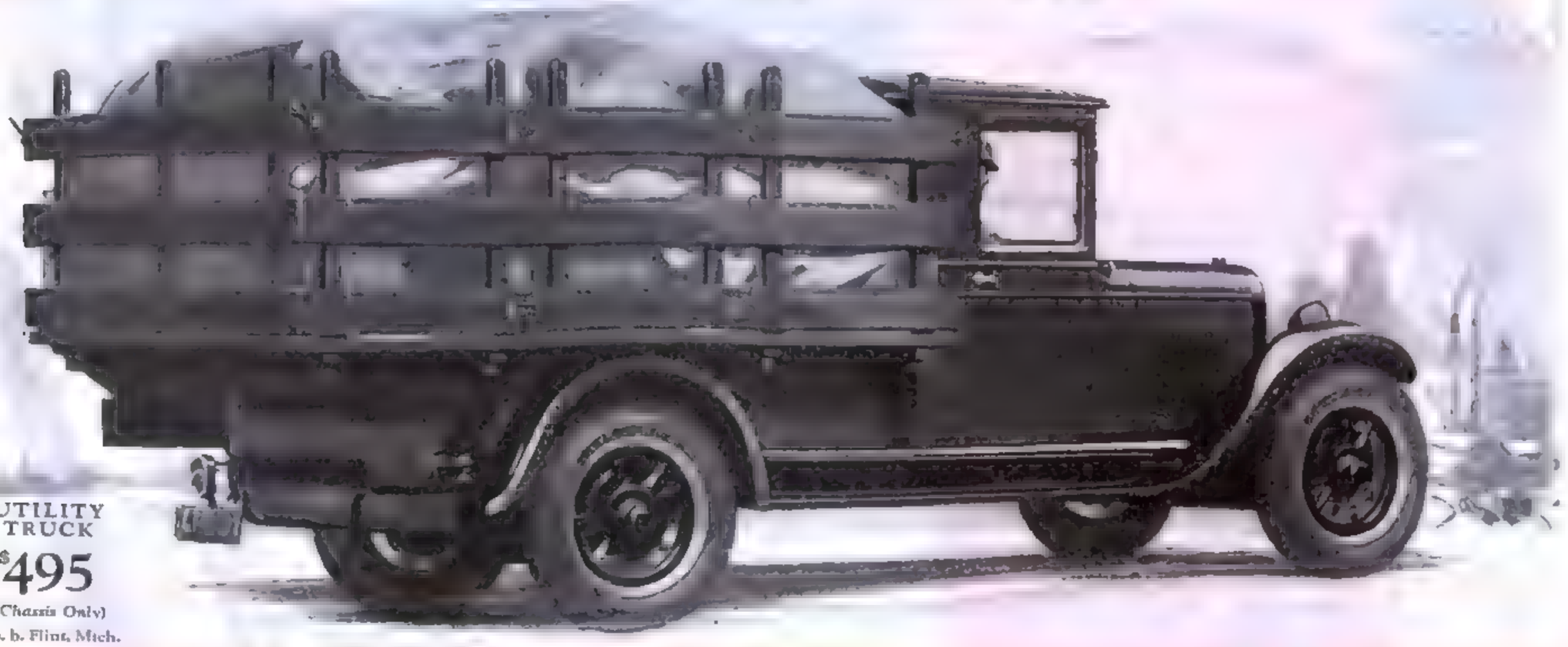
This matchless economy has been experienced by users in every line of business and under every condition of road and load. Merchants, manufacturers, contractors, farmers and many other users have learned that no other haulage unit does its job so satisfactorily at such low cost.

QUALITY AT LOW COST

for Economical Transportation

CHEVROLET

at Amazing Low Prices



UTILITY TRUCK
$495
(Chassis Only)
f. o. b. Flint, Mich.

The Chevrolet Motor Company has always believed that low ton-mile cost is a fundamental requirement in commercial transportation—and every advancement in the design and construction of Chevrolet trucks has been made in the interest of economy . . . to provide longer life, greater dependability and more efficient operation.

Rugged Construction

Inspect a Chevrolet truck chassis—and you will instantly see how adherence to this principle has influenced Chevrolet design. The banjo-type rear axle is big and sturdy—built to stand up indefinitely under every condition of usage. The frame is constructed of heavy channel steel, rigidly reenforced to withstand the twisting and weaving strains of rough roads. And the long semi-elliptic springs are extra-leaved to cradle the heaviest loads over every type of highway. Furthermore, the benefits of great volume production and scientific management have been utilized to make the first cost as low as possible —a fact that is strikingly demonstrated in the amazing low prices of today's Chevrolet trucks.

Trial-Load Demonstration

Your Chevrolet dealer can provide a body type designed especially for your business and will gladly arrange a trial-load demonstration. See him today.

CHEVROLET MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN
Division of General Motors Corporation

QUALITY AT LOW COST

Insist ON PERFECT CIRCLES *when you have your motor reconditioned*

It's time for ailing, weary motors to shake off last Winter's aches and pains. For even a car should be allowed to have young ideas in the Spring!

POWER of the kind that sends you scurrying over the meanest hills . . . pep of the flashy sort that keeps you at the head of the line . . . getaway that fairly barks, "Let's go"—these are the things which PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* and *Oil-Regulating* rings *help to achieve.*

Don't be backward about specifying PERFECT CIRCLE piston rings by name. You will know that your good judgment is supported by 140 car, truck and bus manufacturers who use PERFECT CIRCLES as original equipment. PERFECT CIRCLES are also the choice of all the leading race drivers.

Good repairmen everywhere recommend and install these better piston rings.

THE PERFECT CIRCLE COMPANY
HAGERSTOWN, INDIANA

Export Sales Department
549 W. Washington St., Chicago, Ill.

America's Oldest Volume Producer of Piston Rings

For each cylinder of your motor, you should have one PERFECT CIRCLE *Oil-Regulating* ring and two or more PERFECT CIRCLE *Compression* rings. This PERFECT CIRCLE combination constitutes the finest in piston ring equipment; stops Oil-Pumping and Blow-by; gives increased oil-mileage, thorough lubrication and maximum power.

PERFECT CIRCLE
PISTON RINGS

(Continued from Page 50)

and Weston drank, face looking straight ahead.

Thereupon Minnie began a tirade about the young stuff that had come to take the place of the old ones in the escadrille.

"They're riffraff," he said. "They're upstarts—parvenu. The human race is running down. They aren't the stuff that came over first—not the stuff that Newsom was, or Maidan. They're mechanics. What do you make of 'em?"

"Good and bad, just as we were, Minnie. Freshmen always look little and queer like that to seniors. We looked just like that to Zak and Mari when we came."

"And we have to take 'em up and kill 'em off just as they did?"

Weston nodded, and Minnie was lifted out of his own struggle for a second or two.

"Little greenies," he mused aloud. "Are they going through what we did—I don't mean you did -what I ——"

There was a trap in everything like that. Insatiably he yearned to get closer to this man, but didn't feel he had the class to associate. A thousand times the thought had come that Weston should have been given the command, not himself. . . . You never knew what Weston thought, but on the dot always, cool and comradely, as a man hunting ducks, while Minnie weltered in a cloak woven of hot nerves; red flecks darted across his eyes, a knocking in his ears like a fouled engine—ears never meant to stand the shock of diving miles from thin ether down to the muggy air cushions men breathed below. Oh, yes, back of all, the thing Newsom's body had left on him. It clung to his thighs; it climbed him, biting its way in. A dozen nights he actually jerked up in his cot from the fiery swoop that had taken the others.

His own record of victories, even, was part of the blur. He was in a streak of credits now—his record piling up. He listened to congratulations. He straightened his decorations out upon a pillow before him one day.

"Duped!" he muttered. "The fat little desk men send these trinkets to keep us going, sorting them out and sending them to us and then writing to our relatives how brave we were. . . . I wonder how much Weston knows?"

It was better aloft, flicking his wings at old Irving or watching for signals from him, up in the fleckless days of that last summer with the fleecy floor below. Riding high and aloft, he would think of Newsom and Maidan—as if those were the men and those the days—caught in the glamour of his first flights with the French. Sometimes a smile would steal out to his lips as he thought of Irving's arm flung round him in the Bung-bung doorway that time.

"Today's the day," he would mutter when enemy ships were sighted. "Today's the day."

And he would pile in, craning around in his cockpit to locate Weston first and last. Then the whirring, the roaring of guns and planes—the release in himself of his true powers, all locked from use at other times. The flash, the wisp of smoke, the unlucky boche or another Cockerel taking his coffin down. Then to locate Weston again—behind or above—old Irving always on the dot with the ruffle-feathered cock in paint on his fuselage.

This day his Spad answered like a racing stud—well over into Germany again, and flying with a welcome eye for trouble, his kid pilots fanned out behind; Weston farther back and a little above, hovering like a guardian angel, his job to protect the tails of Minnie's greenies; Perce Beckett smileless in his cockpit, constantly turning and peering about him—little opening for surprise attack there.

Six thousand meters. Minnie glanced at his petrol gauge, still half full. Another hour—but he wanted it over. Overside just then his eye caught the shadowy movement of big fish through wispy clouds below, five planes passing half a mile down, flying Franceward.

"They haven't got us at all—sun's on their backs—meat!" Minnie raised his arm and pointed, banking back sharply as he nosed down, throttle wide open, Weston and the kids roaring behind, one Spad slightly out in front. Minnie was playing his stick a bit, eyes intent on the sinister cross of an Albatros below, diving almost straight down, the scream of struts and wires a part of the rush of elation that was taking him over. His gaze fixed down the line of his Vickers sights on one black helmet in the single seat of the German machine. Still too far to fire, but fingers waited on the two triggers on his *manche à balai*—just a few seconds more.

Then a sharp, metallic, cracking ripple on his left—one of his own Spads snorting out a burst; that was Beckett, Better-Part-of-Valor, up to his old trick, starting his spraying too soon. But for once and at last, Beckett had scored. The black helmet was gone from Minnie's own sights; the Albatros wabbled, half rolled sideways in an aimless tumble.

Minnie laughed aloud. Perce would feel sustained forevermore, all his past policy confirmed.

And that instant of the laugh was the instant Minnie's Cockerels got it from still higher up. Right out of the center of the sun, down the wind path swooped a new list—Fokkers, three-decked, heating up their guns, the air alive with motors and belching streams of steel, exact unmitigated hell now to pay. Minnie pulled up in a *renversement*. At the moment of banking back, he saw Weston's plane whirl past, flatten a moment, then fall again in a sickly looking spin.

"Not Irving—now—that can't really be—not old Irving himself!"

But there it was—unbelievably falling and flattening. For an instant Minnie lost the way of the work at hand. A burst spattered into the metal cowl before his eyes; the right rim of his cockpit ripped away in an invisible gust. He wasn't playing straight with his greenies, but what matter? Irving was out, down—down, out. Below was Perce Beckett settling on the tail of a three-winged Fokker, but another swooped in from the side now, hanging leechlike on Beckett's tail. Minnie swooped on that one; the Fokker rolled, Beckett slid forth free. No thrill of exaltation at that, and no horror a second later when Minnie got it again; petrol tank this time. The Spad quivered under him, the engine spit and coughed. He nosed down, glancing back through weaving tracer fire, helpless as wax. With Minnie jerking the stick viciously, the crippled plane began the turns of a *vrille*. Queer to be leaving his kids like this. Then he was in the very dynamo room of the world as it blew up.

The black smoke that had taken so many others before his eyes took him now; hideous blanket close wrapped round nose and mouth—a fright to that—sightless eyes bunging out, and the cry that had been forming for months in his breast broke loose:

"I'm coming, too, Irving! Tonight's the night!"

But in that falling darkness time stopped for him, and the sweet change came. As if a long-worn bandage had suddenly been taken from his eyes, the coolest thing in the air right now he became. Somebody's words repeated in his ears: "I would try to descend in such a way as to fan the flames out of the cockpit." This was the casket of fire, but he was startlingly out of it somehow, like a man under anæsthetic watching himself on the table—looking down at himself—a little figure in a falling furnace, working the controls—little and most immaterial chap down there—twelve thousand feet to go.

Another voice had taken him over—not Beckett's but the man himself this time: "For those who like it quick, I've a theory there's none quicker—to inhale a single breath of wind-blown flame." Why not? A fellow's friend—just passed down this way. He sideslipped, holding the cockpit clear of nooses and lashes of flame.

"Why, it's all a trick! Irving knew all the time, but"—then he thought of the hard ungiving earth, the landing still to make. He sideslipped again—banked—slipped—flattened out in the last second. Not so bad—just a half crash. His hand struck the safety buckle. He felt the upward fling of the burning bus as it keeled over, his body flung clear. . . . Not so bad—this door marked D. Reverently now his lips moved: "*N'est-ce pas?*"

Voices had been picking at him for a long, long time. He didn't want to come up out of it, because he had at last cornered Weston for a satisfying chat, but someone in the next cot was talking.

"He's in the jolly dark from now on," that person interrupted. Minnie had to listen now. Cornering Weston had been pure dream. A name was spoken, his own—"Marvin of the Cockerels."

"Why, that fellow means me, and he isn't doin' me any good right now." He started to put his hands up to his eyes, but only one hand was free. And what he found with that free hand instead of a face and head was a sort of big rag ball, no getting at it anywhere. And a beard under that—oh, yes, a bush.

It was only partly true about the dark. He could partly see. Weeks afterward, he further found that he could partly walk. But think—he could think as never before; it was difficult to stop thinking. Why, this was an inner room where Thought itself held forth. Compared to this, all he had known heretofore was the frazzled ends of thoughts. Here you took right hold of the business end of a thought. You paid a price, however, because people didn't listen to you; you saw it all too clear for them. They stopped you with a sort of "There, there!" He came to know the tone very well. The pity of it was, he knew the answer to half the things they talked over, but they didn't want to hear the actual dead open and shut on anything.

"Everything's spoiled, because they're sorry for me," he decided, this realization alone requiring many days. "I'm no good. I can see that. I've done and been and seen—way over back into. I've seen how. I've been through the door and turned around and come back. I know how the fellow feels locked up in an insane asylum, who isn't so crazy as they think. They've got me ticketed for the soldiers' home, so they can get me out of their sight—because I've done the thing they give medals for."

He would sit and think of his last days with Irving Weston, sometimes reaching a kind of fearful intensity. Against the background of the whole war, Weston moved, but those last days were certainly blurred. He had felt like covering his mouth with his hand when Weston was near, had continually been afraid of his friend's eyes. Those eyes of Weston's always saw more than one thought. But that day—that deepest ditch of a day of all—Weston had certainly thrown an arm round him just long enough to prove it was no accident. Everything weird and askew, but no doubt about that one thing. And Weston wasn't dead. He had come out alive from a German prison camp, it was said, having jockeyed his plane down that last day with a bullet lodged hard against one of the main trunk lines of his neck.

Bit by bit Minnie began to get straight what had happened, but not until after it was all over—even the war itself. The last ten weeks before the Armistice, he came to understand that he had lain out of his head, not coördinated enough even to suffer. After that he had begun to put two and two together. The first glare of humor that turned up was to hear that Perce Beckett had been given command of the Cockerels, holding the same for the last two months to the end and coming through without a scratch.

Almost he lost his breath in the length of days and nights. A fellow who has been through—doesn't sleep, you know. He's broken a web in getting through, and it lets him in and out of doze too easily—no deep sleep again. Makes living long, until you get used to it. But you're not afraid any more.

It was winter before they found a place on a ship for him. Then he sat in a room in New York for a long time before they heard of him again. No one seemed to know just where Irving Weston was. A little newspaper chap came and talked and listened and was all lit up with what he was going to write. He said he would find Weston, but nothing came of it; no newspaper story, either.

Evidently his paper thought the kid was crazy or that the man he interviewed was crazy. But there was a step in the hall one day; not Weston. In popped Perce Beckett, who looked him over from head to foot and back again.

"Why, I could pass you on the street, Marvin, and never know you," Perce said. "But you're going back to Pittsburgh with me tonight."

Minnie allowed himself to be taken.

Footmen, butlers, long rooms like a hotel in the house of Beckett, the whole Monongahela in his back yard. They called it the Hall, in fact. Everybody nice to him, yet he could be with Beckett all day and still want something. The worst trouble was that being with Perce started the real man to stirring back in Minnie's brain.

"But they sure think a whole lot of Perce in his home town," he decided. "And now I see why Perce was like he was—why he couldn't be any other way."

They didn't give Minnie credit for seeing anything. They moved their lips like movie people to help make him understand the simplest thing, while he struggled to grasp what they were holding back. They were so impressive about it. They had life all worked out to suit themselves, these Becketts. They saw Perce's war record as one of the most valuable adjuncts to Mr. Pershing's final success. The fact that Perce came through without a wound was proof to all comers of his single and not-quite-ever-to-be-equaled class—risen to chief of the squadron too.

Once at a dinner Minnie sat alone and cold and deeply amazed. The whole family and friends were talking about Perce's life with the Cockerels. Here was one who had been right there, and yet they were so lost in the way they thought it was, and how splendidly Perce had conducted his squadron and himself, that they were not disturbed at all by one being present who formerly commanded the same outfit. You couldn't get to them. They were all right; they liked it. They had life all wrapped up and put away.

"They like me like an old fire horse," Minnie decided. "Kind, too—kind for their kind, but I want something!" Then he began to see they would give him a life berth just to have him there—to point to as having belonged to Perce's squadron. Forthwith he stood upon his foot and departed.

"I'm going to get used to this," he repeated back in New York. "I'm going to like it."

Some days he actually took steps to find Irving Weston, other days he lived in the only fear he had left that he would find Weston and it wouldn't all be true. The brush with the Becketts had left him sore afraid. The one strand that held him in place in the world of men was this secret bond to Weston.

"Suppose that should break where would I be? . . . If I only hadn't been so rotten blurred at the last." But longing grew and grew. "It will happen if it's going to," he would say. "I don't dare to go out after it too strong." . . . But the little newspaper chap turned up at last with a handbill that he shoved under Minnie's nose.

Famous world traveler and lecturer [it read], ace of the World War, delivering his inimitable study of the stuff men are made of—Gamesters I Have Known.

"That's your man. He's been on a lecture tour through the West. He's giving

IT PAYS TO BUY GOOD SHOES

Men who could pay *any* price wear Nunn-Bush *Superfine Quality* shoes.

For, those who know good things are first to recognize their true value.

Nunn-Bush *Superfine Quality* shoes cannot be made better at any price. Ankle-fashioning the oxford is a feature that appeals to the well-dressed man. No gapping; no slipping at the heel.

Superfine Quality $10 to $15, others $8 to $10. *Style Book on request. Agencies in principal cities. Also sold at these Nunn-Bush Stores:*

New York, Boston, Chicago, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Kansas City, Mo., St. Paul, San Francisco, Denver, New Orleans, Des Moines.

it tomorrow night in Gramercy Park," the newspaper youngster elucidated.

The light was bad below his knees and his left hand was slow to come to life. But here he was, that next night, packing in with a lot of other people to the audience room in Gramercy Park, caning his way cautiously through. They wouldn't know him, but he felt all delicately new inside. He wanted something very much, but past experience in life had not taught him that wanting wasn't any sign of getting it. It was weeks since he had left Pittsburgh, but the fear of some finish like that was still on him; he couldn't seem to get any better. If this went too —— But way back in his consciousness the dream of the real man was lifting, stirring, as if this were the end for him of empty days and interminable nights.

"This is it," Minnie muttered, and then he gulped. The speaker himself appeared—head thrown back a little, that smile without opening his mouth. Minnie's old pump knocked to get right out and go up the aisle. Half the time he couldn't hear the words for the drum of his own senses. . . . It appeared Weston confessed that the gamester thing in human psychology had fascinated him from the beginning: that he had studied it over many years from all angles among men of all types—in the Congo, in Arabia, in the South Seas and the World War, finally in the air. . . . Same fetching manner of spectator—the fellow who stands by, not taking a hand. And this after his brush with the Becketts—Minnie must have been breathing hard. He saw the people near by turn and look at him. He had to get the sickness called Beckett right out of him before he could clearly hear.

Same old Irving. Here was the coolness to rise into—same old unwhippable calm. Pictures rushed upon Minnie, making him miss the words again—the tea table—full milk, not cream—the arm that curved round him in the doorway of the Bung-bung that day of blackest fears. . . . Why, this voice had it all!

Minnie did not have to shut his eyes to be mainly in the dark, but this was a great brooding building dark. Lights reared; great men stood upon their feet. High days—giants those days. . . . Maidan broken open, laughing under the French girl's stocking; Zak, floating by like a phantom, save for the red-brown streak across his cheek. There was Germany and here was France, and the specters walked in the charnel smell between. There was Andorelle and the girls and the brandy that wouldn't bite.

Quietest possible voice, to others a narrative merely, though remarkably cool and clear, but to the listening ace of the Cockerels—to the one who looked the mere hulk of a man in a chair—it was riding aloft in an incomparable spell!

"Mine was always a watching part, but that last summer," Weston was saying, after nearly an hour—"that last summer the dead and the living were all mixed up in men's minds—smell of the dead mixed with the smell of living grass. None of us saw very clearly that last summer, living and dead all mixed together, the blur on everything, a very low pressure indeed. I remember a friend asking me one day toward the very end, 'Do you think we're really alive, Weston?' You know there's a saying that a man doesn't know he's dead ——"

"Why, that was me," Minnie began to say aloud.

"'Oh, yes, we're still on this side,' I told him," Weston pursued, "but I wasn't quite sure which side myself. . . . It is this man whom I wish to speak of—the last of the gamester group to be touched upon tonight. They say he is still alive, but I can't quite come up with the facts. He does not make it very easy for a searcher, but I shall certainly find him. He was unlike any of the others, not cold, nothing of the dead game quality I have touched upon; not in the least impersonal, altogether human, suffering every strain. The thing that I came to know about him that makes him stand out clearest is that he ran the full circle of the torment—had all the nerves, all the emotions and no illusions of hate. We were very close together toward the end. . . .

"Yes, they say he has lived through, though rather badly wrecked, a wanderer—changed, considerably changed. It would be so. A man who has seen what he has seen would be out of touch with his kind to a degree; isolated, as one might say, by his very experiences. I know something of what I say, because I was there, though more of a spectator than a participant. . . . The man I speak of was named Marvin—Minnie, we used to call him—at all times in the ruck of the game. He ran the whole gamut of human fears, but there was a spine in his body, a standing rod, so to speak, that helped him to conquer his fears to the very end. He stands therefore in this little coterie of my stout fellows as the most fitting figure to close this talk—the gamest man I've ever known!"

Minnie's good leg had leaped of itself, his good arm raised. The platform was but a blur, and the figures on it, but enough to aim at.

"Hold on, Irving! I'm coming! Gangway for a zoom, men! Tonight's the night!"

THE POETS' CORNER

The Red Ball

DEDICATED very humbly to any manifest freight engine and to any manifest freight train, in general, and in particular to Engine 600, Train 53, Fort Worth Division, Texas and Pacific Railroad.

Ordered west on a manifest,
Four thousand tons my crown,
Drawbars stressed with strains unguessed
As I yank them out of town;
He's widened out the throttle—can't you hear
my wedges bump?
The fire boy's smoked me heavy; I've got to
make this hump!
Turn over, o-ver, o-ver!
I've got the guts! Turn over!
Highball the long haul home!

Red Ball freight at starvation rates,
Hot-shot stuff to the core,
Yet I've never a mate to hold my gait,
Though they stretch a mile or more!
Oil by the thousand barrels, timber a million
feet,
Wheat that'd settle a famine, steel that'd sink
a fleet!
Take it over, over, over!
Highball the long haul over!
Highball the Red Ball home!

Picked up slack on a passing track,
When I'd let a fast one by,
Heard them rack till I thought they'd
crack,
Made them throw the switch in high!
You can hear my song retchoed as they swing
me back on the main.
There's a stretch of cars behind me like
prisoners on a chain.
Rollin' over, over, over!
Pick 'em up and drag 'em over!
Highball the Red Ball home!

Smoke-box rim to the couplers' twin,
Power uncorked, unstayed!
A torrent grim of unearthly din
As I buck the ruling grade!
Knock the sanders open, let me keep my
feet!
A song of songs I'm shouting: I've never yet
been beat!
Bellow over, over, over!
Battle the rattler over!
Battle the long haul home!

Throttle wide where the hills divide,
Blasted to let me through;
Steam like a tide as I hit my stride,
And my flanges hold me true!
Bellowing past the mile boards, wallowing up
the trail,
Ten mighty drivers drumming on joints of
endless rail,
Thund'ring over, over, over!
Highball the long haul over!
Highball the Red Ball home!

Main rods thrash on my scheduled dash,
Past bridge and cut and fill;
I feel the smash of the coupling's
lash
Over valley and plain and hill.
Serving the needs of a nation, a dreamer's
hope come true,
Making the whole world echo to the song that
is ever new!
Take it over, over, over!
We're wanted now! Come over!
Highball the Red Ball home!

Board shown green on a misty screen,
Pounding down the hill,
Track gang seems like a passing dream,
Awoke to the whistles shrill;
One hundred cars behind me, over twice two
thousand ton!
From mine and farm and foundry, the
wealth from work well done!
Rollin' over, over, over!
They the cattle, I the drover!
Highball the long haul home!

Clinton's dream was a gossamer scheme,
The joke, the jest of the trail!
Yet my flow of steam is the greatest theme
In an epic half-told tale!
Thund'ring down the railroad, my heritage
fulfilled,
Leveling out the grade line, never a moment
stilled!
Drag 'em over, over, over!
Highball the long haul over!
Highball the Red Ball home!

They wave me on, the men that have gone,
Give me hail as I rocket by;
They held in pawn an empire's dawn,
No interest charged, but —— Hi!
Here's the slam, slam, slam of the rail joints,
the volley of square exhaust!
The thrum of my mammoth fire box, the
smash when you think we're lost!
Here's the Red Ball, rollin' over!
Here's the long haul, highballed over!
Highball! Highball! Highball! Highball the
Red Ball home! —*A. W. Somerville.*

Summer

I'VE found a bumblebee
And you've found a rose,
But that doesn't humble me,
As some might suppose.
Summer's in the bee's wing,
Summer's in the flower,
Truly each of these bring
As certainly its dower.

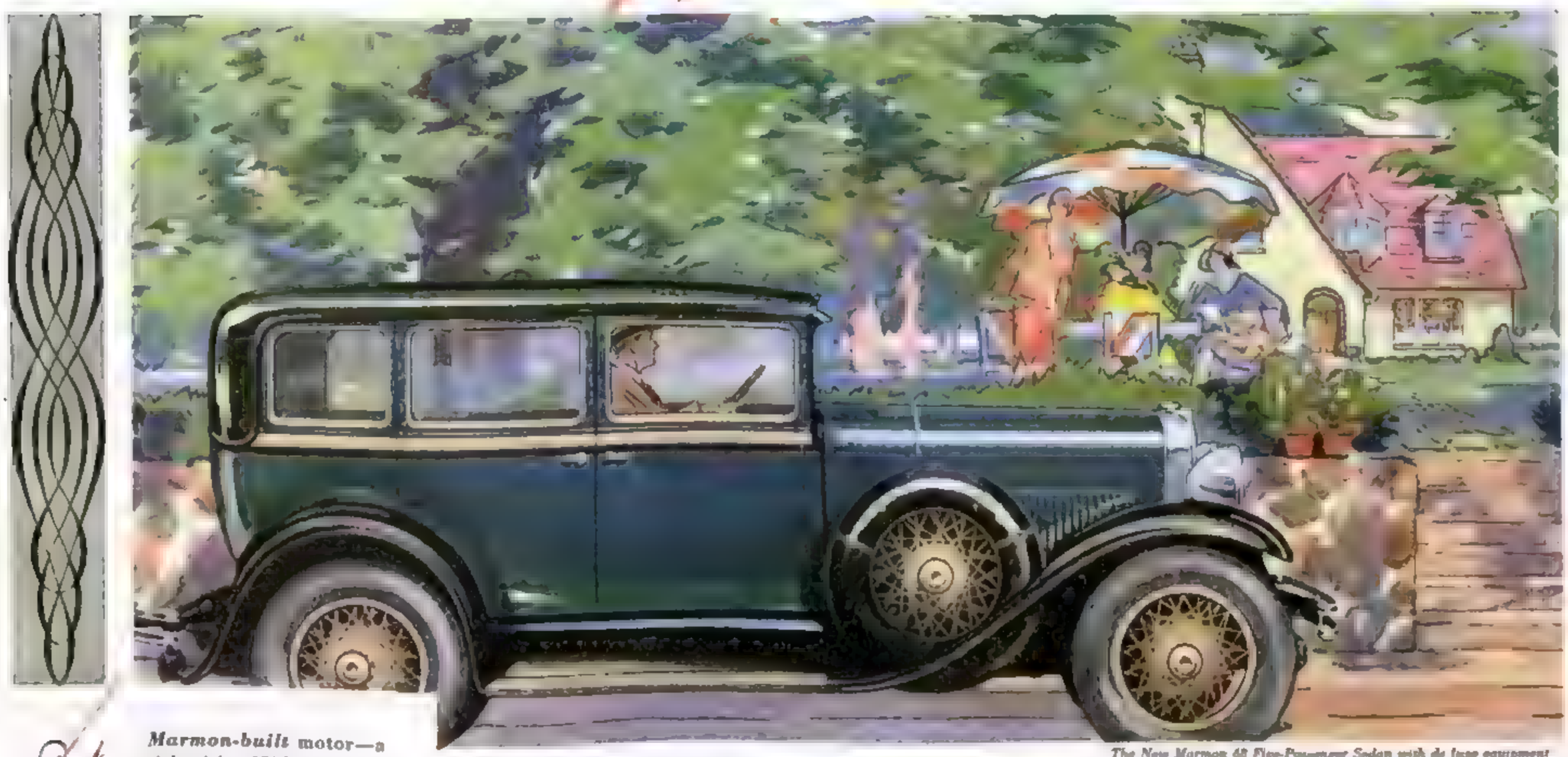
I've found a camping place,
You've bought a hall;
Mine's just a tramping place
With no swank at all.
But your heart and my heart
Can cheat the grasp of care,
For summer's art is real art,
And summer's everywhere.
—*L. Mitchell Thornton.*

Going Home to You

NOW going home means leaving you,
A thing that's hard to do.
But some day going home will be
Just going home to you.
—*Mary Carolyn Davies.*

The new MARMON 68

And all this at $1395*



The New Marmon 68 Five-Passenger Sedan with de luxe equipment

Marmon-built motor—a straight-eight of 72 horsepower.

Top Speed—65 to 70 miles per hour, depending on driving conditions.

Acceleration—10 to 50 m. p. h. in less than 16 ticks of your watch.

Roominess—a full-sized, full-capacity five-passenger car with room to spare for the market basket, the golf clubs, or the bit of luggage.

Parking—a third easier at least than most cars.

Body Styles—choice of Five-Passenger Sedan; Victoria-Coupe, for four passengers; Two-Passenger Coupe with rumble seat; or Two-Passenger Speedster with rumble seat.

** Car illustrated with de luxe equipment at moderate additional cost.*

When you get right down to cases and figure out just how much you have to spend for an automobile, it is indeed a refreshing thing to know that your money—even though it be of a modest amount—can now buy an automobile that is really distinctive in appearance and spectacular in performance—with eight cylinders rather than six.

The New Marmon 68 is such a car, designed and built for that great and increasing class of purchasers with eight-cylinder standards yet with a six-cylinder budget.

Add up all of the cars—then we believe you will agree that on the basis of performance, distinctiveness and sheer comfort and satisfaction, this New Marmon straight-eight at $1395 is the finest thing you have ever seen for the price you are asked to pay.

Won't you try one of these remarkable new cars and discover for yourself what an important difference two extra cylinders can make?

Prices—$1395 and upward, f. o. b. factory. De Luxe equipment at moderate extra cost.

Also—the New Marmon 78—a new straight-eight of 86 horsepower. Choice of six body styles, $1895 and upward, f. o. b. factory.

MARMON MOTOR CAR COMPANY ✦ INDIANAPOLIS

GENERAL DELIVERY

(Continued from Page 13)

"You see, Sylvia dear," she said in ironic explanation, "Bobby's a wonderful trial lawyer and everybody likes him. The judge always says how well he did, and the jury gives him a vote of thanks or something, but something always happens so that he loses his cases. It's never his fault, but it happens just the same."

Sylvia only smiled, and Mrs. Jerrold suggested doubtfully: "Robert has a very large practice, for so young a man, Alice."

Alice laughed. "Yes, I suppose we ought to be thankful for that," she agreed.

Sylvia was relieved when the talk turned back to California, and Bob was left in peace. She watched him, without appearing to do so; and she watched Mrs. Jerrold with a sympathetic speculation in her eyes. Once she thought Mrs. Jerrold was holding her son's hand under the corner of the table, and Sylvia carefully looked away, as though she had been guilty of an intrusion by the mere suspicion. People who are naturally friendly and affectionate, she thought, are sometimes at a sad disadvantage in the world. They do not know how to fight back—can only smile and suffer.

After dinner, Alice and Jenny and Mrs. Jerrold went up to make some inspection of Alice's bags, and Alice called for Bob to come and help her. Sylvia and Dave were left alone together, and Dave seemed to feel that he must say something by way of amending or palliating the impression Sylvia must have received.

"Don't get the idea that Bob's as helpless as Alice makes out," he urged, in a tone which seemed to her full of an infuriating condescension. "She likes to ride him, but she's really proud as Lucifer, underneath."

"Of course," Sylvia gravely agreed.

"It's a tough job, trying cases for a public service corporation," Dave explained. "The jury's always against you."

"I suppose so," she murmured.

"Yes, sir," he insisted, and he rested at ease in his chair, watching the smoke from his cigar. "Yes, sir, Bob's a good lawyer. He prepares his cases well and he presents them well and everybody likes him." He pressed off the ashes in the tray at his side. "But there's something he hasn't got," he said, in a tone of dispassionate analysis—"the final spark that puts the thing across. I don't know how to define it." He smiled at her. "It's as intangible as a woman's charm," he declared. "Some have it and some haven't, and it's hard to know just why. Well, Bob hasn't got it, that's all."

Sylvia nodded. "I see," she assured him; and she asked deferentially: "Is Mr. Burr such a very good lawyer?"

"The best there is," he replied. "He's the Burr in Wright, Burr & Frothingham, you know. One of the biggest firms in town, and he's the big man in it." And he added: "Oh, Bob will take a licking, all right. If he can hold it down to fifty thousand, he'll do well. You see, Marsens is financing Miss Vail's suit. Steve Marsens—that was the old man's son—was driving her out to a road house to dance, after the show, and he tried to cross in front of the street car and the car hit him. He got a broken back and lived a few days and then died, and the girl's foot was crushed. She threatened to sue Marsens, but he talked her into going after the El instead. If she doesn't get a verdict, she'll come back on Marsens—on Steve's estate—so it's cheaper for the old man to hire Burr to take a cut at the El.

"And she is pretty—mighty pretty. Her right foot was smashed; part of it had to be cut off. When she shows that to the jury and smiles at them, with tears in her eyes, Bob will be sunk, all right."

"It would be fine if he won, wouldn't it?" she suggested innocently.

He smiled faintly. "Oh, yes, of course," he assented; and his tone was like a yawn, so that Sylvia, watching him, wanted to smile. But before she could ask further questions, the others came downstairs again and a bridge game got under way. Sylvia, by preference, sat out so that she might talk with Mrs. Jerrold; but she had an ear for the game, where Alice and Bob were in partnership against the two others. She heard Alice tell Bob how he lost the first rubber and a little later the second, and then Mrs. Jerrold thought it was time for them all to go home.

Alice closed the door upon their departure with a certain emphasis and turned back to Bob and Sylvia.

"Now," she said energetically, "I must go and finish packing."

Bob protested: "Oh, let's sit awhile and talk, Al."

"I wish you wouldn't call me Al," she exclaimed. "And—I've better to do than sit and talk. Sylvia, I've loads of things to tell you—things you'll have to look out for while I'm away. Let's go up to my room."

So the two sisters went upstairs, and Sylvia listened with silent patience to the other's meticulous instructions; and when Alice presently produced lists of matters to be watched and tended, Sylvia said smilingly:

"Mercy, you're systematic, aren't you?"

"I have to be," Alice retorted. "Someone in the family has to be, and Bob's hopeless. I've always told him so." She added jealously: "Of course I'm wild about him, Sylvia. But he is so casual and so completely ineffective. I've told him so over and over, but it doesn't do a bit of good."

Sylvia smiled faintly. "How old were you when you went away to school?" she asked. "Twelve or thirteen? Do you remember how we used to have to go to the village for the mail?"

Alice stared at her. "Of course."

"I was wondering," Sylvia suggested. "I thought perhaps you'd forgotten. A man's a good deal like a country post office."

Alice shook her head with an impatient laugh. "Oh, don't be philosophic," she protested. "Here, now, this is the diet list for the children." She read the items, with a running fire of explanation. "Winnie knows about it," she confessed. "But you'll have to watch her. And I've made out menus for you all for a week ahead, and you can just let Martha repeat the same meals each week after that, if you want. And there are the goldfish and the canaries."

Sylvia at length ceased to listen, and Alice discovered her inattention and cried impatiently: "You're not hearing a word!"

Sylvia shrugged. "Oh, yes, I am," she insisted. "The children and Winnie and Martha and the goldfish and the canaries. But isn't there a list of things I must do for Bob?"

Alice shook her head. "He goes along just the same, anyway," she retorted. "You don't need to have him on your mind at all." She thrust the slips of paper into Sylvia's hands. "There, don't lose them. Now I've got to pack the bag I'll want on the train. See, Sylvia, this is the dress I'm going to travel in."

So thereafter they spoke only of clothes; but in the morning before the taxi came, Alice conned once more her memoranda, discussed them again with Sylvia. And Sylvia listened patiently enough, but there was relief in her smile when she kissed Alice at last good-by.

She watched the taxi out of sight and then she returned to the living room. Logs were blazing on the hearth and she stood looking thoughtfully into the flames, and by and by she smiled. Even at the last moment, Alice had added a note to her lists, so that the slips and the pencil Alice had used were still in Sylvia's hands. She scanned them now one by one. Each had a heading, a separate slip for each individual; and Sylvia read them over: "Jane." "Tom." "Winnie." "Martha." "Canaries." "Goldfish."

The goldfish list was short; half that slip was blank. And Sylvia now, with a little chuckle, wrote one word on this blank lower end of the bit of paper and tore the end off and dropped it into the bosom of her gown. The other slips, with slow and deliberate movements, she ripped into little bits, and she sprinkled these fragments on the fire.

The single word which she had written on the piece which she preserved was: "Bob!"

Sylvia spent the rest of that morning adjusting herself to her immediate tasks. She talked with Winnie and found that devoted young woman perfectly competent to attend the children. Then she went to the kitchen to consult with Martha, and displayed at once such tactful deference and such a skilled understanding of the business of providing that Martha was from the first amenable.

Among other matters, she scrapped Alice's careful bills of fare and ordered a roast chicken for dinner that night, smiling a little to herself as she did so; but when she returned from an afternoon of shopping, Martha reported that Mr. Jerrold would not dine at home.

"He telephoned as how he'd be busy till late," she explained, "and for you not to wait up for him."

Sylvia nodded. "Thank you, Martha," she replied; and if she were disappointed, this feeling did not appear in her tones. She dined in solitary state—for the children were early abed—and afterward she settled herself with a book by the living-room fire.

She was still there, hours later, when she heard Bob's step on the walk, his key in the latch, and she called as he entered: "Robert, is that you?"

"Oh, hullo," he returned, in a rueful tone. "You waited up? No need of that, Sylvia."

"I was reading," she confessed. "I didn't notice the time. And I'm always late getting to bed anyway."

He appeared in the doorway, stripping off his coat and hat, and disappeared again to hang them up; then came in to rub his hands before the fire.

"It's colder," he reported.

"Martha said you had to stay at the office," she remarked, watching him thoughtfully.

"Not exactly," he explained. "No, I've been talking to witnesses. It's easier to find people at home nights, and I was busy all day anyway."

"I suppose you have to find out what they're going to say," she agreed, and smiled. "Or do you tell them what to say?"

He grinned, shook his head. "They're more apt to say too much," he told her; then added more soberly: "I was looking for a man who saw this Vail accident. He was right there on the corner at the time, waiting for a car. The motorman saw him, but the chap disappeared afterward. I've been trying to find out who he was."

"And you did?" she anticipated.

He shook his head, faintly surprised at her remark.

"No," he confessed. "No, we hadn't much to go on. The motorman didn't get a good look at him, so all we could do was ask around the neighborhood, in case he lived out there. No, I didn't get any line on him."

He added thoughtfully: "I don't know whether I'd summon him if I found him. He'd be an unfriendly witness. He evidently doesn't want to testify, so he probably wouldn't help much anyway. But I'd like to know who he is so as to be ready if I need him."

"I see," she agreed gravely. And she asked: "The case comes up Monday, doesn't it?"

He nodded. "Yes."

"Mr. Hammons told me something about it," she explained.

He laughed doubtfully. "Yes, there's a lot of talk about it," he assented; and added, faintly dispirited: "It's just a question of how much we lose."

"Lose?" she echoed.

He grinned. "Oh, yes, we'll lose," he told her.

She protested: "But do you expect to lose?"

He laughed again and in a careful fashion explained the matter to her.

"The jury would give a pretty girl something anyway," he pointed out. "And where she's an actress, it's worse. And of course Mr. Burr is —— Well, he can do anything with a jury."

"I don't think I like him," she decided whimsically. "I don't like the sound of him. I expect he shouts at witnesses, or growls, or something."

He chuckled, shook his head. "Oh, no; no, he's just clever—an able man. Of course he doesn't usually handle cases like this. Mr. Marsens persuaded him to take it, but usually he wouldn't touch it. He does mostly corporation work."

"He'll be overconfident," she predicted, and smiled at his gesture of negation. "Oh, yes," she insisted. "I've a feeling about it."

"Well, you're the only one who has," he confessed after a moment. "Everyone else expects me to take a licking."

"You mustn't expect it," she urged. "And you don't. You wouldn't be working so hard if it was hopeless."

He hesitated. "Oh, I guess they'll get a verdict, all right," he told her.

She considered this more soberly. "But whose fault was the accident?" she asked. "The motorman's?"

He shook his head. "I don't think so," he said. "You see," he explained, "young Marsens was driving very slowly, and the street car overtook him from behind. The car was a special, making no stops, on the last trip to the barn. Marsens probably expected the car would stop for this man who was waiting at the white post, and he cut across in front of it."

"And the street car ran into him?"

"Why, they ran into each other," he amended. "They just got to the same place at the same time. Mr. Burr will claim that the motorman ought to have slowed down to see what the car would do, and he'll say that young Marsens had a right to expect the car to stop for that passenger."

She nodded gravely.

"You see, it's a question of negligence," he continued. "If the motorman wasn't negligent, the road's not liable. But the jury's sure to say he was," he added ruefully.

"But wasn't Mr. Marsens reckless, to turn quickly that way, without looking behind?" she suggested. "He must have been a careless driver."

He considered this. "Well, I think he'd been drinking," he confessed at last. "He's usually a fast driver, but he was driving slowly as he came along there. The motorman noticed that. Usually a good driver who knows he's had too much to drink will drive slowly—try to be careful."

He fell silent, sunk in thought, and she watched him for a moment speculatively.

"I see what you mean," she agreed at last—"about his driving so slowly. But can't you prove it, if he had been drinking?"

He shook his head. "They smelled liquor on his breath at the hospital," he told her. "But after the accident, there was a man in the crowd who had a flask, and he poured some liquor in the young fellow's mouth to revive him. So the smell doesn't prove anything." He added: "If I could show that he'd had too much to drink—and prove Miss Vail knew it—it would hurt their case a lot."

And he fell silent again, so she understood that his thoughts engrossed him, that he had forgotten her presence there.

(Continued on Page 63)

OUT near the edge of almost every [illegible] had a junk heap [illegible] below. It [illegible] their owners neglected one simple thing

America's Biggest Junk Heap

Every year 2,000,000 cars are junked—most of them long before their time

PROBABLY the biggest waste in America today is the motor car that is worn out and junked long before its time. It is a waste that can easily be remedied. For it is due to one simple thing—*lack of proper lubrication*. 80% of repair bills are also due to this one cause. Any garageman will confirm this statement.

It is easy to lubricate a motor car today. For practically all cars are equipped with the Alemite High Pressure Lubricating System. With this system you can force lubricant under high pressure to the heart of every vital chassis bearing on your car.

As manufacturers of this system, however, we urge you to take one precaution:

Don't have your car merely "greased." Have your car *Alemited* at an official *Alemite-ing* station. There's a vast difference!

If you do have your car "greased" at some "greasing station," you are liable to have cheap grease forced into your car. The market today is full of cheap greases. Grease that breaks down under high pressure. Grease full of soap, fatty acid and cheap filler. Such greases "gum-up" a bearing, "freeze" it solid. And the acid literally eats it away. Such a service is as bad as no lubricant at all.

Your Protection

For your protection, and *for ours, too*, we have appointed official *Alemite-ing* stations in every community. Every official station has the yellow sign shown at the right. Look for it as you drive.

These dealers use genuine Alemite lubricants, especially made to stand up under high pressure lubrication. These stations are frequently inspected, and it is only the station showing this sign that can really *Alemite* your car. Go to any one and ask to have your car Alemited.

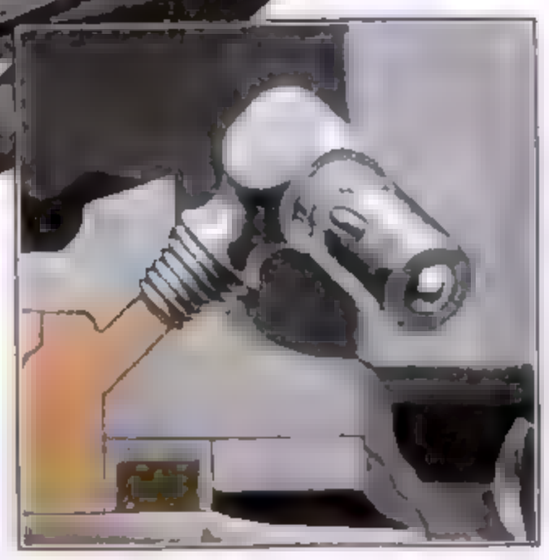
Alemite-ing!

100% Alemite-ing consists of the following service:

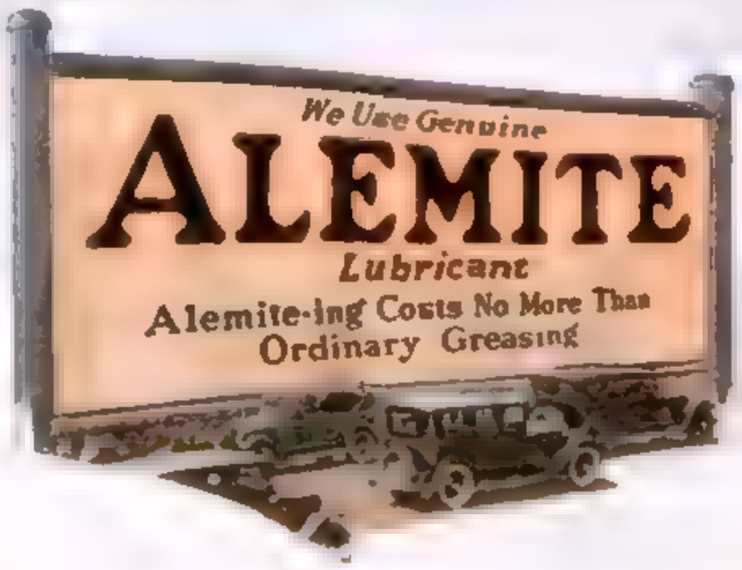
1. Genuine Alemite Chassis Lubricant is forced into the heart of every chassis bearing on your car. The picture above shows how this is done. This lubricant is a pure, solidified oil that will stand up under 3,000 pounds pressure. (Average grease breaks down under 200 pounds pressure.) It resists heat up to 200°. And will lubricate bearings properly at 30° below zero. This service eliminates burnt-out bearings and rattles in your car that come from worn, corroded bearings.
2. By means of the Alemite Gear Flusher, the operator thoroughly cleans out your differential and transmission, removing all grit, dirt and any chips of steel. He then forces in new Alemite Gear Lubricant. Most of the grinding noise and rumbling you often hear in a motor car comes from the use of cheap grease in transmission and differential, which thins out in summer, allowing gear teeth to run dry. In winter it "freezes" up and makes gears hard to shift. And the grinding gears act like a dragging brake on your motor.

   The use of special Alemite Gear Lubricant usually adds 1½ to 2 more miles per gallon of gasoline, due to freer running. It lubricates freely at 15° below zero, thus giving you an easy gear shift in coldest weather.
3. Having your springs sprayed with Alemite Graphite Penetrating Oil. It penetrates thoroughly, spreading a thin layer of graphite between the leaves of your springs. Makes your car ride easier and eliminates spring squeaks.

[Chassis bearings and springs should be lubricated every 500 miles. Gears every 2,000 miles.]



The above cut shows the modern dust-proof Alemite fitting which is installed on the chassis bearings of your car. Lubricant is shot through it under high pressure to the heart of the bearing. Old grease and grit are thus forced out



These figures, however, are merely average. The best guide is to watch for odd noises in your car; for squeaks, grinding noises and slow pick-up are usually the first signs that a car needs Alemite-ing.

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Alemite and Alemite-Zerk equally adapted for Industrial Lubrication

Goodrich

"BEST IN THE

Performance *is the* Supreme Test!

MILLIONS of tire miles on Silvertowns have proved these facts regarding Goodrich construction:

First, the hinge-center tread eliminates uneven, wasteful tread wear.

Second, the rubberized cords of maximum strength and equal stretch reduce fabric breaks and bruises to a minimum.

Third, the Goodrich Water Cure results in a uniform toughening of the rubber, which has set new mileage standards.

Goodrich dealers everywhere are ready to equip you with Silvertowns. Make performance the supreme test!

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Will the "Room of her Own" be Cheerful . . . or Cold?

SOONER OR LATER *to every house an old and lonesome person will come to pass the declining years. It may be a mother, father or grandparent. They ask little. They should have a room with all the comforts that are found in every house built with Celotex.*

Surrounded by love and by all the comforts that make a house a joy to live in

The sign of a well-built house

WHEN you grow old, you, too, may live in a house run by younger people.

To old people, a house is kind or unkind. They spend most of their time indoors—usually in a room upstairs set apart for them.

This room can be chill in winter—baking hot in summer—an unkind room in an unkind house. Or it can be cheerfully warm in winter, refreshingly cool in summer—a kind room that is sought, not avoided; loved, and not dreaded.

A building material makes this difference—a remarkable building material called Celotex that shuts out winter's icy blast and summer's stifling heat. There are more than 217,000 such homes already built and more going up every day. They cost from 25% to 35% less to heat.

They are kind homes, kind in their first cost, because Celotex as sheathing replaces wood lumber and makes the house stronger. They are kind homes in their upkeep because of saving in fuel cost. They are kind in their *very atmosphere of comfort in every room*. And where Celotex Lath is used, plastered walls have a modern permanent beauty, forever free from lath marks.

In the house that is built with Celotex families are happier, lives are brighter—for the children, for the breadwinners and for the old. In your own community, homes are being built this way. They are homes that are all the architect means when he speaks of "a home," and they are all that the poet means when he sings of "home."

You can identify these homes, and the builders of them by the Celotex sign . . . the sign of a well-built house.

Forward looking builders display this sign. To know these men is to be nearer to the ownership of a more modern home.

For complete information write for the book, "Year 'Round Comfort with Fuel Saving." Learn how Celotex comforts may be had in homes already built. Address The Celotex Company, 645 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.

CELOTEX
INSULATING LUMBER

(Continued from Page 58)

She waited for him to remember, to speak to her again, and in the end he did so, laughing doubtfully.

"But I guess you're not interested in all this," he suggested. "It's the only thing I can think about, I suppose. But it must bore you."

She shook her head. "Of course I don't understand about the law," she conceded. "But I'm interested in your attitude toward the case. I thought a good lawyer always expected to win his cases, or hoped to. I don't see how you can do a good job if you go in expecting to lose. If you think you're going to lose, the jury must see it by the way you act. Isn't it a good deal like a man riding a horse? If the man's afraid, the horse knows it, and gets frightened, too; and a dog that sees that a man is afraid will bite him every time."

He nodded uneasily, his eyes on the fire. "I've heard so," he assented.

"Of course," she suggested, watching him covertly, "if you think the right is on the other side, you must expect to lose."

"No," he said quickly, steadily enough. "No, I don't think the Elevated is liable. The motorman wasn't to blame, and I'm sure young Marsena had been drinking. He was a heavy drinker habitually; rather a wild young man. It's just common sense that if he were taking an actress out to supper he'd have a drink or two. No, I think he was to blame. We ought to win on the facts, if we can prove them."

"Then why do you expect to lose?" she insisted. "Isn't that a little cowardly?"

He colored faintly, laughed. "Oh, I'm not afraid," he told her. "I've taken too many lickings to dread another one. But, you see, I know juries."

"If they see you expect to lose," she insisted, "they've a right to think the facts must be against you, haven't they?"

"Oh, I won't give myself away."

"You can't help it," she assured him; and she added urgently: "You should try expecting victory for a while—try being sure that you ought to win and that you're going to."

He laughed uncomfortably, drew to his feet. "I suppose so," he agreed. "Only—you don't quite understand."

She smiled. "I suppose not," she agreed, and stirred and rose.

It was late and she saw that he was tired. They went presently upstairs. This was Thursday night, Monday a scant four days ahead. Sylvia thought, as she brushed her hair before the mirror, that the time was pitifully short for what she wished to do.

She saw Bob at breakfast next morning, but that evening he stayed again in town and Sylvia was asleep before his return. Saturday, however, he came home to dinner; and Sylvia, forewarned of his intention, canceled the baked beans and ordered another roast chicken.

Martha protested: "You had one Thursday, ma'am."

But Sylvia smilingly insisted. "I'm so very fond of roast chicken, Martha," she explained; and she added further instructions. As a result of these directions, when Martha brought in the platter, she set it before Bob.

He looked at the crisp brown carcass doubtfully, said in an uncertain tone, "I guess you'd better carve, Sylvia. Alice says I always make a mess of it."

"Nonsense," Sylvia told him gently. "You can carve a chicken as well as anybody."

He grinned. "Well, I don't know." But he did carve the bird, and Sylvia applauded his dexterity.

After the business was done and while Martha was passing the vegetables, he asked: "Well, how are things getting along? I'm sorry I have to be away so much. Feel as though I ought to do something to entertain you."

She shook her head. "You needn't have me on your mind," she assured him. "I'm having a fine time." She added: "Rita Day and I went to a matinée this afternoon."

He looked up doubtfully. "Oh, you know Rita?"

"She used to spend her summers at the lake," she explained; and she added smilingly: "Of course she's a gossip; but I've always liked Rita, somehow."

"Alice likes her," he agreed. "She surely is a talker, though."

Sylvia nodded. "She was ever so curious about the Vail case," she reported casually. "Kept asking me questions all afternoon. She says she's going to be in court so as to hear every bit of the trial."

He grinned ruefully. "There'll be quite a crowd, probably," he assented.

"She wanted to know all about it," Sylvia repeated. And he looked at her curiously, sensing something in her tone, and asked, "What did you tell her?"

"Oh, I didn't tell her anything," she assured him. "I just said you were confident you were going to win."

He choked suddenly and coughed and caught up his napkin and took a drink of water.

"You did?" he repeated, and shook his head. "Gosh! She'll spread that, all right."

"I couldn't see any harm in her knowing," Sylvia explained.

"If she knows now, the world will know tomorrow," he commented, and regarded her in grim amusement. "Did you tell her I said I was going to win?"

"I think so," she confessed; and she added logically: "I couldn't very well tell her you said you were going to lose."

He winced, sat a moment silent. "You know, she knows the Burrs," he reminded her.

"Yes, she told me," Sylvia agreed.

He asked quizzically: "And did she give you any bulletins from Mr. Burr?"

She surveyed him with level eyes. "You resent my talking to her, don't you?" she suggested.

"Well," he confessed, "you make me a little ridiculous, that's all. Because everyone knows ——"

"I think a man who admits defeat in advance is already a little ridiculous, don't you?" she reminded him. "A man who works night after night on a case he expects to lose." Her tone was very gentle. "It may be valorous to battle in a losing cause," she added with a generous warmth, "but it is a little absurd."

He made a gesture of amused despair. "I suppose so," he confessed. "But I hardly see the remedy."

She smiled across the table at him. "That isn't so very difficult," she retorted.

"What is the remedy?" he asked, a harried defiance in his tone; and she met his eyes and held them for a moment, and then said gently, "Win!"

He sat staring at her rigidly; then abruptly his eyes fell and he busied himself with knife and fork.

There was a space of silence, and he found this difficult, and said at last, desperately: "Good chicken, isn't it?"

"You carved it beautifully," she replied. So he looked up and caught her eye again; and after a moment they both laughed together, as though there were a hidden meaning in her word.

The case was set for Monday, but there fell delay. Bob telephoned her during the morning that Mr. Burr had requested a week's postponement.

"He's engaged in another court," he explained, and his tone was that of a man reprieved. She waited a moment, and then he heard her low laugh; and he asked quickly, "What's the matter?"

"He's afraid!" she replied.

He protested uncomfortably: "Oh, I guess not."

"I expect he hopes you'll settle out of court," she decided—"hopes you'll offer them more money. He must see that you're going to win."

He said, with an exasperated chuckle, "Sylvia, you've a single-track mind."

"Well, as long as it's the right track ——" she retorted, and he laughed again, no longer exasperated.

She was always able to amuse him; even her insistent predictions of victory had at first seemed merely funny. Then they became humiliating, then exasperating; but before the end of this week of delay he had begun to find in them a certain intoxication. Sunday night, as they sat late before the fire, he acknowledged this.

"If you don't look out, you'll have me believing you," he confessed.

She smiled. "Why do men think they must pretend to be so modest?" she wondered. "You know very well you're going to win."

He chuckled. "You're a great stimulant," he told her gently. "I'm beginning to think I may come out of it all right, at that. You've talked me into that mood, I guess."

She laughed at him. "Don't be ridiculous!" she urged. "You've known it all the time."

Yet next morning, when she knew the trial would have opened, she was not so easy in her mind as she had affected to be. She moved restlessly about the house, tried to read and dropped the book again, thought once or twice of telephoning him for news. But she was unwilling thus to confess her anxiety. When, just before dinnertime, she heard his step on the porch, she ran upstairs to her room, remained invisible till the last possible moment, descended only at the summons of the dinner gong.

She found him waiting before her, and she managed to address him casually:

"Sorry not to be ready when you came home."

"Oh, that's all right," he said a little wearily. They moved toward the dining room. "Well, it's started," he told her at last. "Got under way this afternoon."

"Did it?" she returned.

"Burr put on some doctors to tell about the medical side of it," he explained. "Just perfunctory stuff. He's saving his fireworks till tomorrow."

"You save yours till after he's done, don't you?" she asked, and he nodded and chuckled.

"If they don't get too damp to explode before that," he agreed. He added, half to himself: "I didn't cross-examine the doctors. I might have asked them whether young Marsena had been drinking, but they were Mr. Burr's witnesses. I decided not to press that yet."

"I see," she asserted. "You'll wait—let him think you don't know ——"

"I really don't know," he reminded her dubiously.

She laughed at him. "You're the most persistently gloomy man," she cried; and a moment later she added: "I like the way you carve that leg of lamb. It's so much more effective than cutting down to the bone. I like to see a man who knows how to carve."

He chuckled almost gayly. "That so? I never did much of it."

"You do it like an old hand," she assured him.

She had engaged tickets for the theater that evening, made him bear her away to town; and when he returned again and again to the matter foremost in his thoughts, she refused to discuss the case at all, dismissed it always with a laughing confidence.

He told her at breakfast that Mr. Burr, in outlining his case, had asserted that the motorman failed to ring his bell as he approached the crossing.

"That's an attempt to show negligence," he pointed out. "The motorman says he did, but Miss Vail will say he didn't, of course."

"The passengers must have heard it," she urged.

He shook his head. "It was a special car," he reminded her. "There weren't any passengers. He was on his way to the barn—the last trip that night. No one except the motorman and the conductor on board. It will be their words against Miss Vail, that's all."

"And she's lying?" she suggested.

(Continued on Page 65)

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(Continued from Page 63)

"Well, the motorman is a veteran, a fine old fellow," he agreed. "His name's Oscar Bose. I believe him." He rose and found his hat and coat. "But the jury won't."

"They'll believe what you believe," she said, and caught his eyes.

So she sent him away that day with his head high; but he came home that night weary and absorbed. Dorothy Vail had been on the stand all afternoon, he told her; she had related the story of the accident; she had shown the jury her mutilated foot.

"It's not so bad as it sounds," he declared. "But we're sunk, just the same. She's got a pretty ankle, of course, and she didn't hide it. We haven't got a chance, honestly."

"Don't you cross-examine her?" she challenged.

"Tomorrow," he replied.

"Well, then," she reminded him, "that will make all the difference."

But he came home next night with no exultation in his bearing.

"I didn't make any headway," he confessed, and Sylvia made him tell her what had passed.

"I didn't go after her very hard," he explained. "That would just have made the jury sore at me. She testified the motorman didn't sound his bell, and I didn't question that, because of course she'd just stick to it. I did ask her about her dancing, though, and how she had to train for it and keep in condition all the time, and that gave me a chance to ask whether she smoked or drank. She said she didn't smoke and never drank at all. I asked her whether she objected to others' drinking, and she said no; so I asked her whether young Marsens had been drinking that night." He hesitated. "She said he hadn't."

Sylvia smiled. "Of course," she agreed, "she had to say that."

"She looked at Mr. Burr before she answered," he explained.

"Naturally."

"I know he was usually a heavy drinker," Bob continued, half to himself. "I've plenty of evidence of that; but it won't do to put it in and seem to attack a dead man unless I'm sure it will win for me. I can't prove he had anything to drink that night." He added thoughtfully: "It's a safe bet he had. But there wasn't any flask in his pockets, or a bottle in the car or anything."

"When do you start your side of the case?" she asked.

"Tomorrow, probably," he replied. "Mr. Burr's taking his time. He always does. Brings all the witnesses he can find, covers everything. That's why he's so successful. But Mr. Marsens, Steve's father, went on the stand today, and I don't know who else he can intend to bring in." He added in an explanatory tone: "I haven't accomplished much except to get things ready. I've got her committed to saying Steve hadn't had a drink. If he had, and she knew it, she lied; and not only that, but if she knew he'd had too much, it would make her negligent, so she couldn't recover anyway."

"You'll be able to show that in your argument, just from the way he was driving," she argued. "Did she say he was driving slowly?"

He nodded.

"Yes. She said they were talking, but she said he was being careful, too, and she said they both thought the car was going to stop for the passenger." He hesitated, continued: "She said Steve was driving slowly and she said he turned slowly to cross the street. The motorman says he spurted across—turned quickly." He fell silent, buried in his thoughts.

Next day was long for Sylvia. She had to fight an intense desire to go to town, to find the court room, to watch the scenes that passed there; but she held herself in leash, stayed where she was, contented herself with something akin to prayer. And at half after four in the afternoon, when Martha came to tell her that Mr. Jerrold was calling on the telephone, she had to wait for a moment before she could lift the instrument, had to wait to steady her tones and to prepare herself for the ill news this call might well portend.

When she answered at last, her voice was as grave and sure as its habit was. But his came ringing to her.

"Sylvia?"

"Yes."

"We've got them running!" Bob cried. "Got them running!"

Her eyes blurred, but she said steadily, "Of course you have."

"I'm coming right home."

She managed a laugh. "Why, you needn't hurry. I'm not surprised. I told you you would."

She heard his chuckle. "So you did, bless you. But I want to tell you about it. I'll be out in half an hour."

So she had this interval of waiting—this interval in which to remember what her mien must be. She went to her room and powdered her nose, and a little later she had to powder it again. It was always apt to grow red when she wept—even when she wept with happiness. If her eyes were faintly discolored when he appeared, he was too absorbed to see.

He burst into the house and she met him in the hall, and even before he had stripped off his hat and coat, while he held her by the hands, gripping them and shaking them, the tale poured from him.

"I got the break!" he cried. "I got a break today!"

She laughed at his eagerness. "Take off your coat," she bade. "There's no hurry. It's going to be a long story, isn't it?"

"Not so very long," he assured her; and as they moved into the living room he plunged into the narration. "Mr. Burr found that fellow who was waiting for the car," he explained. "He put him on the stand to describe the accident. He'd saved him for the last; he was their big witness. I knew this man had tried to dodge testifying, and I could see that Mr. Burr was pushing him all the time, and I could see he resented it."

She watched him smilingly, eyes half closed, and he leaned forward in his chair, his fingers intertwined, his elbows on his knees.

"He told Mr. Burr he didn't hear the motorman ring the bell," Bob explained. "Mr. Burr said, 'You'd have heard it if it was rung, would you not?' But this man—his name was Cowen—wouldn't say so. He said he might not. Mr. Burr didn't ask him why. That's one thing a lawyer learns—not to ask a witness why. But I made a note of it. It wouldn't do me any harm, as far as I could see, to ask.

"And he testified that he was the one who gave young Marsens a drink of liquor—poured it into his mouth while he was unconscious. I suppose Mr. Burr put that in to anticipate me if I should try to show that Marsens smelled of liquor. Those were the two big things in his testimony." He shifted in his chair and grinned eagerly. "So I went after him on those two things, in a nice way," he explained. "I told him I appreciated the fact that it had been inconvenient for him to come to court and I said I regretted this. You know, trying to get him to like me."

"I expect everyone likes you, Robert," she suggested softly, and he chuckled as he hurried on.

"And I started in on the liquor business," he continued. "I just happened to ask what kind of liquor it was, and he said it was Scotch. And I had to hold onto myself to keep from shouting, because the doctors at the hospital had told me it was gin. They were sure of it by the smell.

"So I passed that by, planning to come back to it, and I went after the bell matter. He'd said he didn't hear the bell, and I asked him whether he would have heard it if it had rung, and he said he might not have." His voice was racing. "So I asked him why not," he cried, "and he said he was watching the automobile, and I asked him why, and he said he was watching the people on the front seat. And Mr. Burr began to object, but it was too late then."

Bob had been sitting down; he came now to his feet irresistibly.

"Cowen said there was a street lamp that shone into the car so he could see them," he declared. "He said they were tussling—'fighting' was the word he used—over something, and he said he saw young Marsens try to take a drink. He saw they were fighting over a flask, and the girl snatched it out of Steve's hand and threw it out of the window on her side of the automobile; and Cowen said at that Marsens yelled something, as though he were furious, and wrenched the car around and stepped on the gas. And then came the crash."

Sylvia cried, "Oh, wonderful!"

"You should have heard Mr. Burr roar," Bob agreed exultantly. "And the judge warned him that he couldn't attack his own witness, and Mr. Burr said the man was lying and the judge called him down hard." He added gleefully: "Oh, it was a circus, Sylvia! And when I got a chance to go on, Cowen—he was as mad as Mr. Burr by that time—said that when he saw the young fellow was unconscious he ran across the road and found the flask where she had thrown it and gave Marsens a drink out of it—out of Steve's own flask, mind you. And he said there was only about one drink left in the flask; that after he'd poured some into Steve's mouth, it was empty. And he said he tried to give the flask to Miss Vail and she wouldn't take it. I guess she knew how it would look if she admitted the flask belonged to Steve. So Cowen decided he might as well keep it, and he did. And, Sylvia, he had it with him today, with Steve's initials on the side! That was why he hadn't wanted to testify—because he'd kept it all this time."

She could only smile with delight at his delight, and he sat down again and pounded on his knees.

"Honestly," he cried, "I think we have a chance to win!"

"A chance!" she echoed. "Why, I told you you'd win!"

"It was just pure luck," he cried, amazed at his own good fortune—"pure bull luck!"

"Not a bit of it," she retorted. "It was because you handled Mr. Cowen in a friendly way, made him like you."

He grinned. "Well," he insisted, "it was lucky anyway. Now if I only don't queer it! I'm going to make it short. Just put the motorman, Oscar Bose, on to testify, and one or two more, and let it go."

He telephoned her again, toward noon next day. "Well, it's over," he said. "It's up to the jury now. Mr. Burr bullied poor old Oscar Bose scandalously; but he didn't get a thing, and I think the jury was on Oscar's side, and the judge almost charged them out of court. Even if it goes against me, I've got a good chance to take it up on the law."

"When will you hear?" she asked.

"Can't tell," he confessed. "They may take quite a while."

In mid-afternoon, her own impatience drove her to call him; but he could only say:

"No, not yet! The jury came in for some instructions—what they should do if they found the facts were so and so. It looks hopeful, but that's all."

There was the weight of his long anxiety in his tones, and she wished to reassure him, but could find no word. It was an hour later when he called again; and she went almost reluctantly to the phone. He said huskily

"Sylvia?"

"Yes, Robert!" She could hardly breathe.

"Defendant's verdict," he told her. "She doesn't get a thing." His voice shook; and she found herself saying over and over:

"I'm so glad! Robert, I'm so glad!"

"Mr. Burr called up to congratulate me," he said. "And—I'm coming right home."

"Yes, yes," she agreed. "I'm so glad."

But she had time, before he arrived, to set her life in order; so that when she met him at the door, her first word was:

"Isn't it fine, Robert? Have you telegraphed Alice?"

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He stared at her. "Golly!" he confessed. "I forgot. Honestly I did."

She felt somehow a catch in her throat: but she said steadily, "Send her a night letter. She'll be so happy with you, Robert."

He hesitated.

"Sure," he said at last, almost humbly. "That's right, she will."

Sylvia came to dread Alice's return—had moments when she would have been glad to avoid that encounter. But that were cowardice, and she was not a coward. So she waited, and Alice came, and in the other's frosty politeness Sylvia saw what she had feared to see.

But not till they were alone together did Alice release the bitterness which filled her.

"Well," she said then irascibly, "I hope you've had a good time in my house."

"I have," Sylvia agreed.

"With my husband!" Alice exclaimed, and her tone was harsh as the rasp of a file.

Sylvia hesitated for a moment. "Alice ——" she said then, but the other cut in on her.

"Oh, don't be so meek! He's written me nothing but Sylvia, Sylvia, Sylvia in all his letters till I'm sick of the sound of you. Coming down here and playing pussy cat to him for six weeks! I should think you'd be ashamed. To hear him talk, a person'd think you'd made him. He says he'd never have won that case without you, and a person would think it was you who invited him into Mr. Burr's firm, and not Mr. Burr at all. Oh, you sneak! I'd like to ——"

Sylvia said again, more sharply, "Alice!"

And the other upon that word broke into hysteric tears, sobbing her accusations over and over, till Sylvia hushed her sternly.

"Don't be a little fool, Alice," she said steadily. "You have been, for years, ever since you married Robert. But stop it now. You've nagged and scolded and told him how worthless he was till he began to believe it. I told you before you went away, a man's like a country post office. Even if there's something there that you want, you can't get it till you ask for it. Any husband's good qualities are going to lie dormant till they're called for, Alice, and you might as well make up your mind to it."

Alice lay across the bed, her head in her arms, and she said in a muffled tone, "I suppose you think he's yours, now that you've made him."

She did not lift her head, so could not see Sylvia's hand pressed against her mouth for the long instant before she replied.

Then the older sister said lightly: "Don't be silly! Mine? Why, the man's nothing but a helpless little fool!"

Alice coiled to her feet at that like a released spring.

"Fool!" she cried hotly. "Don't you dare say that! He's wonderful!"

And Sylvia stood still for a moment, watching her sister; then faintly, almost contentedly, she smiled.

GALAHAD HIMSELF

(Continued from Page 9)

"I am—I'm mad about it," said Thérèse, suddenly taut as a fine steel wire. "It's the only real thrill we've got left."

"It's better than that," said he; "it's the only real job."

She said, "You're a flying fanatic!"

"Maybe. Why not? Ever been up?"

"I've flown all over Europe."

"What's wrong with America?"

With deliberate and lovely impudence, she told him, "I've been waiting for you."

"That's a date," said Boyd gravely.

Lieutenant Ashley at this point materializing, as suddenly as a banjo in the air at a successful séance, interposed an apologetic interruption.

"I'm afraid I've got to make myself unpopular. Mr. Boyd, the reception committee has got out a search warrant. The mob is storming the gates."

"It would!" said Boyd grimly. But he rose with a sort of tired docility that brought Thérèse's hand to his arm in impulsive compassion. Directly she remembered and would have snatched her hand away, but by that time he had surprisingly covered it with his own.

"Not you!" he said. He said another thing, no less extraordinary: "Do you live here—in Washington, I mean?"—while Lieutenant Ashley waited, only the slightest tremor of surprise and amusement lifting the ash-gold mustache, stirring the martial breast beneath the bright work.

Thérèse said, startled and absurdly pleased, "I'm visiting here. I live in New York."

"I'd like to come and see you—if you don't mind," said Boyd.

"If she doesn't mind!" said Lieutenant Ashley, and emitted a tenor snort of laughter. "Terry, there's a D. S. O. for you—only don't look for him!" To Boyd he added with a delightful—a masterfully apportioned mixture of deference and soldierly comradeship: "You don't realize what your committee would do if they heard you. They'd hit the ceiling—one short sharp bounce."

Boyd said to Thérèse, "What time tomorrow may I come?"

They looked at each other for several moments, the same straight, deep-sea-sounding look which had passed between them once or twice before. At the end of it Thérèse wavered visibly. She began to speak, frowned, looked away and looked back again.

"You'll have a million engagements," Thérèse said—with a strange sort of wistfulness.

"What time?" asked Boyd quietly.

She urged: "Do you really think you'd better?"

"Terry, this is noble!" said Lieutenant Ashley.

"Unless you don't care about seeing me," said Boyd.

She put out her hand swiftly. "Four in the afternoon—how would that do?" She added an address.

"Fine!" said Boyd, and they smiled at each other before he turned away.

Thérèse and Lieutenant Ashley had the next dance together. He was one of her special partners and as a rule they did very little talking, drifting about in a sort of music-drugged, motion-drugged entrancement.

Tonight, halfway round the floor, she said, "Gerald, he's wonderful, isn't he?" Her eyes burned, and her cheeks. Even her hair had a brighter flame. She moved as on a cloud. Her lips stirred in a faint incredulous smile. "He's—there's something about him, isn't there?" she murmured helplessly.

"Falling in love," hummed the aide softly. He chuckled, held her close, in a purely friendly way laughed, at which Thérèse stopped smiling and looked up at him with some annoyance.

"Well, really, Gerald!" she said.

"Falling again?" he inquired.

"Again?" said Thérèse coldly.

"This time last year," said Lieutenant Ashley—"oh, well, what's a year between grand passions?"

Thérèse said, "I think you're disgusting."

He assured her: "Got a good memory—that's all."

"Of course! That's your job," said Thérèse brutally.

"Me und Gott!" said Lieutenant Ashley.

She squeezed his arm. "Sorry, Gerald darling, I didn't mean to be horrid."

"I know you're not yourself at these moments," he accepted. "But snap out of it, lovely! He's not in your class. It's not cricket."

"What do you mean—he's not in my class?" The black-pansy eyes burned blacker.

"Didn't you say it a bit ago? Didn't you say a lot more than that? He's not just a regular person."

"He is a regular person—I didn't know! I talked like a fool. I hadn't met him."

"When lovely woman stoops to folly," said Lieutenant Ashley, "she goes into a nose dive—she's that thorough!"

"Gerald, don't be an ass!" said Thérèse, reluctantly grinning. But she insisted: "He is a regular person—that's what's so funny."

"He is not," said Lieutenant Ashley firmly. "He's a national hero."

"Poor darling!" sighed Thérèse.

"Oh, he's all right so long as you let him get away—whole."

"What do you mean? Gerald, you annoy me."

"So long as you sheathe the pretty claws, clench the sharp little teeth, stop thrashing the plumy tail about—and find yourself another meal."

"What do you think I am?"

"You're a high-powered, high-hatted, high-stepping man-eater," said Lieutenant Ashley tenderly.

"You think I'd make a fool of him?" said Thérèse. She stared over the aiguilletted shoulder, seeing no one of all the brilliant roomful.

"Maybe even you couldn't do that. You might make him darn unhappy though. You might lose the Eagle his place in the sun."

"Why?" said Thérèse. "Why should I?"

"What's he to you? Just one more decoration!"

"How do you know what he might be to me? I don't know myself." [Something slid along her veins as a searchlight slides across the sky, illumining void and waste. "*He* knows—it's in his eyes."]

"Terry child," said Lieutenant Ashley—he executed a slow and intricate bit of footwork, to which the orchestra afforded stimulus and opportunity—"speaking as philosopher and friend ——"

"Gerald, you're such a fool," said Thérèse.

"Then, speaking as a fool," he amended, a queer intentness, an unmistakable earnest informing his airy ramblings, "why don't you let the boy ride? As it stands now, he'll do more for aviation in one year than any other man in ten. He is a popular hero—no denying it."

"You'd like to make him a professional Galahad as well," said Thérèse. "Now wouldn't you?"

"Not professional—accidental," said Lieutenant Ashley. "He's damned sincere—it's part of his charm. But—in capitals and italics—*BUT* you mark my words, first time he looks twice at a woman ——"

"Yes?" said Thérèse, with knife-edged courtesy.

"First time he steps out of the picture and shows himself—even as you and I—no worse but unfortunately no better—there'll be hell to pay with the dear idolatrous public. And you know it as well as I do." He added, after a moment, slowly, each word deliberately significant: "That is to say, first time he looks twice at any woman who's over sixteen, and who's ever been kissed."

"You mean, if he looked twice at someone like me?" When he said nothing at all, only turning her and leading her, deftly swaying her in time to whining fiddles, chuckling piccolos, amorously howling saxophones, she drew back, scowling up at him proudly, with a hurt at the heart of her pride. "You mean—I have a name for man-eating—for excitement hunting?"

"Well, now I ask you," said Lieutenant Ashley reasonably, "don't the cameras click and the flash lights boom along your strait and narrow pathway, Terry darling? Haven't you got 'em trained? Haven't

(Continued on Page 69)

All that SCIENCE *Can Contribute*

You now find in Miller *Scientifically Correct* Tires

One-Piece Tread
and Sidewalls
No joint
No
This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the *scientifically correct* balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece,
danger of cracking.
Miller-Balloon
miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

IN all history, the greatest advancements have come as the result of scientific discoveries. And those who have employed science have always gained and held leadership.

Miller Scientifically Correct Tires are no exception. Millions were spent—years of research have passed—and now you may benefit by the results.

These are tangible results. You now buy tires—not on guesswork—but on a knowledge of amazing new mileage—greater service than you have ever experienced. But you must buy Millers to get these 3 great advancements that bring Scientific Correctness.

1. *One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls*

Gone for all time are fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire with the One-Piece Tread from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars proved to users the *Scientific Correctness* of this new Miller design.

2. *Geared-to-the-Road, Road-Shaped Tread*

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load, the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear, the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there, a third unique result was obtained.

3. *"Uniflex" Cord Construction*

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—recovers from blows to normal shape with the quick, lively action of real rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated—and miles added to the life of all Geared-to-the-Road tires.

THE MILLER RUBBER COMPANY
of N. Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

Miller *Scientifically Correct* **Balloon Tires**

GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

The Best COFFEE You Ever Tasted

Hotpoint's Special HOT-*Drip* Method Insures Delightful Flavor and Fragrance

YOU can make delicious coffee *every* time. Anyone can make it—you, the children or your husband. It requires no skill, no watching, no particular brand of coffee. It is made automatically.

Merely put in the cold water and coffee, connect your Hotpoint percolator and in 15 minutes you have perfect coffee.

Breakfast or dinner can be ruined by poor coffee. And the reason for poor coffee is nine out of ten times the way in which it is made.

Hotpoint's secret is in pumping the right quantity of water each time, having it HOT to the correct point at each stage, and letting it HOT-*Drip* through *all* the coffee. Thus it extracts *all* that zestful, rich, full flavor that makes you smack your lips with deep satisfaction.

There are Hotpoint electric percolators from $9.00 to $36.00; and complete sets from $14.25 to $65.00. All are of the same famous Hotpoint Quality and all make coffee by Hotpoint's special HOT-*Drip* method.

Hotpoint electric appliances are sold by electric companies and dealers everywhere. Insist on "Hotpoint" to make sure of highest quality and everlasting satisfaction.

Why Hotpoint Electric Percolators Are Better

All percolators may look more or less alike on the outside. BUT—only Hotpoint percolators have the patented CALROD electric heating element, which is practically indestructible. Only Hotpoint has the SUPER-AUTOMATIC control switch in the base, on guard forever against overheating. *This* percolator needs no fuse. It can never burn out. The valveless pump has absolutely no moving parts—nothing to get out of order. Note that the coffee basket has no perforations in the side. The water must HOT-*Drip* through *all* the coffee, then out the bottom.

April is Electric Percolator Month. Hotpoint dealers and electric companies everywhere are displaying and featuring Hotpoint percolators. See your nearest dealer today.

Hotpoint SUPER-IRON

No other iron has the patented Hotpoint CALROD heating element, cast inside solid iron; more efficient and practically indestructible. Patented Thumb Rest rests wrist, arm and shoulder. Exclusive hinged plug doubles cord life. The heel stand saves lifting. Only Hotpoint gives all these features. Price only $6.00.

Hotpoint

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A GENERAL ELECTRIC ORGANIZATION

Factories, Chicago, Ill. and Ontario, Calif.

WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF HOUSEHOLD ELECTRIC HEATING APPLIANCES AND ELECTRIC RANGES

(Continued from Page 66)

you led 'em to look to you for an occasional bit of raw meat—if I may say so?"

Thérèse said, "You have said it. You think if Boyd played about with me "

"First place," said her partner, "he doesn't know any games. After that, what I'm trying to say is that the headlines would be historic."

"I can see 'em," said Terry briefly.

"That's all I meant," said Lieutenant Ashley.

The music stopped and, after a susurrus of clapping, began again. He held out his arms.

"Oh, don't let's—I've had enough," said Thérèse. "Unless you know any more heart-to-heart talks, Gerald."

Lieutenant Ashley said, "One's my repertoire. But don't laugh it off—it makes sense."

Thérèse didn't stay the party out that night. Shortly after the heart-to-heart talk which made sense she complained of a headache and went home—for her, an unprecedented procedure.

"What on earth's the matter with you, Terry?" her father objected, when she stopped in her deliberate flight to say good night to him.

"Tired," said Thérèse. "Maybe—maybe the Scotch was not so good." She blinked a defiant eye, put her red head in the air. She knew her father disliked that special attitude of incandescent youth. But a second later she reached up and kissed him quite simply. "I just want to go home," she said. "That had to happen sometime."

Next morning at eight, after a disconcertingly restless night, she picked up the swanky French telephone beside her bed and called Lieutenant Ashley.

"Gerald," she said without preliminary, "give me Boyd's telephone. How can I get to him?"

Lieutenant Ashley obliged with the desired information in a somewhat sleepy voice, with a hint of knowledgeable amusement.

"Going to reprieve the condemned man?" he inquired.

"None of your business, darling," said Thérèse. She rang off abruptly, after which she lay for a long time, arms crossed under her tousled head, her willful mouth tight set, her eyes deep scowling.

But she didn't call the number after she had it. Until her breakfast tray came in she lay and scowled and considered and sighed. After her breakfast and after her bath, when she was once more cap-a-pie to the outer world, she still didn't call it. She drove downtown with her hostess to do an errand or so; she lunched gayly and elaborately at the Mayflower; at three she rose from a bridge game and reached for her gloves and bag.

"Sorry," she said, "I've got a date. I've just remembered."

Her hostess turned a horrified face, eyes full of imploring if consciously futile protest.

"Terry, you can't!"

"Must," said Thérèse, dragging on her smart black coat, making up her ruthless mouth, smiling pleasantly the while.

"We're going on to that cocktail party at the French Embassy."

"Make my excuses, darling—tell 'em I never drink."

When she had gone, a pretty woman in a virginal blue gown said silkily, "Spoiled-child stuff. Terry does get away with murder, doesn't she?"

"With murder, yes," said Thérèse's hostess loyally. "But I must say I've never yet caught her at petty larceny—which is the customary female accomplishment. . . . No trump, did you say?"

The drawing-room was long and dusky and quiet—the drawing-room in which Thérèse waited for Robert Boyd. She had changed to a frock of sheer yellowish laces and there were yellow roses and mimosa in bowls upon the piano, upon a table here and there. Beautifully paneled walls of some pale silken-surfaced wood. Tall windows, curtained in dull green brocade. Trees, beyond the windows, just coming into leaf.

Might one—or might one not have a fire—for comfort—and intimacy? Thérèse rang and had one lit. Its leaping golden shadows touched the place with the age-old spell of the protected hearth. A tarnished, ornately wrought frame about the portrait of a bygone statesman gleamed from the wall. Scent of roses and mimosa flowed stronger. Shining floor underfoot, gracilely molded ceiling overhead. Outside, rain beginning to fall, bringing dusk and damp and chill—the final sweetness to a room and a fire.

Thérèse gave orders: "I am expecting a caller. Show him in here—and say I'm not at home to anyone else."

She knew the party at the French Embassy would leave her the place to herself until dinnertime.

She wondered if the man answering the door would recognize Boyd. Of course he would. Was there a man, woman or child in the entire country who could fail to recognize him—endlessly as his pictures had been displayed, in newspapers, in movie houses, in shop windows, in magazines? Poor dear! Endlessly as he had been written of and spoken of and—dehumanized! In a nation's frantic worship of an ideal behind whose gilded outlines the national life went forward—business as usual—upon an amusingly different basis.

Whatever the man answering the door thought or felt would not be allowed to show. He would take Boyd's coat and hat, his stick if he carried one. Of course he wouldn't carry one. As much as his life would be worth to carry a stick. An effete gesture. Every paper in the country would have it sooner or later. No, he must wear a simple sack suit—blue with a hair-line stripe; he must sit up on the back of a car—hair blowing in the wind; he must flash his famous smile—his wonderful, cool, half-shy, half-reckless smile; his eyes narrowed when he smiled—gleamed in an adorable sun-wise squint; he had a line at the left of his mouth. Not like women? With that mouth? If you knew men you couldn't help knowing that when he liked a woman he would fall like Niagara! You couldn't stop him—she couldn't stop him. What woman that ever lived would want to stop him?

Thérèse was down on her knees, poking the fire abstractedly, flushed with a flame born of no log that ever died in the forest, when Boyd came in at the door. She slid to her feet, tearing a lacy edge on a slender silly heel. She put out her hand to him and knew her fingers turned chilly as she did so.

"I didn't hear you."

"Well, here I am," he said. He wore a gray suit and a black knitted tie. He said gravely, "I was afraid you'd change your mind. I've been expecting a phone call all day."

"I nearly did call you," said Thérèse.

He said "I sort of felt it."

"But not because I'd changed my mind," she added quickly. "Did you have any trouble getting away?"

"Might have," said Boyd, "if I'd told anybody I was coming." He grinned boyishly. "There was a lunch—chamber of commerce. When it was over I said I had to go back to my room for some maps and things."

"Are you still in your room?" inquired Thérèse politely.

He nodded. "With a sign on the door—Please Do Not Disturb."

They sat down beside the fire, in deep chairs, on opposite sides of the hearth, and for the first time fairly looked each other in the eye.

Boyd said, "You look just the same. Maybe better."

"Oh, do you like this frock?" asked Thérèse inanely, as once before.

This time he did. He said, "Kind of like carved ivory—only soft. But your skin looks softer." He looked at her for a long time. "You're beautiful," he said at last. "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen. I thought red-headed women always had freckles."

"Not me," said Thérèse.

"That's what I mean," said Boyd.

His directness was hard to meet lightly. Thérèse wanted to chatter and pose and laugh; she wanted the screen of her accustomed folly between them: her soul felt naked to his clear gray gaze.

She suggested: "Shan't we have tea?"

"I don't drink it," said Boyd. "Thanks just the same."

"Don't you drink anything at all?" she demanded, and laughed nervously.

"If I happen to want to," he assured her.

He said "That's a nice fire," and spread his hands to it—long, thin, muscular hands, indelibly sunburned. He said, "This is a peach of a room. It's just right for you. What do you call those yellow flowers on the piano?"

"Roses?" asked Thérèse

"I can tell a rose," he said, and smiled. She found herself thinking that she watched for his smiling like the reporters.

"The other? That's mimosa."

"It just suits you too," he said. "Isn't that the thing that curls up if you touch it?"

"Yes, but that's not me," said Thérèse. She felt her own smile go crooked. If she had curled up for that, she'd have been in a hard tight knot long before now. She wished suddenly and violently—behind a coolly tinted face, shadowy questioning eyes—that there weren't so many men in the world; that she hadn't known quite so many men; that so many men hadn't made love to her; that she hadn't listened so readily; that she had been more difficult, less eager; that she had curled up hard.

"That's because you've never been touched," said Boyd, as if he thought with her mind.

She stared at him wistfully, shook her bright head, deep red-gold waves outlining the curve of it. "I'll tell you something. I've been engaged four times—no, three—almost four. Does that put a hole through the mimosa story or not?"

"Not," said Boyd. "You've never been married, have you?"

He watched her, she thought, as if she might have been a cloud forming in the path of his ship; as if she might have been a fair smooth sea over which he was circling. His eyes seemed adjusted to infinite distances so that meeting another face, say, or other eyes, he didn't stop at surfaces, however lovely; his glance went diving through.

"No, of course I've never been married. Don't be silly!" said Thérèse.

"That's what I said. You've never been touched. You've dragged your field, but you've never made a landing."

"How do you know so much about me?" ["That's crude, my dear," she moaned to herself. "Flapper stuff, absolutely! Are you losing your mind—or what?"]

He answered with no sort of hesitation: "Well, tell me if I'm wrong."

"You're right," she said. "You're absolutely right. Although I've thought at the time always ——" She added with a rueful little laugh: "That's what makes me dangerous."

"I knew you were dangerous," he admitted, "before I ever got a good look at you, before you turned around last night."

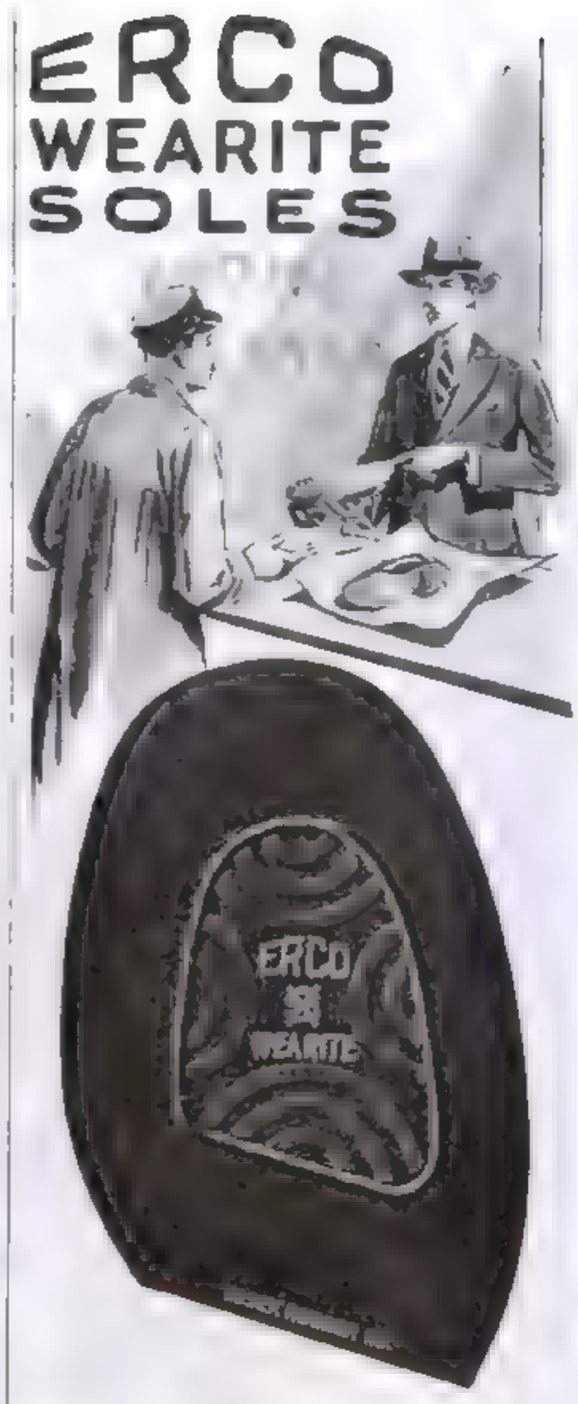
"Did you hate me for what I said?" asked Thérèse humbly.

"For about five minutes, I did," said Boyd. "I wanted to take hold of you and shake you senseless, the way a dog does a cat sometimes." Leaning forward, elbows on his knees, he stared gravely into the fire. "You had your knife into me," he said, "and you twisted it."

"I'm sorry," said Thérèse unsteadily. "In a thousand thousand years I can never tell you how sorry I am. I was a stupid little fool. I was a rotten Smart Aleck."

"I told you last night what you were," he said, "about ten minutes after I looked at you. You're the only woman I've ever seen that I want. What I've come here today for is to ask—do you think you could care anything about *me?*"

Just as simply as that he said it, without taking his eyes from the fire. Just as simply as that, unless the reporters had misrepresented him greatly, he had stepped into his



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plane one moonlit night and slid down the long runway which led to the Pacific and to Tokio.

Of course he would be simple about it. Of course he would hew to the line. He hadn't time in his life—nor desire—for sidetracks and cross purposes. He flew a straight course. He flew by the clock. Haggling and messing about with preliminary and explanation were not for him. He made himself ready and when the time came there was nothing to hold him. Nothing could hold him.

Thérèse sat across the hearth from him, locked her hands together in her lap and felt something rise in her like a singing flame. For a long high wordless space she gloried in him unspeakably—in herself—that such a man should come to her so.

Then out of the whirlwind, the still small voice: "Falling again?" Gerald's amused reminder.

Gerald hadn't stopped at that; Gerald had said: "First time he looks twice at any woman who's over sixteen and who's ever been kissed, the headlines will be historic." More than that, he had said, "He's not in your class. It's not cricket." Cruelest of all, he had said, "Why don't you let the boy ride? As it stands now, he'll do more for aviation in one year than any other man in ten. Let the boy ride!"

As if Thérèse were waylaying him; as if she had gone out after him! Not that she wouldn't do either or both if she chose—only, what would it do to him? What would it take away from him?

Thérèse had never before in her two-and-twenty years considered any human being before herself. It gave her a sense of appalling unreality. While she sat silent Boyd got up from his chair, came over, took her two hands in his and drew her up standing.

"I could see last night," he said, "it got you, just as it did me. Look at me again!"

Thérèse knew she was lost if she did. She knew she could never hide what she was going through. She pulled herself free. When he saw that she meant it he let her go.

"Yes," she said, "it got me." Her voice sounded different—strained and husky. She managed a brittle laugh. "It's got me before," she said, "if you know what I mean. I told you there have been others."

"Like this?" asked Boyd. He stood quite close, but now he put his hands in his pockets.

"Oh, very nearly," said Thérèse. Hideous and degrading flippancy. She couldn't go through with it. She caught her breath in a little cry: "No, no, not like this—but it might just as well be!"

"What do you mean—might just as well be?" said Boyd. He did not try to touch her again.

She said, "Nobody'd believe it. I have a name for ——"

"I've heard all that," he said amazingly.

"Heard all what?" She winced. "Has Gerald Ashley been talking to you?"

"What's he got to do with it? I overheard someone say last night, after I'd been sitting there with you, that you were a wild one."

"Oh-h!" as if the idea were quite new to her.

It might have been new—new as a shiny steel blade. It hurt so, going in. People would talk, of course. Every mad silly trick she'd ever done would be used against her. Gerald was right.

"I like wild things," he said calmly. "Gosh, most women are soft as dough! Flabby—that's what they are."

Thérèse felt the exultant blood stream to the roots of her hair—she who was neither flabby nor soft. She fought to get herself in hand again.

"It's what people would think, though," she stammered. "I'm supposed to be pretty jazzy. If our names were even mentioned together, it would ruin you—that's all!"

"Ruin me with what?" asked Boyd.

"With the public," said Thérèse. She said it, unsmiling. She could see it all too clearly. Horrible headlines—Town Tattler, the Hornet, all the beastly little papers and all the important big ones too. Fragments of clay feet all over the place. One more idol bites the dust. Publicity in slathers. Unkind, insinuating publicity—worst of all, ridicule. Ridicule is death to idols.

"No," she said vehemently, "I won't do it!"

"You mean you don't care?"

"Yes, I do care. But I won't do it."

"You think all the bunk about me being a hero is worth giving this up for?"

"I think what you're doing for flying is worth it." She had him there and she knew it. "Cities give landing fields. Rich men start air lines when you come along. To half the people in this country, you *are*—flying. You can do more for aviation in a year than anyone else in ten. Gerald said so, and Gerald was right."

"So I've got to be a damned ventriloquist's doll—to sell aviation to the country! They've got more sense than you think."

Thérèse said, with tears in her eyes, very earnestly: "No country has got much sense about heroes, and this one least of all. When they won't even stand for a few human flaws in George Washington, what chance have you got—darling?" She hadn't meant to say that. It got away from her. His smile got away from him when he heard it—gloriously. His hands came out of his pockets, but in that moment a light and careful step, a deferential voice, cleft the air.

"Miss Miller, there's three reporters and a couple of cameramen at the door."

"Oh, my Lord!" groaned Boyd. His tired look came back. His shoulders slumped a little.

"They say they're waiting to see Mr. Boyd."

Wood smoke and mimosa scent flowed together in a long strained pause.

"Tell them he'll see them as he goes out," said Thérèse. "Ask them to be kind enough to wait." She sent the servant away. "How do you suppose they knew you were here?" she said.

He answered with a weary shrug: "How do they know everything?"

"It doesn't matter," said Thérèse, "except that it proves what I've been saying." He shook that off, frowning. She laid a hand on his arm and drew him with her down the length of the room. She said, "They shan't see you! I'm going to let you out a side door. Can you manage without your hat?"

"It's been done," he said dryly. When they came to that side door, dim and secluded, at the end of a little crooked hall, he stopped. He visibly balked, with a mulish glint in his eyes. "What are you afraid of? I suppose you've never been on the front page, have you?"

"Dozens of times. That's why I'm dodging it now," said Thérèse. She was going to add "For you," but she saw misunderstanding dawning in him—saw it was her best way to handle him and held her peace.

"Oh, I see," he said slowly.

She wanted to cry fiercely: "You don't see at all! What do I care for all the rotten sensational scareheads in the world?" But she didn't. Instead, she put on all the manner at her command. She implied a fastidiousness, a shuddering distaste for the methods of publicity. "It would be simply too ghastly," she said. "We'd be broadcast."

So he said good-by abruptly, unsmiling, with the sun wrinkles about his eyes slightly deepened, as if by a sudden need for clearer vision, and went away. Thérèse watched him, running to an upper window for that purpose. She saw him slip into a passing cab. She lit a cigarette when the cab was out of sight, but couldn't smoke it. She sat down at last and cried, helplessly and hopelessly—she whose boast it was that she was not a crying woman.

"I would!" she said to herself. "I would!"

That night she went back to New York, with her visit only half completed. "I

Continued on Page 72

The FLORSHEIM SHOE

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(Continued from Page 70)

think," she told her hostess, "I'm coming down with flu or something, and there's no place like home for an invalid." To herself, her diagnosis was franker: "Whatever is happening to me—I'll die outside."

She had a studio in Macdougal Alley to which she sometimes repaired for weeks at a time, and concerning which the feeble and ineffectual protests of her family had long since ceased to function. She went straight to that studio and gave herself up to despair, lying for hours at a time on a wide batik-covered couch, with an arm flung up over her eyes, eating little, sleeping not too well. Socially speaking, nobody knew she was back, so nobody troubled her. She made a pretense daytimes of working in clay a little. She had modeled a bit in the last year or two. There was the figure, not too bad, of a dancer which she had started. But she couldn't manage to care greatly whether she ever finished it or not—whether she ever finished anything any more. Life went by outside her window like a jiggle of marionettes across a puppet stage, like a worn-out barrel organ wheezing last year's tune around the corner, like an eddy of dust on an empty street, like waves sinking one after another into oblivion upon a sailless ocean.

Upon the first day of her return she thought of having her telephone disconnected—and didn't. Blind and deaf and dumb, the hope that kept that wire open. She would not so much as acknowledge it to herself. Why, when she herself had sent him away, when she had deliberately allowed him to think; more, when she had put it into his head? Further, he didn't know where she was. He didn't even know she had a studio. And if he had known, wasn't every hour of his day, almost every hour of his night, filled to the last tired moment?

She got in four or five newspapers a day and devoured every line about him. He was speaking here. He was being decorated there. This town or that was giving him a golden key. [He had as many keys now as Bluebeard!] He looked a little tired. He looked surprisingly fresh. He wore a new suit. He wore his old flying suit, dirty and shapeless. When she came to a picture of him she sat and stared at it for hours, her dark eyes swimming in half-shamed tears.

One evening just at dusk she gave a ragged newsboy a dollar because he brushed by her, yipping, "Boyd Back From Two Days' Hunting!" "What's 'at fer?" asked the urchin, not delaying to pocket it.

"Oh, just for luck!" said Thérèse huskily. "Whose luck?" she asked herself, lying on her face in the dark of the chilly studio. God knew, she thought, whosesoever luck it was, it wasn't hers!

Two days later she learned from the papers that Boyd was in town for an official dinner of some sort and the presentation of one more medal. In town, walking the same streets with her, breathing the same air! No, he wouldn't be allowed to walk. He wouldn't have time to walk. He'd be riding in an official car, with motorcycle policemen racing their stuttering, screaming steeds proudly before him. He'd be making speeches: "I want to thank you for one of the most cordial receptions I have gotten anywhere. . . . The science of aviation should make enormous strides in the next ten years ——"

The next ten years! Who wanted ten years more—or ten days more—or ten hours, even, with the salt and the savor and the spark gone out of life? Clean gone!

"I wish I were an old, old woman," thought Thérèse dully. "I wish I were dead!" At that moment her telephone rang and she leaped to it as a flying fish leaps out of water into ambient air.

His voice—she could hardly hear it for the drumming of blood in her ears, the flutter and the beating in her breast. His steady, quiet, laconic voice, speaking her name. She answered him somehow.

"Yes—yes—yes! It is—it's I! How do you do? How did you know?"

Lieutenant Ashley, he explained, had given him her studio number. Ashley, by the way, hadn't wanted to. [Good old Gerald—darling Gerald. She must do something for him sometime. Nothing she could do ever would square him for this!]

"I've got to speak at a dinner tonight at the Brevoort. That's near you, isn't it?"

"Yes—oh, yes, that's very near."

"Would it be too late afterward for you to see me?"

"No—oh, no. I'd love to see you." Trembling, shaking from the top of her red-gold head to the sole of her slim white foot as she said it!

Seven o'clock, and she had been languidly getting into her clothes to go out and eat dinner somewhere—anywhere—not caring much if she ate or not. Suppose she had gone earlier! It might so easily have happened. Suppose the telephone had rung in an empty room—rung and stopped ringing, unanswered! Life wasn't too cruel after all. She had been there to hear it—she was hearing him now!

"I'm afraid it will be almost eleven before I can get away."

"Quite all right. I haven't anything to do."

[Anything to do! She'd have ditched the Prince of Wales! She'd have thrown Don John of Austria overboard! She'd have shown Mark Antony the door—given Romeo himself the gate!]

"That's fine," he said simply. "Then see you later."

When he knocked on her door at five minutes after eleven, a trifle breathless as if from fast walking, hat over his eyes, she was curled up on the couch, waiting. She had been curled up on the couch waiting for three hours—with a book, of course. She couldn't have said what the book was. She let him in and gave him both hands, laughing. Her laugh was an achievement—greeting for a delightful and honored guest, that was all—she hoped. Even under his plunging look she kept her head up gallantly.

"How did you ever manage this? I'm terribly flattered. Does your committee know you're out? Are you sure you're not being followed?"

He said "Don't be funny!" He sat down on the couch when she invited him and his eyes never left her face—her rose-lipped face, quivering as a white road quivers up in heat waves, feeling the eye of the sun upon it. "This is a nice place you've got," he said presently.

"Oh, do you like it? I like it because I can get away by myself."

He said, "Only way I can get away by myself now is flying."

"I know. It must be horrible! Have you had an awful lot of dinners and things to do since I saw you—lots of stupid people?"

"Everything's been awful. Everybody's been stupid since then."

She said "Yes, hasn't it?" ardently before she could stop herself.

"I suppose you've been having a wonderful time," he suggested.

"Me? I've hardly been out of this place."

"Working? Do you paint or something?"

Thank heaven she could say she did something! "Oh, I fool around with modeling. Clay, you know. I'm not any good, really."

"Let's see," said he, and wouldn't be put off. She had to show him the dancer—take the damp cloths off and show him. Not bad—not good either. A slender little figure, rough-haired, delicately swaggering. He put out a forefinger and drew it very gently along the dancer's shoulder. He didn't say a word. He didn't have to. Thérèse could feel, upon her own shoulder, an incorporeal finger tip.

She covered the figure nervously. They went back to the couch and sat down.

He said, "I can't stay. I came to ask you something."

She might have known he couldn't stay. She might have known there was someone waiting for him somewhere, dragging him back. He hadn't any life of his own any more. Just reporters and flash lights and dinners and speeches. No privacy on a pedestal!

He said "You know we talked in Washington about my taking you up."

"You were joking, of course," said Thérèse.

"I wasn't joking—I meant it. I'd like to give you a flight." He said it with a smile, boyishly apologetic. Not his crowd smile—something nearer.

"Oh," said Thérèse, "if you mean really ——"

She said to herself, "I'm going to take it! Only that! There'll be that to remember at least!" She said to him "There's nothing on earth I'd rather have."

"Won't be on earth," said he literally. He went into further detail: "I'll be out at the field tomorrow. They're sort of used to me there—won't be many people. I'll have

(Continued on Page 74)

Sunset on Lake Champlain

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(Continued from Page 72)

someone meet you. There's a three o'clock train." Thérèse said she could and would take it. Her cheeks began to burn with happiness. "Bring a heavy coat," said Boyd. They talked a little longer, then he stood up to go. "I'll be looking for you," he told her.

"I know I shan't sleep," said Thérèse.

"You're just the same as in Washington," he said; "only, in a way, you're more beautiful."

She wanted to say, "That's because I've been breaking my heart for you!" But by that time she was a little proud of letting the boy ride, so she only smiled and made him a little bow. For an hour or two, at least, she was going to ride with him. "Who knows but the world may end tonight?"

"Do you find," he asked gravely, "I've changed at all?"

Thérèse said, "You've got another medal in your pocket."

"Is it any good asking you again—what I asked you before?"

She shook her shining head stubbornly, feeling the tears rise. "It's a piece of luck if nobody saw you coming here tonight! You're not a private person any more."

"That's what you said the time you laid me out, wasn't it?"

"I mean it differently now. I mean—I won't spoil your mission."

Her upturned face was pale as the leaf of a tea rose, dark lashes doggedly lowered. She knew he was looking at her through a long, long silence, but she kept her eyes down, set her lips, linked her hands hard before her.

"All right," he said at last. "Then just this once, since anything else is out, you'll go up with me?"

"I'll be proud to," said Thérèse, "if you think you can manage it."

"Don't worry. Just be there on time."

He shook hands with her, smiled at her briefly and went away. She didn't sleep, as she had told him she wouldn't. She kept hearing his voice, seeing his strong sunburned hands, seeing his roughened dark hair, brushed back from those candid brows.

He hadn't urged her. He said what was in his mind and took for granted she spoke no less directly from hers. He didn't quibble or stall. He accepted equally the fact of her sincerity.

"Since anything else is out ——"

He didn't beg; he took defeat standing. Thérèse, who had known pursuit at its hottest, passion at its most mendicant, honored him deeply for that.

Her last waking thought was, "Be there on time." She began to be on time from four o'clock of the next morning, before the milk carts passed. But when she stepped off the train at Garden City she didn't look it. Her eyes were shining, her cheeks were flushed. She had an air, undeniably. In her dark suit and small dark hat, with a heavy homespun coat over her arm, she looked delightfully sporting—and was. To the center of her heart and her soul, she was sporting coming to make her good-by. Lieutenant Ashley advancing down the platform to meet her, saluted with mingled respect and devotion.

"Why, Gerald!" she cried to him amazedly. "I wasn't looking for you"

"No?" said Lieutenant Ashley. "Well, the brass band was busy" He had a roadster waiting. He tucked her in and took the wheel with, for him, but slight conversation. "Brought a coat?" he said; and—"Guess we can find you a helmet." Things like that—important and unimportant.

"Why aren't you in Washington?" asked Thérèse. "Is your general up too?" The general, it appeared, had come for the dinner of the night before—was returning to Washington at midnight.

"Nice to see you again, Gerald," said Thérèse.

"Say the word and you need never be without me," he assured her. He might or might not have meant it. He wore his aide's manner, smartly accented, like the gold loop on one shoulder.

Boyd was waiting just inside a hangar, in flying suit and helmet, with goggles pushed back.

"Well, here we are!" he said. "Hope you didn't mind coming out."

Thérèse said, "I was thrilled!" Queer to be able to tell your soul in silly little phrases and have no one hear you.

There were not many people about. A plane waited on the runway. Lieutenant Ashley brought a helmet and tied it on Thérèse's gleaming hair, put her into a leather coat not too frightfully large for her.

"How's that?" he asked, standing back with his head on one side regarding her critically.

"She'll do," said Boyd.

Although he didn't seem to pay a great deal of attention to Thérèse, and although Lieutenant Ashley helped her into the plane, it was Boyd who fastened the belt about her.

She adjusted her goggles without assistance, feeling like someone in the outer fringes of an anaesthetic. There was a clear pale sky, very little wind stirring. Sitting in the cockpit, Boyd raced the motor for a while, tested the controls. A few people stood about watching. No particular commotion. As he had said, they were used to him at the field.

Coming to the side of the plane at the last, Lieutenant Ashley looked up at Thérèse and shook his head mournfully.

"You would!" he said reproachfully or amusedly—one couldn't be sure.

Thérèse murmured, imploring, "Gerald, it isn't much! And he asked me—in Washington."

"Happy landings!" said Lieutenant Ashley—the air-service toast. He groped suddenly in his breast pocket and produced an envelope addressed to Boyd. "Give the boy this after you get up, will you? I don't want to bother him with it now."

"Nice old Gerald," thought Thérèse gratefully. After all, there was something about an aide; he could always be relied upon to make life run smoother, ease one over the ruts. The small ash-gold mustache, the line of the perfect nose were the last things in her consciousness as the world began to drop away. A world of flat fields and low hangars and little antlike clotted figures staring up; a world of pale sky and roaring noises and the hunch of two quiet shoulders below a helmeted steady head; wind, cold on one's face as water; a world—a winged world—of two, and two only!

He banked, he turned. Flat fields and antlike figures melted yet deeper into nothingness. Straight across the island he headed.

Thérèse slid deeper into her seat and closed her eyes. She thought: "I'm flying with Boyd! All the other women would give their right hands for it!" She remembered how she had said to Lieutenant Ashley "I'm not like all the other women," and had later learned that she was. Just as vulnerable, no more resistant; worse than all the other women, because where they gave only hero worship she spilled her heart's deep love.

She mused: "If by any chance we should crack up now, we'd go together. . . . I'm not sure that I shouldn't be glad." She prayed: "God, don't let me think of it! I'm going to keep out of his way after this! I promise you!"

She opened her eyes and he was looking back over his shoulder, smiling at her, with closed lips. She thought she had never seen so beautiful a look on any man's face—tenderness, unfathomable, controlled, directed; truth, like the glint of a clean sword.

Words came back from her little girlhood, from the dog-eared leaf of an old schoolbook—words she had laughed at, words that now laughed at her ignorance: "His strength is as the strength of ten, because his heart is pure." "Pure" didn't mean "weak." It wasn't a rotten joke. It meant all one thing. He was all a man. The whole cockeyed world saw it in him. That was why ——

She had to stop thinking about it. She had to lean forward. He was handing back to her a piece of paper folded, and with it a pencil. A note, of course. They couldn't talk for the roar of the motor. His lips moved, saying, "Read it." He went back to his dials.

Thérèse unfolded and read it—rapidly first, then dazedly, unbelievingly, a second and third time.

"Dear Ashley," it said—Dear Ashley! "give this to the papers for me tonight: Robert Boyd took off this afternoon at 3:35 from Curtiss Field, taking with him as passenger Miss Thérèse Miller. He refused to state destination or length of his projected flight." Then his initials—a stubby R. B. Below he had scribbled just before handing it to her: "Gave a copy of this to Ashley half an hour ago. Sure I can count on him. Objective—to compromise us both, making marriage inevitable. Think that will do it, don't you?"

More than the motion of the plane unsteadied Thérèse's senses. He looked back at her, nodded toward the pencil in her hand and she wrote scawlingly in answer: "That will do it—no argument. Are you crazy?"

To which, in the course of an endless moment, he returned a single line: "Yes, thank God. And so are you."

She gave back, even briefer: "I know it."

She wanted to stand up in the plane, stretch her arms high above her head and cry her exaltation along the walls of heaven like a valkyrie. Valkyries—they were poor things! They only rode with dead heroes; swifter than the four winds coursing, she rode with one living – her lover!

He was reaching back again. This time he had written:

"We are going to a hunting camp on a lake in Maine. I have the use of it. The Indian guide will be there, and his wife—or I think he has two, maybe. Tomorrow we can get down to the village. Is that all right with you?"

All right with her! Tears blinded her. She had to duck her head and struggle for control before she could pencil back: "All right with me. I love you."

How could they see through their owlish goggles—as they did—straight and deep, breathlessly and long, into that core of fire which is the center of the earth and of every human heart? It was what they had seen in their first look. They would be fighting to see it with their last.

Thérèse, groping in the pocket of her coat for a handkerchief, encountered the sharp edge of Lieutenant Ashley's envelope. She dragged it out, handed it over, forming words with her unsteady lips: "Gerald gave it to me for you."

He smiled at her and nodded, tore it open and read it. Presently he handed it back to her, and while she, too, read, leaning over, frowning intently, suddenly he drove the plane upward and forward in a rush like a winged fate, his shoulders shaking with happy laughter. Lieutenant Ashley had written:

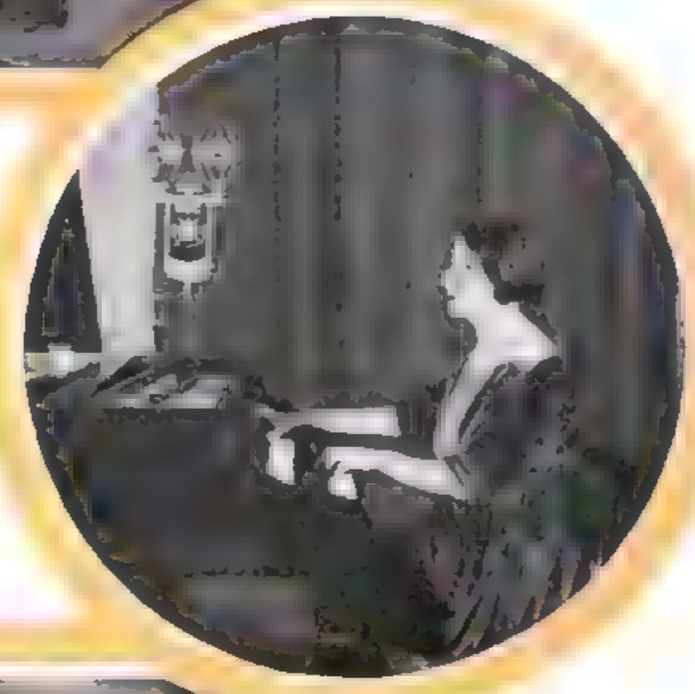
Dear Boyd: I caught a word between you and G. last night about your using his camp. I have taken the liberty of arranging for a minister to meet you there and I have had a wedding cake sent up—for luck. Hope it's edible. They so seldom are. After all, this may be your best possible course. Make you solid with the most romantic nation since Eden. Leave the reporters to me. I know my stuff. A kiss for the bride. GERALD ASHLEY.

That was all. That was enough. From New York to San Francisco, the scareheads unleashed now would run like forked lightning. The cameras would click and the flash lights would boom – on what? On a wild-goose plane, streaking across the sky, tearing across the sunset, familiar to the moon, only a handbreadth lower than the stars, with a flyer, born, in the cockpit, the only woman he ever wanted just behind him.

Leave the reporters to Lieutenant Ashley—leave them to the devil! The camera was never set, the flash light was never touched off, that could do that story justice!

Broadcasting a Maxwell House program—Nathaniel Shilkret conducting the Maxwell House Coffee Concert Orchestra, one of America's fine ensembles. At right, Milton J. Cross, announcer

No musical event in recent years has created such a furor as Wanda Landowska's revival of the harpsichord (below). She was quickly engaged to play in Maxwell House Coffee Hour



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All these have entertained you in Maxwell House Coffee Hour. And others equally famous are singing and playing for you in the 1928 series of Maxwell House Coffee Concerts

Make certain of a program which every member of the family will enjoy and profit by. Wherever you are, one of the stations listed here will bring you the Maxwell House program over the greatest radio hook-up regularly on the air! And as you listen to these beautiful concerts, remember that touch of blended richness, that extra goodness, which has made Maxwell House the largest selling high grade coffee in America.

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Outstanding among the world's violinists is Efrem Zimbalist (at left). His last public appearance in America was in a Maxwell House Coffee Concert

The "Golden Girl" of the Metropolitan Opera, May Peterson (at right), one of the soprano stars of Maxwell House Coffee Concerts

(*Cut this out for reference*)

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Maxwell House Coffee Concerts are broadcast from leading stations. For dates, time and programs, see local announcements

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MAXWELL HOUSE COFFEE

It is pleasing more people than any other coffee ever offered for sale

"Good to the last drop"

SECOND CHOICE

(Continued from Page 25)

The maid—in a hastily manufactured new cap and apron—was just taking Owen's coat. How tall he was! His shoulders were broader, he was much bigger than Valeria had remembered. But then she had never really looked at him before! His thick fair hair shone under the light, he turned around. He saw her, and something leaped up in his eyes, as if unwillingly was quickly replaced by an ironic gleam. She held out her hand, he took it and let it go.

"How well you are doing it," he said, with a sarcastic smile, looking down at her frock. "For a moment I was almost flattered."

The maid had remained with half-open mouth, staring at them, simply lost, bemused, in her intense admiration for Owen. It struck Valeria, with surprise, that he was a man whom other women might consider handsome, magnetic.

"You have made a conquest," she murmured, imitating his sarcastic tone.

She felt inexplicably angry, and yet cold all over. She led the way to the living room, where, on the edges of chairs, her parents waited.

XXI

CHRISTOPHER GROVE'S state of mind was the most pitiable of that group. Kitty Grove had victory at any cost to sustain her, Valeria and Owen their secret sense of the comedy of the situation. But Valeria's father had nothing but an overwhelming astonishment and dismay; that, and a feeling of some inexplicably tragic undercurrent, an intuition of something bewilderingly, disastrously wrong in the whole affair—a trouble that he couldn't grasp or put into words.

It had never been possible for Christopher Grove to interrogate anyone, to intrude by the smallest degree into another's secret; least of all could he attempt this with his daughter. But his feeling of misfortune amounted to nervous dread. And as Owen was introduced to him he felt also a curious shame. His fingers trembled as he shook hands with Owen. His fine pale skin was colored painfully. He spoke stiffly and painfully, though with dignity, on commonplace topics. And after a very few moments—in fact, as soon as he possibly could—he left the room. Kitty Grove soon followed, though a great deal more reluctantly. The lovers were left alone.

Valeria was sitting on the sofa. Owen was opposite her in an armchair. He looked at her questioningly, a humorous light in his eyes. She returned his gaze impassively.

"Well?" he said.

"Well?"

"We must arrange parties every evening. We ought to be seen in public. Besides, we can't be left alone like this."

"No; it isn't very amusing."

There was a slight uncomfortable pause.

"I must thank you for your beautiful flowers," she said coldly.

"Oh, don't bother. It was only part of the game."

"I understood that, of course."

"Then we needn't pretend in private."

"I hadn't the slightest intention ——" she began angrily, then checked herself, continued coldly: "I thought I might be polite—even to you."

"Don't bother. I'll take your gratitude for granted. I only expect you to boast to other women about my generosity."

"I'd hardly be a woman if I didn't do that."

He rose, came over to her.

"If this isn't right we can change it tomorrow."

He handed her a small jeweler's box. She opened it, saw a beautiful square-cut emerald surrounded by smaller diamonds. She put the box down beside her on the sofa.

"It is not necessary to give me presents."

"Of course it is necessary!" His tone was annoyed. "You must have an engagement ring. Will you put it on, please?" His voice had become curt, commanding.

She took the ring out of the box and put it on the third finger of her left hand without looking at it. She hid her hand under the folds of her frock. Her chin went up, her eyes sparkled with anger.

"I shall accept this—because I must—nothing else."

"Don't be absurd! You will accept a great many presents from me—as many as I choose to give you."

"I ——"

"If I am to play the part of an infatuated lover I shan't allow your perfectly absurd scruples to interfere—or even your dislike for me. I won't be made to appear a miser, you know. It's the world's opinion we are thinking of, not each other's."

"I quite understand that."

"Then play the game."

Into the air, electric with their quarrel, came a soft, warning tap. Mrs. Grove, knocking discreetly on the door as she slowly pushed it open.

"Oh, I'm so sorry," she apologized brightly. "But there's something very important I forgot to ask you two happy children." She squeezed herself into the room, stood beaming at them, all her old, gay confidence restored. "I forgot to ask you—when do you want it announced?"

"Mother!" Valeria cried, hot with shame. "There's no hurry!"

"Well, it's only that Miss Pringerford, on the Chronicle—you know, Owen, the society editor of the Daily Chronicle—I always promised her she should be the one to have it when you did get engaged, Val. She's often enough asked me ——"

Valeria and Owen burst out laughing together. Mrs. Grove stared at them in surprise.

"Announce it at once, by all means," said Owen. "And do give that inestimable privilege to Miss Pringerford."

"Yes, I really think Miss Pringerford deserves the scoop," said Val—"after waiting for it eleven years."

Since she had carried her point, Mrs. Grove was impervious to mockery.

"Well," she continued in great contentment, "you know the next meeting of the lunch club is with you, Val. I suppose you've forgotten all about it, but I haven't. It's Val's turn to entertain the lunch club, Owen, day after tomorrow—Wednesday—and I thought it would be so nice if we could tell her intimate friends then, and Miss Pringerford could announce it in the paper and describe the luncheon too. And—well, any plans for the wedding?"

Owen turned a satirical blue eye upon his frowning fiancée.

"Your mother would like to know the date of our wedding, darling, and so should I. Come, Mrs. Grove, help me to make Val set the day—isn't that the delightful expression?"

"Well, Val," chirped her mother, "have you decided?"

"Come, darling, don't be shy," said Owen.

Val looked at them both angrily.

"Any time you like."

"But, Val!" cried her mother, with her little, maddening, indulgent laugh. "It's not my wedding. You must decide."

"The sooner the better," said Owen ardently.

She gave him a furious glance.

"Tonight then—I don't care."

"But, Val, your trousseau! And how can you say you don't care? And, of course, you'll have a wedding—a big church wedding?"

There was positive dismay in Mrs. Grove's voice.

"Oh, yes, of course we shall have a church wedding," Owen assured her. "I have often heard people say that they wouldn't feel married at all unless they got married in church, and now I understand that charming sentiment."

Val gave him a look of utter scorn.

"I never knew you were a humorist."

"But you really don't know anything about me, darling!"

She replied in a very grave tone: "No, I don't know you at all."

"Where did you meet, anyway? How did it happen?" cried Mrs. Grove eagerly. "Val won't tell me a thing! But it couldn't have been more than five days—I never heard of such a whirlwind courtship!"

"Will you be sure to have Miss Pringerford put that in the Chronicle too? I should like to be described as a whirlwind lover."

"Oh, what a tease you are!" twittered Mrs. Grove archly. "Shall we say May then? This is March. April—that will give us time for the trousseau if we hurry—would about the middle of May suit you, Val?"

"I thought June was the brides' month," said Valeria, adopting Owen's tone, though her voice trembled with exasperation.

"But, Val, I never knew you to want to do things like other people!"

"Well, now I want to do everything like other people."

"Yes, we want to have everything exactly like everyone else," said Owen. "Will you arrange it for us, Mrs. Grove? We shall trust to your judgment."

"Oh, really! What a charming son I am getting! But, Owen, you must call me mother."

His face tightened as if she had struck him. His lips set in a white line.

"Do you mind if I don't?" But it was a statement, not a question.

Mrs. Grove was quick, though, to adapt herself to unaccountable moods—that is, masculine ones.

"Call me Kitty, then. That's better, anyway—makes me feel younger."

"How nice it is," said Owen, when Mrs. Grove had left them alone again, "not to have to anticipate any opposition from your mother."

Valeria did not answer. She had gone over to the window and stood with her back to him, her head bent.

He watched her for a moment in silence. Then, with a slight gesture of irritation:

"I am very sorry. But since I am here, I suppose I must stay until eleven o'clock, at least. Your mother would think it very strange if I went home earlier."

"I suppose so. Won't you sit down?" She walked over to the sofa.

He took the chair he had before.

"Before it's too late," Valeria said, "let's end this very stupid practical joke."

"But why? What has made you change your mind since this afternoon?"

She looked at him, directly, levelly, without answering.

He jumped up from his chair, walked about, wheeled sharply around. His voice was tense with irritation:

"But, my dear girl! If we don't laugh at this thing ——"

"—— we shall cry. Exactly!"

His whole manner changed. He came over to her, stood by the sofa, looking down at her.

"Val, forgive me. I don't know why—my nerves are on edge, I suppose. I'm not myself—not responsible."

Her head was bent, she looked at the hands which lay in her lap. The engagement ring sparkled ironically.

"I understand, of course," she said in a low bitter tone. "I'm very often that way myself."

"I do things, say things I don't mean."

"Like asking me to marry you."

"No, I meant that."

She only shook her head, with a faint, incredulous smile.

"I want to stick to that—if you will."

He bent over her, lifted her hand. She drew it quietly away. The quick color swept his forehead in a dark tide. He moved quickly away from her.

"Well," he said in an abrupt, angry tone, "it's for you to decide. But you must stick to your decision. We can't change about from day to day or we shall get ourselves thoroughly laughed at—more than ever."

"All right then." She spoke in a clear, practical voice. "I should be a fool to give you up. But I had to keep a little self-respect—and offer to, anyhow."

"I wish you'd stop looking at it in that way. You're doing quite as much for me as I for you."

"That's very nice of you," she said in an utterly weary voice. "But I don't expect or want—pretty speeches. Just let's agree to make each other as little miserable as we can."

His glance was so swift, so mingled of various emotions, that she could not read it. If it had been any other man she might have thought that she had hurt him. But Owen could not be hurt by her. And she did not wish to wound him. You only want to hurt the man you love.

"Hugh! Hugh! If I could make you suffer—and bring you back to me!"

When Mrs. Grove came down the hall at eleven o'clock with a tray of drinks and sandwiches, there was absolute silence behind the closed door. She coughed discreetly, rattled the glasses, clicked the edge of the tray and called out warningly: "Children!"

"Children!" she chirped again as she pushed open the door, and so just missed seeing the diverting spectacle of a newly engaged couple sitting at opposite ends of a room, reading.

XXII

MANY a better-loved man than Owen has been lost—or at least mislaid—in the preparations for a wedding. But in this case it was only too fortunate that there were so many mundane affairs to distract the thoughts of the bride.

There was not only the very serious and strenuous business of collecting a trousseau—with a hurried looting foray on New York thrown in—but incessant parties had to be sandwiched between the incessant appointments with dressmakers and decorators and milliners and hairdressers and shoemakers and caterers and jewelers and photographers and wrangling bridesmaids. Old friends who for a long time had forgotten the very existence of Kitty and Valeria Grove now had their memories refreshed—perhaps by the axiom that to him who hath shall be given. And there were invitations to luncheons and teas and showers and dinners and dances and theaters and supper after the theater and five o'clock breakfasts after balls.

The lovers seldom saw each other alone, and then their talk was only of chintzes and bathtubs and fresh paint. For they were having John Clive's old house, Clivedale Farm, renovated, to live in at least temporarily. And Owen was living there now, attended by John Clive's old servants, while the alterations were being made; only coming in to Midland for parties in the evening; sometimes stopping overnight at his club in town, but spending the greater part of his time at the mills. He had taken over the management of his own affairs and was even more constantly occupied, more intensely absorbed than Val.

Yet the public display of infatuation continued. Long-distance telephone calls and telegrams—always timed to reach Val at one of her hen parties—special-delivery letters—stuffed with blank sheets of paper—the daily dozen of flowers—"I declare I never want to see another orchid as long as I live!" boasted Kitty Grove—and the beautiful presents—pear-shaped emerald earrings, an emerald-and-diamond bracelet, three identical Pekingese, a blue

(Continued on Page 81)

"FOR 6 YEARS I struggled to get back my health"

Buffalo, N. Y.

"Continuously strenuous work, even in an office where the atmosphere is one of beauty and calm, can be very wearing

"Finally I had a breakdown. My weight dropped to 101 pounds. For six years I struggled along, trying everything I knew to build myself up again—but without success.

"When at last Fleischmann's Yeast was recommended to me I grasped at the hope as a drowning person clutches at a straw. But there the comparison ends, for in less than a year the Yeast had restored me to my normal weight and brought back my health. I am now vigorous and well. And happy in my work."

Mae Hennessy

Miss Mae Hennessy, Buffalo, N. Y.

VIGOR, stamina, a cheery outlook depend largely on regular and *complete* elimination of food waste.

Doctors for years have known this. And more and more they are recommending Fleischmann's Yeast.

Fleischmann's Yeast is a food, as fresh as any green vegetable. It helps to keep the intestines free of poisons. Strengthens the sluggish intestinal muscles. Banishes constipation.

Your new intestinal health soon reflects itself throughout your body. Your blood clears. Your digestion improves. Your skin is freed of embarrassing eruptions.

Buy 2 or 3 days' supply at a time from your grocer and keep in any cool, dry place. Send for latest booklet on Yeast in the diet—free. Health Research Dept. D-59, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.

ABOVE

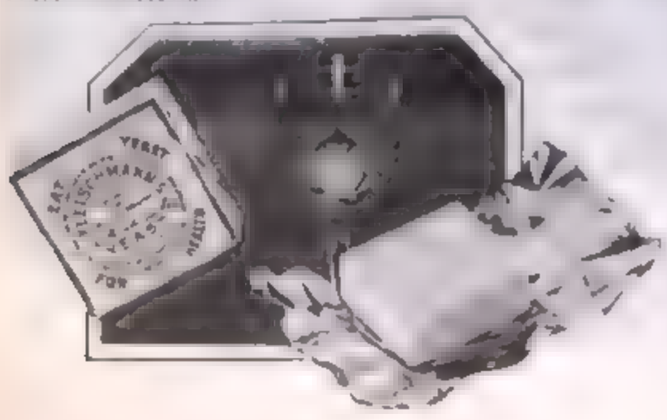
Mr. Devaney at his linotype machine in the composing room of a Cincinnati newspaper. It looks like a big typewriter, but it's a man's size job to operate one. The work is both exacting and confining.

"I began to suffer from severe indigestion caused by constipation," Mr. Devaney writes. "I became so badly run down that I lost twenty pounds in weight . . . Being advised to try Fleischmann's Yeast, I began to eat three cakes a day. In two or three months' time I recovered my normal weight and entirely overcame my constipation And my stomach trouble has never bothered me since."

Edward J. Devaney, Cincinnati, Ohio

Do this—to be energetic, well:

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one cake before each meal or between meals. Eat it plain, or dissolved in water—hot or cold—or any other way you like. For stubborn constipation drink it in a glass of hot water (not scalding) before meals and before going to bed. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary

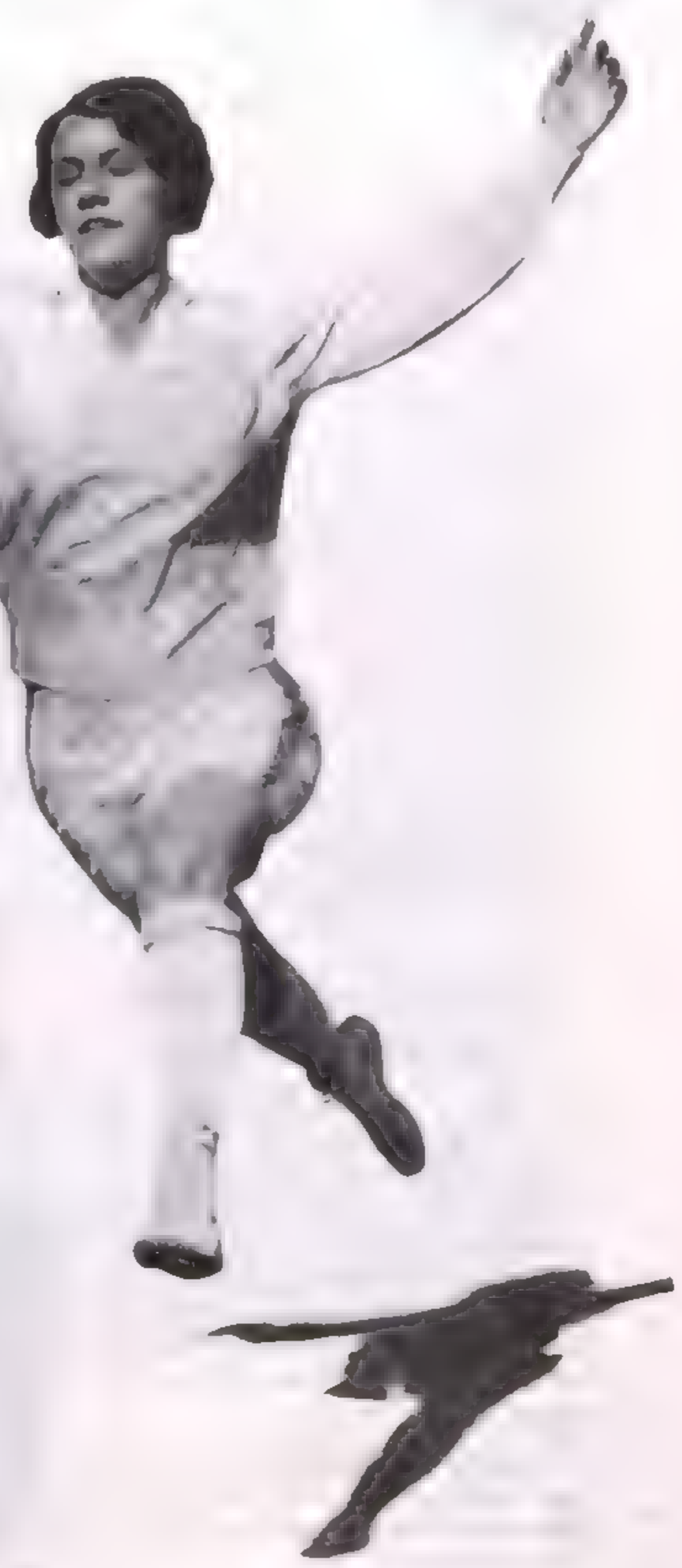


ABOVE

Mr. C. B. Webber, manufacturer of ball bearings, in the office of his plant at Boston. He writes:

"Some years ago I was sick in bed for about a week After I got up I still didn't feel my old self, so I called in the doctor. He said that I hadn't got rid of all the poison from my recent illness, and ordered me to eat three cakes every day of Fleischmann's Yeast, one before each meal. At that time I had never heard of using Yeast for health, but I followed the doctor's suggestion and gave it a fair trial. I can truthfully say that Yeast did all he said it would do. I am now entirely well."

C. B. Webber, Boston, Mass.



ABOVE

"When I graduate from school I hope to become an athletic instructor. (I now hold high points in running and jumping and the highest athletic average in my class.) When I take up my instruction duties one thing you may be sure of is that I shall recommend Fleischmann's Yeast. Here is why

"Some time ago I was bothered with severe skin eruptions, all the way up my left arm. Tonics and salves had no effect whatever. At last, seeing in a newspaper what Fleischmann's Yeast had done for many others, I began to eat it myself. In a few weeks there wasn't a blemish of any kind on my arm. This was about three years ago, but I still eat Yeast every day about mealtime, and am in the best of health."

Bessie Blackie, Cleveland, Ohio

Estate brings a cheery into GAS RANGES *in the* GAY, NEW SHADES

LET us be thankful that we live in a colorful age—a gay age—a cheerful age—an age that laughs as it labors!

Everywhere the home reflects the sunny viewpoint of its owners—sombre hangings give way to bright chintzes—gay furniture smiles a welcome on every hand—the very floors underfoot have burst into bloom. Color has come into its own!

And now Estate Gas Ranges bring a cheery chuckle of color into the kitchen. The lifeless blacks, the timid whites, the doleful grays of yesterday have been replaced with radiant Mandarin Red, refreshing Jade Green and gorgeous King's Blue—the most popular hues of today.

The Estate Gas Range—the very *heart* of the modern kitchen—has been transformed, as if by magic, into a piece of furniture of exotic beauty!

Under their rich raiment they are true Estates

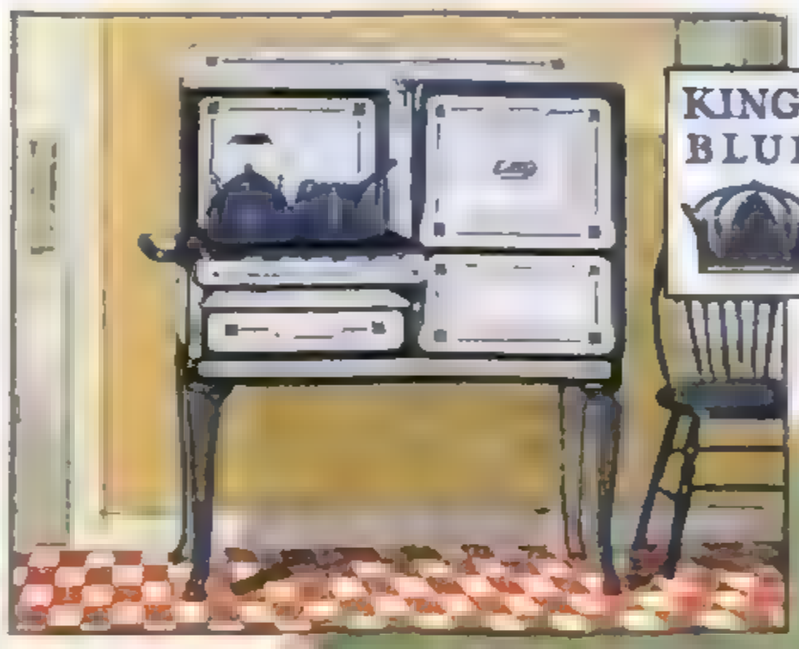
You will find in these fascinating new ranges the ultimate utility you have learned to expect from Estate. The famous Fresh-Air "double boiler" oven that insures uniform baking, exactly the same way that the double boiler insures uniform cooking. Success a certainty, always! Especially, since the ThermEstate Oven Heat Control enables you to bake "by time and temperature."

Completely finished in everlasting vitreous enamel, you may be sure that the colors will hold their lustre—be a joy to the eye, always.

See these new Estates

We know you will be proud to own one of these gayly colored new Estates, and we know, too, that you are most anxious to see them. So, on page 80, we have listed the names of leading gas companies and merchants who have them on display. If you do not find one who is located conveniently near you, write to us for pictures and full information.

Oh! And do you know that Vollrath makes enameled ware in shades to carry out your favorite kitchen color scheme?



Colorful new Estate Electric *Ranges, too*

For those who cook with electricity, there is the new, improved Estate Electric Range, done in the modern manner—in Mandarin Red and Jade Green.

© 1928, The Estate Stove Company

chuckle of color the kitchen

JADE GREEN

TURN THE PAGE... you will find listed the names of hundreds of gas companies and merchants who have these gayly-colored, new Estate Ranges on display.

Estate

GAS RANGES *(Fresh-Air Oven)*

Made by THE ESTATE STOVE COMPANY, HAMILTON, OHIO · *House Founded in 1845*

Originators and sole makers of Estate Heatrola and Estate Gas Heatrola

Aberdeen, S. D. ..... Witte Hardware Co.
Abilene, Texas ..... Waldrop Furniture Company
Akron, Ohio ..... The Central Hardware & Stove Co.
Albany, N. Y. ..... Brahm & Molitor.
Alexandria, La. ..... V. J. Wolf & Son
Allentown, Pa. ..... Allentown Bethlehem Gas Co
Alliance, Ohio ..... J. H. Johnson's Sons
Altoona, Pa. ..... W. S. Aaron.
Altus, Okla. ..... Southwestern Light and Power Co.
Alvin, Texas. ..... Winchester Store.
Amityville, L. I. ..... Long Island Lighting Company
Amsterdam, N. Y. ..... Chattanunda Gas Light Co.
Anderson, Ind. ..... The Duffey Hardware.
Antwerp, Ohio ..... L. Smith & Son.
Arkansas City, Kan. ..... Arkansas Valley Gas Co.
Arnold, Pa. ..... W. R. Gott.
Ashland, Ky. ..... Ogden Hardware Co.
Atlanta, Ga. ..... Duffee-Freeman Furniture Co.
Augusta, Kan. ..... Western Distributing Co.
Austin, Texas ..... Home Furniture Company

Babylon, L. I., N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Baldwin, L. I., N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Baltimore, Md. ..... Approved Appl. Assoc.
Barnesville, Ohio. ..... The E. C. Stewart Co., Inc.
Bartow, Fla. ..... M. M. Jones Hardware Co.
Batavia, N. Y. ..... Steele & Torrance, Inc.
Baton Rouge, La. ..... Baton Rouge Electric Co.
Bay City, Mich. ..... C. E. Rosenbury & Sons
Bayonne, N. J. ..... Public Service Electric & Gas Co.
Bayshore, L. I., N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Beaumont, Texas ..... Ryder Furniture & Carpet Co.
Beaver, Pa. ..... J. J. Anderson
Beeville, Texas ..... Burrows Hardware Co.
Bellefontaine, Ohio ..... C. E. Cook.
Bellevue, Ky. ..... The Gas & Electric Appliance Co.
Bellingham, Wash. ..... Thiel & Welter
Beloit, Wisc. ..... R. T. Morrill.
Benton, Ark. ..... Lester Furniture Company.
Beverly Hills, Calif. ..... Southern California Gas Co.
Big Spring, Texas ..... Big Spring Public Service Co.
Binghamton, N. Y. ..... Crane & Page
Birmingham, Ala. ..... Birmingham Hdw. & Gas Sup. Co.
Boston, Mass. ..... Estate Stove Co. 131 Beverly St.
Bound Brook, N. J. ..... Public Service Elec. & Gas Co.
Bowling Green, Ohio ..... Corn & Son
Brooklyn, N. Y. ..... Brooklyn Union Gas Co.
2950 Atlantic Avenue
124 Bedford Avenue
348 Court Street
421 Fifth Avenue
1034 Flatbush Avenue
4721 Fourth Avenue.
1024 Fulton Street
2069 Fulton Street
757 Myrtle Avenue
1381 Myrtle Avenue
176 Remsen Street.
Brookville, Pa. ..... Phillips Hardware Company
Brownsville, Texas ..... M. Fabens & Co.
Brownwood, Texas ..... Lagow Furniture Co.
Buffalo, N. Y. ..... Van Cott Company
Burlington, Ia. ..... Burlington Furniture & Carpet Co.
Burlington, N. J. ..... Public Service Electric & Gas Co.
Butler, Pa. ..... Alfred A. Campbell

Camden, Ark. ..... Scott Furniture Co.
Camden, N. J. ..... Public Service Electric & Gas Co.
Carthage, Mo. ..... The Carthage Gas Company
Carthage, Ohio ..... Suburban Hardware Company
Carthage, Texas ..... Hays Corn Hardware Co.
Canton, Ohio ..... The Portman Heating Co.
Charleston, Pa. ..... Greene Hardware
Charleston, W. Va. ..... Idea Furniture Company
Cherryvale, Kan. ..... The Ott Gas Company
Chicago, Ill. ..... The Dixon Company
Chickasha, Okla. ..... Southwestern Light & Power Co.
Childress, Texas ..... R. R. Sowell Hdwe. Co.
Clarksburg, W. Va. ..... Monongahela Public Service Co.
Cleburne, Texas ..... J. D. Jamerson
Cincinnati, Ohio ..... The Mohr & Speckle Co.
Bell Furniture Co., 1309 Central Ave.
Burton Furniture Co., 141 W. 6th St.
The Electric Shops of The Gas & Elec. Appl. Co.
25 W. Second St.
6032 Harrison Rd., Oakley
3652 Warsaw Ave., Price Hill
4911 Winton Ave., Madisonville
5 E. 8 Point Sts.
5th & Main Sts.
The Fair Store Co., 6th & Race Streets.
The Rollman & Sons Co.
The Ely Stores Co.
South Fork Furniture Co., 2527 W. 3rd St.
Harry Sedam, 1st & Elm St.
The A. Steinkamp & Co., 321 W. 4th St.
S. Timmerman & Co., 414-416 W. 6th St.
Cleburne, Ohio ..... H. A. Stevenson
Cleburne, Texas ..... Gray Hardware Co.
Clearfield, Pa. ..... Lamm Hospital Co.
Cleveland, Ohio ..... The Cleveland Electric Co.
Cleveland, Ohio ..... The Mac Company
Cleveland, Texas ..... Lone Star Gas Co.
Columbus, Ohio ..... Bishop Kennedy Company
The W. S. Cottle & Sons Co.
The Frederick Loeb Co.
The B. F. Keith & Sons Co.
The Sayre Henderson Co.
Connellsville, Pa. ..... F. B. Zimmerman Co.
Corning, N. Y. ..... Corning Gas Light Co.
Corsicana, Texas ..... Hays Miller Co.
Covington, Ind. ..... H. D. Van Sant
Crawfordsville, Ind. ..... Price Hardware Company
Cumberland, Md. ..... Dixie Furniture House.
Dale, Ind. ..... Dale Novelty Furniture Company
The Electric Shops of The Gas & Elec. Appl. Co.
Modern Furniture Company
Otis Zeiger Hardware Co.
Crestline, Ohio ..... F. Weaver
Cuero, Texas ..... Nagel Hardware Co.

Dallas, Texas ..... Anderson Furniture Co.
Davenport, Ia. ..... Mueller Leather Goods Co.
Dawson, Texas ..... Sole & Mayhew
Dayton, Ohio ..... The Dayton Power & Light Co.
Decatur, Ind. ..... Frank B. Duell
Delaware, Ohio ..... Newton Furniture Co.
Detroit, Mich. ..... The American Furniture Company
Detroit, Mich. ..... People's Outfitting Company
Dixon, Ill. ..... W. H. Weyer
Donora, Pa. ..... Bayer Company, Inc.
Du Bois, Pa. ..... Hartzell Furniture Company
Duluth, Minn. ..... Kelso Furniture Co.
Duncan, Okla. ..... Southwestern Light & Power Co.

East Akron, Ohio ..... East Akron Hardware Co.
Easton, Pa. ..... Easton Home Appliance Co.
El Campo, Tex. ..... Gates Gas Engine Co.
El Dorado, Kan. ..... Western Distributing Co.
El Paso, Texas ..... Texas Hardware & Supply Co.
Elizabethtown, Pa. ..... I. A. Keller
Elkhart, Ind. ..... Curtis Furniture Co.
Elwood, Ind. ..... Zeigler Furniture Company
Elmira, N. Y. ..... Brooklyn Union Gas Co.
80-38 Queens Blvd.

Elmira, N. Y. ..... C. W. Young & Son
Elmwood Place, Ohio ..... Kobstadt Hardware Co.
El Reno, Okla. ..... Jones Furniture Company
Elwood, Ind. ..... Central Hardware Store
Emporia, Kan. ..... The Haynes Hardware Company
Englewood, N. J. ..... Public Service Electric & Gas Co.
Escanaba, Mich. ..... Escanaba Hardware Company

Farmerville, Tex. ..... Frank Tolbert
Farrell, Pa. ..... Myer Frank
Floral Park, N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Fort Wayne, Ind. ..... Fort Wayne Outfitters Co.
Fort Worth, Texas. ..... W. C. Stripling Co.
Fostoria, Ohio ..... The Fruth Hardware Co.
Framingham, Mass. ..... Wm. Barr Dry Goods Co.
Frankfort, Ky. ..... Chas. Whittaker
Franklin, Ohio ..... The Gas & Electric Appliance Co.
Freeport, N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Fremont, Ohio ..... The Winters Hardware Company

Gainesville, Texas ..... Schad & Pulte
Gallipolis, Ohio ..... Swanson Hardware Company
Galveston, Texas ..... Kauffman-Marcus Co.
Gary, Ind. ..... Burke-Rose Furniture Co.
Gatesville, Texas ..... A. E. Bryant
Genoa, Ohio ..... W. Skillman & Sons
Glen Cove, N. Y. ..... Sea Cliff & Glen Cove Gas Co.
Glendale, Calif. ..... Southern California Gas Co.
Glendive, Mont. ..... Montana Dakota Power Co.
Gloucester, Ohio ..... Richardson Furniture Co.
Gloversville, N. Y. ..... Dunkel & Schultz
Goliad, Texas ..... Boothe & Lee
Grand Junction, Colo. ..... Public Service Co. of Colorado
Grand Rapids, Mich. ..... Herpolsheimer Co.
Grand Rapids, Minn. ..... Northland Furniture Co.
Great Neck, L. I., N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Greenfield, Ohio ..... O. L. Palmer
Greensburg, Ind. ..... The Craig-Tamilty Hdwe. Co.
Greensburg, Pa. ..... W. H. Maxwell
Greenup, Ky. ..... F. T. Tolson
Greenville, Ohio ..... Seltman Hardware Company
Greenville, Texas. ..... New Furniture Company

Hackensack, N. J. ..... Public Service Elec. & Gas Co.
Hagerstown, Md. ..... Garver Furniture Co.
Hamilton, Ohio. The Electric Shop, G. & E. App. Co.
The Fahrney-Martindale Hardware Co.
Hammond, Ind. ..... Lehmann & Lang
Hanover, Pa. ..... Frey-Krebs Store
Harlingen, Texas ..... M. Fabens & Co.
Harrisburg, Pa. ..... Bricker & Co.
Hartford, Conn. ..... G. Fox & Co.
Hearne, Texas ..... Acme Hardware Co.
Hempstead, N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Henderson, Texas ..... M. Langston
Hoboken, N. J. ..... Public Service Electric & Gas Co.
Holland, Mich. ..... Vanden Berg Hardware & Furniture Co.
Hope, Ark. ..... Hope Furniture Company
Houston, Texas ..... W. R. Pannell & Co.
Howell, Mich. ..... H. J. Crane Hardware Co.
Hudson, Texas ..... H. J. Crane Hardware Co.
Huntington, W. Va. ..... J. T. Cook Furniture Co.
Huntington, N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Hutchinson, Kan. ..... Hutchinson Gas Corporation

Indianapolis, Ind. ..... L. S. Ayres & Company
Ishpeming, Mich. ..... Pearl Furniture Co.
Ithaca, N. Y. ..... Stevenson Hardware Co.
Jackson, Miss. ..... Capital Hardware Co.
Jamestown, N. Y. ..... Standard Furniture Co.
Jefferson, Ohio ..... Conneaut Hardware Company
Jeffersonville, Ind. ..... Hardware Dry Goods Co.
Jersey City, N. J. ..... Public Service Electric & Gas Co.
Johnstown, N. Y. ..... J. W. Dean
Joplin, Mo. ..... Joplin Gas Company

Kerrville, Texas ..... Carroll Hardware Co.
Kokomo, Ind. ..... Morse Furniture Company

Lafayette, Ind. ..... Lyle Sweets
Lakewood, Ohio ..... R. H. Bruce & Son
Lansing, Mich. ..... Vanderveer Hdwe. Co.
Lawrence, Kan. ..... Arbuckle's Hardware
Lawton, Okla. ..... Southwestern Light and Power Co.
Lincoln, Nebr. ..... Hardy Furniture Co.
Little Rock, Ark. ..... Little Rock Hdwe. & China Co.
Long Beach, N. Y. ..... Meron Bros.
Lockland, Ohio ..... Carlson Hardware Company
Royal Furniture Company
R. & S. Furniture Company
Lockport, N. Y. ..... Morris Hardware Co.
Logan, Ohio ..... Weis Bros.
Logan, W. Va. ..... Logan Mercantile Co.
Logansport, Ind. ..... Flanagan Hardware Co.
London, Ohio ..... Dwyer Bros.
Long Beach, L. I., N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Los Angeles, Calif. ..... Birch Smith Furniture Co.
Southern Hardware Company
Southern Home Furnishing Co.
Louisville, Ky. ..... Hite Furniture Co.
Lubbock, Texas ..... Sherrod Bros. Hardware Co.

McAllen, Texas ..... McAllen & Company
McDonald, Pa. ..... McDonald Mercantile Co.
McKeesport, Pa. ..... R. F. Stoner Company
Marion, Ind. ..... Johnston Furniture Company
Marlow, Okla. ..... Southwestern Light & Power Co.
Marshall, Texas ..... J. N. Smith Furniture Company
Marshalltown, Ind. ..... Fisher & Keown
Marshall, Pa. ..... Maxwell & Sons
Memphis, Tenn. ..... The New Bee Company
Menominee, Mich. ..... Hermann Outer Hdwe.
Meridian, Miss. ..... Edwards Furniture Company
Merkel, Texas ..... Merkel Mercantile Co.
Meyersdale, Pa. ..... Meyersdale Public Service Co.
Mexia, Texas ..... M. Langston
Miami, Okla. ..... Consumers Gas Company
Middleport, Ohio ..... Rowley & Reed
Middletown, Ohio ..... The Electric Shop
Miles City, Mont. ..... Montana Dakota Power Co.
Milwaukee, Wisc. ..... Hartman Furniture & Carpet Co.
Minneapolis, Minn. ..... The Estate Stove Company, 714 Washington Avenue, North.
Minneola, N. Y. ..... Long Island Lighting Co.
Monessen, Pa. ..... H. M. Price Hardware Co.
Monroe, Ill. ..... Monroe Furniture Company
Monroe, La. ..... Monroe Furniture Company, Ltd.
Montclair, N. J. ..... Public Service Elec. & Gas Co.
Morgantown, W. Va. ..... The Loving Furniture Co.
Morristown, N. J. ..... Public Service Elec. & Gas Co.
Mt. Healthy, Ohio ..... Herman C. Mueller Co.
Mt. Healthy, Ohio ..... George Schiering
Mt. Pleasant, Pa. ..... Sam Levin Furn. & Hdwe. Co.
Mt. Vernon, Ohio ..... Max Meyer Store
Mt. Vernon, N. Y. ..... Westchester Lighting Co.
Muncie, Ind. ..... Bunner Furniture Co.
Muscatine, Ia. ..... Dettlaff Hardware Company
Muskegon, Mich. ..... N. G. Vanderlinde

Newark, Ohio. ..... Elliott Hardware Company
Newark, N. J. Public Service E. & G. Co., 80 Park Pl.
New Bethlehem, Pa. ..... J. F. Martin
New Britain, Conn. ..... New Britain Gas Light Co.
New Brunswick, N. J. ..... Public Service E. & G. Co.
New Carlisle, Ind. ..... Joe L. Wilcox
New Castle, Ind. ..... Henry Furniture Company
New Castle, Ind. ..... Ice Hardware Company
New Orleans, La. ..... New Orleans Public Service, Inc.
New Orleans, La. ..... Woodward Wight & Co., Ltd.
Newport, Ky. ..... Dine-Schabell Company
Newport, Ky. ..... The Electric Shop, G. & E. App. Co.
New Rochelle, N. Y. ..... Westchester Lighting Co.
Newton, Kan. ..... Newton Gas Company
New York City (Borough of Bronx)
Bronx Gas & Electric Co., 43 Westchester Sq.
Central Union Gas Co., 529 Courtlandt Ave.
Nor. Union Gas Co., 310 East Kingsbridge Road
Northern Union Gas Co., 1815 Webster Avenue
New York City (Borough of Brooklyn)
Brooklyn Borough Gas Co., 1703 Kings Hy.
Mermaid Avenue & West 17th Street
1 J. Sheepshead Bay Road
Kings County Corporation, 6740 Fourth Ave.
1802 New Utrecht Avenue
1876—86th St.
New York City, Borough of Manhattan
Consolidated Gas Company of New York
1 Andrew Avenue
14 147 Street
142 Lenox Street
2284 Lenox Avenue
212 West 57th Street.
New Amsterdam Gas Co., 142 East 19th St.
Standard Gas Light Co. 32 West 125th Street
New York City (Borough of Queens)
East River Gas Co., Long Island City.
New York & Queens Gas Co., Flushing
Richmond Borough Gas Co.
Richmond
Richmond
Richmond

(Continued from Page 76)

Persian cat, French perfumes, the seed-pearl parure that had belonged to Owen's grandmother, a dressing case with gold-topped bottles and brushes of sapphire enamel and gold, an aquamarine pendant, the ruby that Cynthia Clive had worn.

The engagement produced a remarkable sensation—even greater than Valeria and Owen had hoped. The most extraordinary rumors were floating about, originated no one knew where, but repeated as amusing even when they were not believed. It was said that here, at last, was an explanation of the mysterious battle of the country club. Owen had fallen in love with Val at first sight, and Hugh had become jealous, and the two had fought like stags over the desired female, and Hugh, in his defeat, had turned to Madge Harcourt.

This theory seemed to be confirmed by Hugh's absence from town. He had gone away on some mission connected with his future father-in-law's business as soon as he left the hospital. And Madge had gone with her mother to Paris to buy her trousseau.

It was even declared—without any regard for the probabilities of time and place—that Beth Randall had not jilted Owen, after all—he had jilted her! Of course there were some observers—chiefly feminine—who held out for the theory that it was only a spite marriage.

But this opinion contained too much common sense, was backed by too many obvious facts to be popular with the great majority.

Among that little circle of dearest friends—the lunch club—the reaction was curious. For years they had urged Valeria to marry, and to marry well. But now that they learned how well she was obeying their advice, they seemed more than a trifle disconcerted—all except Alma, who preserved a distressed silence, a look of bewildered and hurt dismay.

But it was as foreign to Alma's nature as to Christopher Grove's to question, remonstrate or advise. Those two gentle souls expressed their anxiety through tenderness. And only their excessive optimism concerning matrimony in general convinced Val of the grave misgivings they entertained for her own future.

XXIII

SO THINGS stood until a week before the wedding, when Beth Randall was married, in the afternoon; and, in the evening, Louise Chadwick gave her Famous Lovers' Ball.

The Chadwicks' country estate was in the hills, not far from Midland, and their house, of Spanish architecture, stood on a precipitous height, with a drive like a spiral staircase winding up to it. The ballroom was on the second floor; and at the head of a short wide flight of marble stairs, Louise—supremely self-satisfied in the brocade, the powder and pearls of the Marquise de Montespan—and Stanley—satirizing himself as Louis XIV—received their guests. At their right was the long ballroom, and back of them, at the end of the hall, the entrance into a court, open to the sky, where a great moon shone down on dark foliage and a playing fountain.

Numerous dinners in costume at other houses had preceded the ball; nearly everyone arrived very late. But by the time the Pemberton party came in—Edith and Ned and their twenty dinner guests—there was a great crowd. The impersonation of Famous Lovers of History and Romance by a group of people who for the most part had long since settled down into staid domesticity—or worse—had already excited much cynical comment and laughter.

But it was felt that Edith and Ned Pemberton really provided the climax.

"Well," Ned apologized, putting up a nervous hand to the green wreath that bound his brow, "whoever comes to a costume party as Dante—and someone always does—is sure to look a fool. I thought it might as well be me."

"I'm Beatrice, of course," declared Edith dryly. Her dumpy figure was incased in a trailing robe of dark brocade; a black wig was parted in the middle and drawn into a noble knot on her short neck. "I only wish I'd had sense enough to follow her example—and be loved, at a distance, all my life!"

Hands were laid upon the folds of ermine that tightly swathed Valeria Grove; she resisted, laughing, clutching at her cloak.

"But I say, Val, you aren't Lady Godiva?"

"Don't be silly. She hadn't a beau."

"Sure she had! Peeping Tom. That's me. Always had a lot of sympathy for that fellow."

"Idiot!" Val threw back her cloak.

"Whew!"

"Gorgeous!"

"Sim-ply mar-velous, Val." A poisoned feminine drawl—sweet sign of triumph.

"But where's Mark Antony? Or is it Cæsar?"

"Yes—where? I wish you'd tell me that!" cried Edith in the unmistakable accents of the hostess who has been betrayed.

She added that she really ought to donate a bird bath for the state university or whatever it is that you give colleges.

"I simply snatched a child out of a fraternity list at seven o'clock to take Owen's place. And the poor boy had to borrow a pair of black tights that aren't in the least tight on him and come as Romeo."

Ned, who seemed to be implicated in his friend's crime, explained for the seventh or eighth time that evening that Owen had been called out to the mills by some trouble that had suddenly risen there. He was vague as to its nature, but thought it must be a strike, or a fire, or something equally important; anyway, Owen was not to blame, and he would join them later if he could

"Nothing but your own personal death is sufficient excuse ——" began Edith all over again.

Valeria escaped from the bickering Dante and Beatrice and went to a dressing room to renew the brown powder which composed a large part of her own costume. In a little coquettish boudoir hung with sky-blue taffetas and creamy lace, she stood, an exotic contradiction, before the long mirror, straightening the jeweled headdress that she wore, irresolute in her light thonged sandals and in the bands of jewels that bound her darkened body. Over one arm and shoulder she carried a leopard skin which could be variously arranged. Her dressmaker had copied—with some concessions to modern prudery, of course—a famous painting of Cleopatra brought before Cæsar in which she has just been rolled out of a rug. And with her beautiful, straight, lithe body, her small, proud, dark head and long Egyptian eyes, Valeria was perfect for the part.

She had received enough masculine flattery and feminine poison to be fully aware of this. Yet she hesitated, reluctant to enter the ballroom. She wondered what Owen would think of her costume—how he would look at her. She never knew what to expect from Owen. Her experience and knowledge of other men helped her not at all with him.

She remembered, with a deep angry throb of resentment, that he had never told her that she was beautiful. Nothing would be more humiliating, she thought, than to be met again tonight by his habitual look of cold indifference, that ironic smile which she had come to hate.

But to gaze in the long mirror was to be reassured. Her chin went up. Never mind about Owen! She advanced upon the ballroom and created a sensation. There was a rush of partners and a constant gratifying cutting in from the stag line. She found it rather difficult to dance with the leopard skin over one arm, but she soon became conscious that not even this sop to modesty had propitiated the dowagers. There were still a few chaperons left in Midland—it was only a provincial town. Lorgnettes were put up, Valeria felt hostile stares and the echo of indignant murmurs. She was glad that Owen had not as yet appeared; and she had already resolved to go to the dressing room to try to devise a more permanent covering out of the leopard skin, when she caught sight of Ned, mysteriously signaling to her from the little moonlit court.

The music stopped; she forced her way, laughing, through a ring of prospective partners and joined Ned. His wreath was askew, his good-natured moon face troubled.

Taking Val by the hand, he led her to the farthest corner of the court. It was still too early in the evening for others to have sought this seclusion. The party was in its first, or gregarious, phase. Later would come the magic-disappearance act, when couples would vanish as if the earth had swallowed them.

For a moment Valeria was afraid that Ned wished to anticipate the second phase of the entertainment. But he dropped her hand. His tone was grave as he said:

"Look, Val! I brought you out here to tell you—nobody else must know. But Owen's on the loose again."

"What? Why, what do you mean, Ned?"

She felt a shiver go over her, wrapped the fur more closely. She was actually trembling.

"There wasn't any trouble out at Clivedale," Ned confessed. "I simply made that up to fool Edith—and everyone—you, too, Val. I thought you needn't know."

Her heart seemed to stop, but she said in a cold, composed voice:

"Please tell me what has happened."

"Well, you see," Ned explained reluctantly, "I left Owen at the club—the club in town. He wasn't in any state to come to a party, exactly. As a matter of fact, I put him to bed—before dinner, I mean. I thought, you see, when he didn't turn up here later my story about Clivedale would do for that too."

"Well?"

"Well—but now, you see, he's here."

"Here!"

"Yes; I saw him just now coming in. Tried to head him off. But it's no good. I thought you'd better know."

"But, Ned, is he—I mean—he isn't ——"

"You'd never know!" Ned hastened to reassure her. "It's like that night you first saw him at the country club. No one who didn't know him as well as I do could possibly tell. He just looks the same way he did then—cold as ice. But the trouble is—there's no saying what he will do when he's that way. He doesn't look crazy, but he is crazy—not responsible. You've got to remember that, Val. And I want to get him out of here before he—well, I mean—it would be disagreeable, you know—other people so darn glad to gossip ——"

He floundered miserably. Val searched his eyes with her own.

"Listen, Ned. Don't be afraid to tell me the truth."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Was it after the wedding this afternoon—Beth's wedding—you were with Owen after Beth's wedding?"

"Oh, it wasn't that."

"You needn't bother to lie to me."

"Oh, I say, Val! Don't look like that!"

"I don't know what you mean!" she cried angrily. "What way I look—I don't look—I don't care! But I know ——"

"Honestly, Val, honestly, that's all over. I mean ——"

"—— that it isn't all over, and never will be! I know. I won't pretend to you, Ned."

"But you mustn't think that way. I swear to you—it isn't what you think! It's just that—well, any man—it's only natural—so many years and that old rake she married! But you're worth six of her, Val!"

"Thank you very much." She had regained her cool composure. "What a pity my fiancé doesn't agree with you." She smiled, laid her hand on his sleeve. "Please bring Owen here. Perhaps I can persuade him to take me home."

"No, Val, you mustn't go with him. I'll take him away if I can. He drove himself out—he isn't in costume, of course—and he always wants to drive like a devil when he's that way. He drove all night after that last time at the country club."

"Well, try to get him to come here anyway," she said. "Tell him I sent for him. I ought to have a little authority, you know, even if he is in love with someone else. We're going to be married in a week, you know. Funny, isn't it?" She gave a little dry laugh. "How much all our dear friends would appreciate the joke if they only knew! And yet I'm tired of being laughed at, so I shall keep up appearances to the end."

He clutched her hand suddenly, kissed her fingers.

"Oh, Lord, Val! It's a darn shame! I wish—I mean—I swear, if it was only me ——"

"Please don't, Ned. It's silly enough my fiancé dying of a broken heart, without my flirting with other people. I think I'm disgusted with all that—through even playing at love, I mean."

"Val, you beautiful girl, you wonderful girl. You'll never be through. And why —— Good Lord, you're going to be married, and you say you're through ——"

"You must find Owen for me, Ned."

"That's right. I'm no good!" he groaned. "Trying to make love to you when ——"

"—— when Owen has shown so plainly he doesn't care!"

"No, no, Val, that's not true." She shook her head, with a faint, bitter smile. "Val, look! You're getting it all wrong!" he pleaded. "Can't you see how it might be—about Beth, I mean—even though Owen does care for you? And I know he does. I swear he does!"

"We won't argue about it," she said lightly. "But please find Owen before he has managed to convince everyone else that he is still in love with Beth."

She sat down near the little silvery playing fountain to wait. The stately moon rode in the sky, serenely oblivious of the petty affairs of men. The procession of dancers in the ballroom passed like a brilliant play in which she had no part.

She thought, with irony, of how completely she had been deceived that afternoon. She had gone with Owen to Beth Randall's wedding—he had insisted on playing that climactic scene in their little comedy—and to the reception which followed it. And in a cool, ironic, perfectly composed voice, and with an absolutely expressionless face, Owen had congratulated the elderly bridegroom and the small, childish, angelic bride—doubly celestial in her heavenly white clouds of lace. Valeria, in her turn, had received, from under demurely lowered Madonna eyelids, a sharp stab of offended scrutiny, and from the antique bridegroom an open glance of admiration.

Everyone was watching Owen with the greatest curiosity, spiced with a little eager malice, the very human longing for drama. Yet he managed to appear quite unconcerned, natural. He didn't make the mistake of overemphasis. He didn't pretend to be gay; there was nothing defiantly happy, nothing retaliatory, in his attitude. His manner toward Valeria was perfect—not in the least overdone. She thought that she would have hated him if he had made a point of his devotion—displayed an extravagant infatuation—then. As she looked back, though, on all their public appearances she realized how perfectly Owen had played his part. If, in the wings, he avoided her, showed very plainly his indifference, still, on the stage, he gave a beautiful performance. She ought to be grateful for that. She was grateful. She often found herself comparing Owen's breeding with Hugh's. Hugh had sometimes done things, said things that simply made her cringe with that feeling of sympathetic humiliation one experiences when a singer gets off key. For though it doesn't matter in private, of course, whether

(Continued on Page 84)

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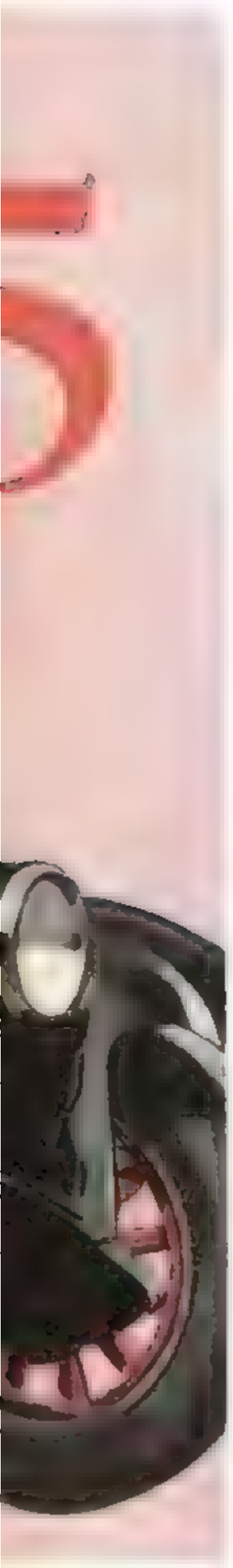

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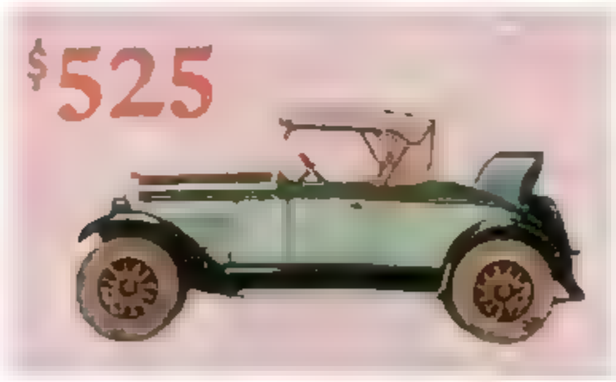

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(Continued from Page 81)

a man is a gentleman or not, in public it does matter a great deal.

After the reception, Valeria had a fitting at a dressmaker's, as usual, and Owen had insisted on her taking his town car and chauffeur. He would dress at the club, he said, and come out to the Pembertons' house in a taxicab. She had expected to meet him there, and had been as surprised though not so indignant—as Edith when he didn't appear. She was amazed now to think how readily she had accepted Ned's flimsy excuses, how completely she had been deceived by Owen's pretended composure.

What a fool she had been! Hadn't she suffered enough, herself, to know what Owen must have endured that afternoon? At the mere recollection of her own suffering—or so she believed—her heart began to ache again.

A curious light trembling was going all over her body. She could feel the blood throbbing in her temples and wrists, and a curious sharp pain was turning hotly in her breast. It seemed to her that she was slowly and invisibly bleeding to death from a knife wound.

She closed her eyes in the sharpness of her pain, and instantly, sharply saw—Beth Randall in her wedding veil; Beth, angelically sweet and fair in her innocent clouds of lace. And with the sudden tension of her own fingers and the savage impulse that sprang up unbidden in her brain came a kind of terror.

Her hands dropped sharply with surprise at her unaccountable emotion. She jumped up, dismayed. She was sick with revulsion against her own feeling. It was as if an utter stranger had taken her place, had thrust her real self aside and revealed to her depths and a secret which she dared not face.

"No," she whispered to herself. "No."

A slight sound startled her; she turned. Owen was approaching from the opposite side of the court. Tall and straight, his head held erect, he looked as cool, as composed as on that night when she had first seen him. He stopped near the little moonlit fountain, looked at her calmly, spoke in an even voice:

"You wanted me, Val?"

"Yes." To her intense surprise, her voice came out in a whisper. Then she didn't know how to go on. She couldn't believe that Ned was right.

"Beautiful!" he said in a mocking tone, and laughed.

She had forgotten her costume. She blushed so hotly that she could feel the color spread all over her body. He kept on laughing in a way that made her not only desperately angry but sick with shame.

"Stop that!" she cried sharply. "Stop laughing! Why are you laughing at me?"

She laid both hands on his arm, shook it in her fury.

His laughter ended as suddenly as it had begun. His face fell into somber lines—bleakness. He spoke in a tired, a dreary tone:

"Oh, I'm not laughing at you—at myself—both of us. What damfools we've been!"

"Listen to me, Owen." Her grasp tightened nervously on his arm. "Promise me you'll wait here a moment. Will you? Promise!"

He looked at her in surprise but nodded his head. He sank down in a chair as if he were exhausted.

She ran swiftly down the hall into the dressing room, snatched up her ermine cloak, and wrapping it tightly around her, fled back to Owen. He was sitting where she had left him, perfectly still, his head bowed in his hands. But he resisted her touch on his shoulder, tried to shake her off.

"Leave me alone!" he muttered in a strange, rough, strangled voice.

Then, to her horror, she saw that he was shaken with sobs—the tortured, terrifying weeping of a man. She knew what he was suffering. She was terrified to think of another human being suffering as she had done. Her heart dissolved, her knees grew weak with pity.

"Owen!" she whispered. "Owen, let's go away. Take me home—or anywhere. We can't stay here."

"Leave me alone. I'm best left alone tonight."

"Owen, please ——"

He jumped up. His eyes were wild. He flung out an arm wildly. She drew back.

"You'd better leave me alone. I'm not fit to be with anyone now. I'll go, though—go away ——"

He was walking ahead of her, quickly, through the hall, and she was following, trying to keep pace with him, yet not to appear as if she were following. People coming out of the ballroom got between them momentarily; she lost him in a movement of the crowd, felt an instant of sheer panic, saw his blond head above the other heads, saw him go swiftly down the stairs.

The lower hall was deserted. She saw him ahead of her on the drive, clearly in the patches of light, lost in the shadows of waiting cars and of trees.

She ran now swiftly over the grass in the darkness, her heart pounding; out in the light again, on the curving driveway, she saw Owen ahead of her, climbing into an open car.

"Owen!" she cried. "Wait!"

He turned his head, his hand on the wheel.

She ran up, breathless, got in beside him.

"Leave me alone, Val," he said. "I'm not fit for you tonight."

"I'm going with you."

"No."

He opened the door for her to get out. She clung with both hands to his hand on the wheel.

"Wherever you're going I'll go."

He made a sudden harsh movement that almost flung her out of the car.

"Don't you understand?" he shouted. "You're not safe with me!"

"You can't make me leave you. Nothing you can do will make me leave you."

He turned his head and met her steady eyes. He looked with an unwilling admiration and astonishment into her set pale face.

Then the car leaped forward abruptly under his savage hand, careened and righted itself; the drive shot up at the headlights, coiled round them in giddy curves; the lights at the lodge gates were blurred by swift motion, the dark country road was swept up into their dizzy rhythm of increasing speed.

XXIV

AT TEN o'clock the next morning Valeria Grove walked into her mother's apartment in muddy sandals, swinging a broken crown of rhinestones in one hand and tightly wrapped in a bloodstained ermine cloak. And in answer to Kitty Grove's shriek of astonishment—for she had supposed her daughter to be asleep in her own room after the late party—Val made an announcement that drew an even more heart-rending outcry. For—"I am not going to marry Owen, after all," said Valeria Grove.

All that she would tell of the preceding night's adventure was the mere fact of its dénouement, when, in the early morning, the car had skidded—fortunately into a muddy field—after it had failed to take a sharp turn. Owen had been stunned by the fall, his head cut on the broken windshield; Valeria was flung clear and miraculously escaped unhurt. When another car passed, a short time after, Valeria, still rather dazed, was sitting in the field with Owen's head against her shoulder, her cloak stained with his blood. The passing motorist rushed Owen to a hospital, where it was discovered that he was not seriously hurt; there was only a surface cut on his forehead; and as soon as he had regained consciousness Valeria had come home.

Beyond that she would tell nothing, give no explanation of her decision—not even to Owen, when, after two days and as many stitches, he left the hospital.

"But what have I done, Val? I swear to you, I can't remember one thing from the time we left the Chadwicks' until I woke up in the hospital next morning! That knock on the head knocked all the sense out of me—or maybe all the nonsense—I don't know. Anyway, whatever I've done or said, I'm sorry. Won't you forgive me?"

Val shook her head, with a faint tired smile.

She was pale and exhausted from the incessant scenes which her mother had made for the last two days. For Kitty Grove was fighting for her very life—the realization of all her ambitions.

"It's nothing. Don't let's talk about it."

"But then—why? Why, Val?"

"Don't let's talk about it. I can't—that's all."

"But look here, that's not fair. You can't throw me over like that, you know, without any explanation. Especially after our agreement. I won't consent. I won't let you off. I shan't be made a fool of in that way again. You must go on ——"

"I can't—and that's all. I can't marry you."

"Is it because —— Listen, Val, I know I've been all kinds of a damfool ——"

"We're both damfools. You said so."

"I'm sorry."

"No. Why should you be sorry? It's true. We are. We were. Let's stop being—that's all."

"But no, Val. We can't stop now. It's too late. This is impossible. No matter what I've done, you've no right —— Look here, Val, I simply loathe promises. But see here I'll give you my word of honor not to be a drunken damfool again anyhow. I'm not a habitual drunkard, though you might think so. It's only happened a few times in my life—you can ask Ned or anyone—and you've happened to see the worst."

"Oh, it isn't that."

"Then what is it? Val, what did I do? I must have done something horrible—disgusted you in some way. I ——"

"No, no, it's not that. Don't let's talk about it, Owen."

And so it went on endlessly until everyone's nerves were strained to the breaking point. Kitty Grove, fighting like a tigress, weeping hysterically and raging by turns, absolutely refused to make a public announcement or to allow Val, publicly or privately, to disclose her change of plans. At first she had tried to laugh away the threatening trouble:

"Oh, girls always talk like that a few days before they're married. Don't notice her, Owen. Val's just nervous. It's getting her trousseau in such a hurry—all those fittings; she's worn out—and so many parties ——"

Meanwhile the parties continued, relentlessly as the working of some great machine that, once set in motion, cannot be stopped. The bachelor dinner, the bridesmaids' dance, the rehearsal ——

"No, I won't go, mother. What's the use of rehearsing the wedding when I'm not going to be married?"

"But, Val! Val! Are you crazy? You are crazy! I ought to have you locked up. You can't, Val! You can't! Oh, Val, you will kill me! You are killing me! The presents—the wedding presents—what are you going to do about the wedding presents, Val? And all those lovely things Owen's given you—do you want to give them back? And what will people say? And how are you going to live? You can't live now after this has happened. I won't keep you, Val! I tell you, I won't keep you! I'll turn you out on the street! I mean it! You'll go out of this house—I swear it! Even your father can't stop me! You shan't disgrace me, Val! I can't stand it! I'll kill myself! I won't have the whole town laughing at me! I'll kill myself!"

And another wild storm of weeping.

Val, white as death, rigid, calm, speaking in a cold, far-away voice:

"You'd rather have me spoil my whole life than have people talk about us—laugh at us? You and Owen both!"

"But why do you say this now? Spoil your life? Why didn't you say so before? Why, all of a sudden, must you think it will spoil your life? Don't you love Owen?" Valeria was silent. "Haven't you ever loved him? Did you never love him? Answer me, Val! Answer me!"

"I won't talk about it, mother"—in a tired voice.

Doctor Gathney was called in. He advised absolute rest and quiet—for Kitty Grove. He sent Kitty Grove to bed in care of a trained nurse, who had orders not to allow her to speak.

Then Doctor Gathney said to Val, in his impersonal, casual voice:

"Now look here, my dear girl, don't be silly. No one wants you to marry a man who's repulsive to you."

"Oh, no, Doctor Gathney! It's not that. I ——"

"Never mind what it is. I haven't the least curiosity—loathe confidences. But if you're determined to do this thing why not go about it politely? There's always a way. For example, you might break an arm tomorrow and come out to my hospital. Or a severe attack of appendicitis—that often comes on rather suddenly. Afterward I should send you to the country for your convalescence. A month or two, and everyone will have forgotten all about your silly little wedding. But bridegroom waiting at the church—all that sort of thing! My dear child, drama is so vulgar. Imagine the headlines! Of course, neither you nor Owen is important, but anyone who makes a sufficiently humorous figure of himself is good for a press dispatch."

"Yes, I've thought of all that." Valeria was quite reasonable, calm. She looked at him with a clear, direct gaze. "It will be very disagreeable, of course. And no matter how I manage things, Doctor Gathney—I don't know what's to become of me afterward."

"Nor I. To be quite frank, I can imagine you as economically independent perhaps, but never emotionally independent."

"But, Doctor Gathney"—her calm voice broke now—"you know the whole story—mine and Owen's. You know that I—that we—that Owen is still in love with someone else."

He paused a moment. Then he said very gently and dryly:

"My dear child. What is love?"

"Oh—oh, I don't know."

"I don't either, and I dare say I've met with most of the varieties in my practice. There's only one thing I've found out."

"What is that?"

"Well, a man's head may be in the clouds, but his feet are usually rather solidly on the earth."

"Oh!" she cried, disappointed. "There's absolutely nothing new in that!"

"No, of course not. Every woman knows that instinctively; the strange thing is how few of them make use of their knowledge."

"But you haven't helped me a bit!"

"I didn't know you wanted to be helped. I thought you wanted to give Owen up."

"Oh!"

"Well, don't let me influence your decision. But if I were a woman—which God forbid!—I mean, a woman as beautiful as you—this is quite an impersonal compliment, please understand; I abhor flirtation, particularly with my patients—I think I should do exactly as I pleased and get out of life exactly what I wanted."

Doctor Gathney didn't take the credit for it, however. It may have been only a girl's whim, after all, as Kitty Grove triumphantly repeated. It might have been because Hugh Warrener returned to Midland unexpectedly, and Val caught sight of him just for a moment from Owen's car and felt once more that old, familiar, sickening lurch of the heart as it turned over suddenly in her breast. It may have been—abrupt decision, swift reconsideration, all—only a part of a woman's unaccountable temperament, swinging like a weather vane in every storm of the nerves, subject to every emotional change of weather. But at any rate,

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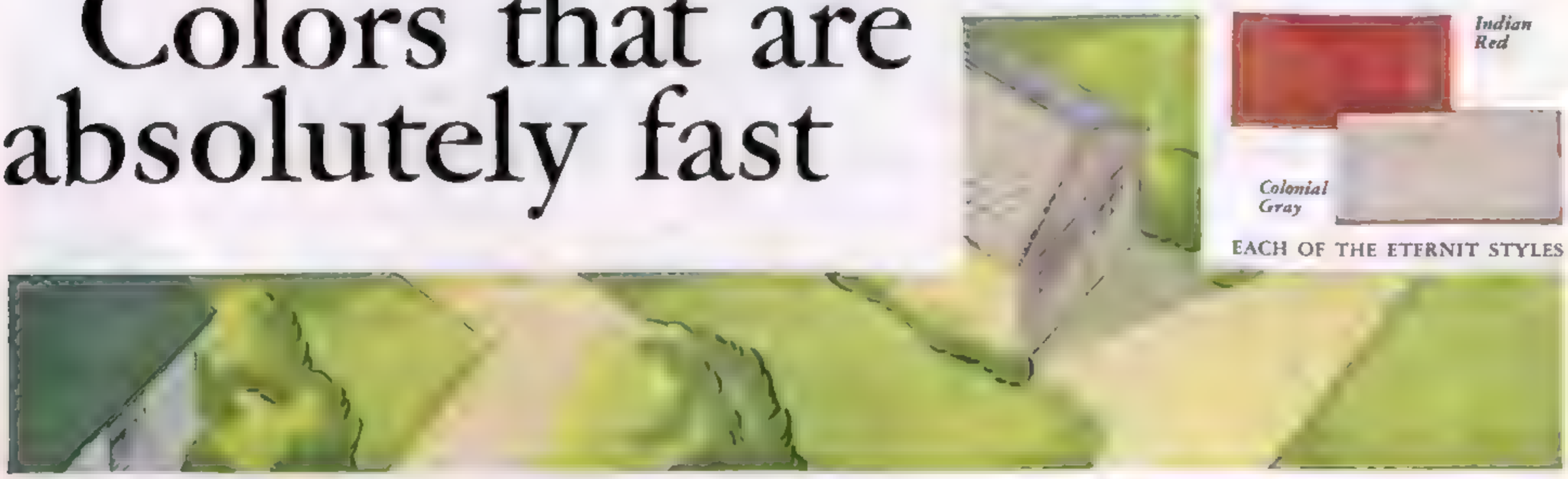
These pages illustrate the effects obtained with the various Eternit colors and shapes. The horizontal method, *an exclusive design,* marks a distinct advance in asbestos roofing. Architects are enthusiastic about the deep shadow effects. Best of all it costs about the same as the familiar and inexpensive Eternit hexagonal method. It is



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ASBESTOS SHINGLES

ABSOLUTELY COLORFAST

AND SIZES IS FURNISHED IN THESE FIVE COLORS

(Continued from Page 84)

Valeria Grove and Owen Mallory were married according to schedule, on the afternoon of the fifteenth of May, in St. Chrysostom's Church.

XXV

A RECEPTION at the Selkirk Hotel followed the ceremony and that night the Pembertons entertained with a dinner and dance for the bride and groom. For they had been forced to yield to Ned's entreaties to be allowed to throw just one more party. So that it was long past midnight when they were finally free to drive out to Clivedale Farm.

They were to start from there the next morning on their wedding journey by motor. Owen could not spare the time for a European honeymoon.

"I ought not to leave the mills at all right now," he grumbled. "I wonder how long we must stay away on our honeymoon"

Valeria leaned back in her corner of the limousine and closed her eyes.

"I really don't know," she said in a bored voice. "I've never had one before."

She was white and tired, but lovely in the frock she had worn at the dance—a brief, fragile wisp of pale green chiffon embroidered in silver, with a cloak of silver lamé and green velvet to match.

"I think we've simply sold ourselves into slavery," she said—"to other people's opinions, I mean. Must we go on acting for the public benefit, Owen?"

"But that was our agreement. That was why ——"

He stopped, for she had opened her eyes.

"That was why we were married," she finished the sentence for him. "Oh, yes, I quite understand."

He felt reproached by a certain bitterness in her tone.

"I got you into this wretched marriage, Val. I realize now how foolish it all was. But after we'd once started I had too much pride to turn back." He tried to laugh. "I didn't choose to be jilted twice in one season, I suppose."

She seemed intent on the tiny mirror which she had in one hand, on the exact outline of rouge for her lips.

"I look horrible," she falsely declared. "I hope I shall never have to go to another party in my life."

"I'm afraid you may get your wish," he said. "It will be awfully dull for you at Clivedale. I shall have to be busy all the time, and after I've got things straightened out here I must go and have a look at poor old King."

"Yes," she said in a curiously constrained voice. "You told me all about your brother and his ranch in Mexico."

"I—told you?" He stared at her in surprise. "Really? I don't remember that."

"It was the night of the Chadwicks' ball"

"Oh!" He paused a moment, then, with an effort: "Have you forgiven me, Val?"

"What for?"

"Whatever it was that offended you. You've never told me."

"Oh, don't let's go all over that again—please!"

She closed her eyes wearily. They were silent for some time. The car rolled smoothly along the dark deserted road. The whole countryside was dark and still.

"I am grateful, though, Val," he said at last, in a low voice.

"Why?"

"I don't know what made you change your mind at the last minute But it was sporting of you to stick to our agreement when you felt that way I'll promise you you won't be sorry."

"Isn't that rather a rash promise to make for any marriage?"

Clivedale Farm which wasn't a farmhouse at all, but a large Georgian manor on a hill was brightly lighted to welcome them It shone from far off like a new planet in the dark night sky. The gates swung open, the lodge was lighted, eager faces at the windows Their chauffeur put on a burst of speed to sweep splendidly up the broad driveway arched over by ancient elms. Wyck, the butler, who had been with John Clive for twenty years; Mrs. Rafaele, equally long in service, came out on the steps, outwardly composed, deferential, correct, but inwardly thrilling with excitement, tremendously fluttered and nervous and almost tearful over the entrance of young romance into their withered lives

Wyck, like an old spaniel with loving brown eyes, and almost as much inclined to puff and goggle, was panting out something about a liberty, sir, and a little wedding supper.

"More food!" Owen groaned into Val's ear. "But we can't hurt their silly old feelings. . . . Thank you, Wyck and Mrs. Rafaele. Very good of you to think of it," he said aloud. "Come along, Val."

His tone had taken on a new authority since his feet had touched their native threshold. Valeria, a little amused, and yet a little touched, too, followed him meekly.

A monumental wedding cake adorned John Clive's beautiful old walnut table, spread with fine Italian lace. The eighteenth-century silver, the heavy candelabra and elaborately ornamental coffee service gleamed among white roses from John Clive's celebrated rose garden, while a bottle of champagne tilted its blond head from a silver bucket.

Owen was just making an impatient gesture, a laughing comment—for really they had done nothing but eat and drink all day—when Valeria astonished him, horrified poor old Wyck, by suddenly bursting into tears. Not gentle ladylike tears, either, quietly pressed out from under lowered eyelids, but Val just fell down into a chair, uttering a loud wild sob.

"Val darling!" Scarcely knowing what he did, Owen went down on his knees before her, put his arms around her waist. He had never seen Val cry before. He was terrified. For he had seen her in such dreadful suffering, without tears, that he had believed her incapable of weeping.

"Val! Darling!" The endearment slipped out quite naturally from long use in pretense.

"Oh!" she gasped. "I really don't know what's the matter with me! Please don't think—I'm trying—to act like a bride."

She was terribly confused, mopped at the tears which continued to run steadily down her pale face. Owen motioned Wyck out of the room.

"It's all been too much for you—a perfectly ghastly day," he said, rising and walking about, turning his back on her until she could regain her composure. "I feel like howling myself," he continued. "What a barbarous ceremony a civilized wedding is! All the savage rites, and your friends' malicious joy at getting you into the trap too! The whole affair is simply hideous!"

"Do you think you improve it," she cried, "telling me how dreadful our marriage is? You've done nothing else—ever since we were married!"

He wheeled around, amazed at the anger in her voice.

"Look, Val," he said, "we're both frightfully on edge. But don't let's begin quarreling. It isn't as if we were in love ——"

"You needn't remind me of that!"

"But all I meant was, if we were in love we could quarrel, because then we could make up But this way, if we once start quarreling, we're sunk."

"Then you would suggest a perfectly reasonable marriage?"

"Well, as reasonable as possible," he replied mildly. "I think that's the only way we can stand our sort of marriage, don't you?"

"I think," she said, rising, "I'll go to bed"

"Shall I ring for your maid?"

"No; I've never had a maid. I think I'd rather not begin tonight"

"You don't want the housekeeper-"

"No, thanks I know where my rooms are perfectly"

They had planned the renovation of the house together and Valeria had been all over it many times. Her bedroom and sitting room were on the second floor. Owen's bedroom and study were across the hall.

She was going out the door.

"Good night, Val."

She turned toward him. He thought he had never seen her look so lovely, with a wistful, ethereal quality that he had never before observed in her beauty. Though she was tall, all at once now she seemed small. Something almost pathetic about her. All at once he could see her as she must have looked when she was a child—a rather forlorn and lovely little girl. He took a step toward her

"Isn't there anything you want? Anything I could do for you?"

"No, thank you. Good night."

"Wouldn't you like a glass of champagne?"

"I think not."

"Well, it isn't a good idea this time of night. Better let me send you up some hot milk—if you want to sleep."

"Thanks. I loathe milk."

He heard her light steps on the stairs. He listened for some time after the sound had died away. Then he became aware that he was still standing, staring at the door. He sat down in one of his grandfather's chairs and burst out laughing at his own wedding cake.

XXVI

THE next morning, when Valeria awoke, rain was streaming down the windowpanes, and in the garden just below her room the flowers were beaten to the earth, the blossoming fruit trees tossed into fantastic shapes by a cold wind.

She enjoyed all the more the comfort of her pretty sitting room, with its wood fire, its taffeta-curtained windows on three sides, looking out on the storm; the quiet, perfect service of her maid and the daintiness of her breakfast tray.

She was lying in front of the fire on a chaise longue covered in yellow silk, when Owen came in, after breakfast. And she was glad that he agreed that it would be very foolish to start out in such weather, even in a closed car.

"We are very comfortable here, and no one need know we didn't begin our honeymoon on schedule," he said. "I shan't go down to the mills, of course, but I've a number of important letters to write. This may amuse you, Val."

He handed her a newspaper, opened at an account of their wedding. Valeria read it in snatches, conscious of Owen watching her with a dry smile; conscious that Miss Pringerford had surpassed, in this description, even her own florid style; and recognizing, also, in the boastful passages, Kitty Grove's collaborating touch:

Wed in brilliant ceremony—most beautiful of fashionable marriages of the year—bride, given away by her father, was gowned with exquisitely severe simplicity in a long-sleeved dress of white moire brocaded in silver -veil of old rose point de Venise lace priceless heirloom of the Clive family generations of brides fastened across the forehead by a band of diamonds sprays of orange blossoms. Beautiful diamond earrings, shaped like bunches of grapes, in antique settings, were a gift of the groom, as was the magnificent diamond chain, composed of large oblong stones alternating with smaller ones silver train seven yards in length held up by the three small sons of Mr and Mrs. Edward Pemberton of Graystones, all under ten years of age, looking like cherubs in costumes of pale blue and lavender cloth with abbreviated shorts little Miss Beatrice Lane, small daughter of Mr and Mrs. Howard Lane, as flower girl -retinue of eight bridesmaids gowned in flounced frocks of pale pink tulle over silver, large bouquets of mauve orchids matron of honor, Mrs Howard Lane, costumed entirely in silver lame, fashioned into an enchanting *robe de style* with *bouffant* skirts holding an enormous sheaf of pink roses Mr Edward Pemberton best man twelve ushers

Canon Stinter officiated, assisted by Bishop Breede, who, it will be remembered, is a cousin of the bride's father, Mr. Christopher Grove—bridal party in a floral bower literally composed of gorgeous Madonna lilies—illuminated by the good omen of a shaft of sunlight—full choral service, the bride entering the church to the strains of Lohengrin march. Oh, Perfect Love was sung by the choir, which remained in the chancel.

"Don't you think that's funny?" asked Owen, observing, with surprise, his wife's perfectly serious face.

The rain continued in a brisk, businesslike, efficient manner all day. Owen spent the morning in his study. They lunched together, Wyck still tremulous with excitement and happiness, the bride and groom very collected and cool. Owen returned to his letter writing. And Val wandered about the house, trying to accustom herself to the thought of possession but quite unable to believe that any of this belonged to her—all these rooms and servants now at her command, and outside, the fields and orchards and woods, the stables and horses and motors. It all seemed Owen's and she only a visitor. Or rather, it seemed John Clive's, for, in spite of changes, his personality was imprinted on it.

Only her own luxuriously feminine rooms, with the chintzes, the taffetas, the lace and chiffon and crystal and silver she had chosen, seemed really to belong to her. There she could fully enjoy the sense of possession, and for the first time in her life the luxury of privacy, with her sitting room almost as large as the entire Grove apartment, her beautiful bedroom and dressing room, and a bathroom that was all her own. She stretched herself in her new comforts catlike; she felt all the wrinkles smoothed out of her crushed and crumpled self-respect.

The frock she chose for dinner had been designed by a famous French dressmaker, and, to the inexperienced eye, seemed only a straight wisp of diaphanous black chiffon. But it had been cut with all the subtlety of an artist; its apparent simplicity defied imitation. Any woman would know that it was a fascinating frock; any man, that Valeria looked fascinating in it. Her bare arms and throat came out of the vaporous blackness ivory pale. She wore the chain of diamonds Owen had given her, black velvet slippers outlined in brilliants and fantastically high-heeled, stockings so thin they seemed not to be there at all. Her black hair was brushed straight back, there was no rouge on her cheeks, her mouth was deliberately artificial. Her maid folded her in a shawl which was only a square of white velvet with deep black fringes, and she went down to Owen rather expecting a compliment.

But Owen was standing in front of the drawing-room fire, frowning, his blue eyes abstracted. He greeted his wife politely but did not look at her or at her lovely frock. He refused a cocktail and they went in to dinner.

Mrs. Rafaele, Wyck and the French chef had all done their best, with the unexpected honor of having the bride and groom dine at home. The table looked beautiful with its fine old lace and heavy old silver and lighted candles and flowers and rosy fruit. And the dinner had that perfect harmony and subtle simplicity which only the finest cooks can achieve. But Owen scarcely touched the food, and drank none of the wine which had been brought up, cobwebbed, from John Clive's cellar

They took their coffee in the library, which was the most John Clive-like room in the house. His portrait hung over the mantelpiece, and Valeria studied it as she sat on the sofa before the fire, the low table with the coffee service in front of her, her silent husband by her side. She could see in Owen a slight resemblance to the fine old face in the portrait, but John Clive's blue eyes held a secret which Owen had not discovered Owen's face was darkly troubled, brooding. One of the melancholy

(Continued on Page 93)

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Now comes a modern shoe for men—FOOT SAVERS. Their construction is unique in factory-made shoes—as different from the shoes of yesterday as are your foot needs of today. So smartly styled—they hint of tomorrow. FOOT SAVERS themselves will prove it to you. Try on a pair. At once your foot will *feel* the difference—your most critical eye approve their correct style.

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On toe and heel you throw your weight. But what of your arches? Unless you give them helpful assistance, they will strain and sag. Here is the vital point of fit—for your arch controls your foot—controls both looks and comfort. It is here your modern foot needs the unique construction which FOOT SAVERS offer in "The Saving V."

FOOT SAVERS *are so correctly built, they satisfy today's needs in shoe construction, insuring you sound and healthy feet—so smartly styled they hint of tomorrow.*

It is "The Saving V" that makes FOOT SAVERS *the modern shoe for modern feet*

What is "The Saving V"?

"The Saving V" is a modern, unique construction in every pair of men's FOOT SAVERS that gives your feet the helpful assistance that they need today. Your eye cannot see it—but your foot will gratefully feel it.

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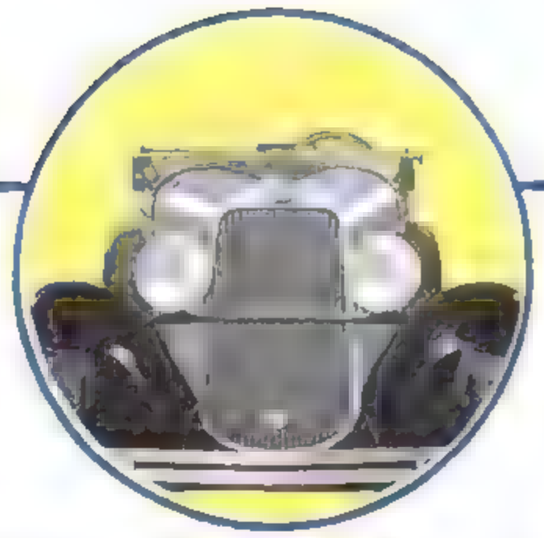

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NEW FEATURES OF SMARTNESS AND QUALITY . . . *New Ultra-Modern Styling, New 171-inch Over-all Length, New Radiator Design, New Longer, Lower Windows, New Wider Flush Doors, New Silenced Interior, New Roominess, New Upholsteries and Finish, V-V Windshield, All-Black Steering Wheel, Distinctive Appointments, New Semi-Bullet Headlights, New Sweeping Full-Crown Fenders, Chromium Plating, New Instrument Panel with Indirectly Illuminated Instruments under One Glass, New Smaller Wheels with 28x5.25 Balloon Tires, New Vertical Shuttered Radiator, Rear View Mirror, Traffic Light, Rubber-Cushioned Bumpers, both Front and Rear.*

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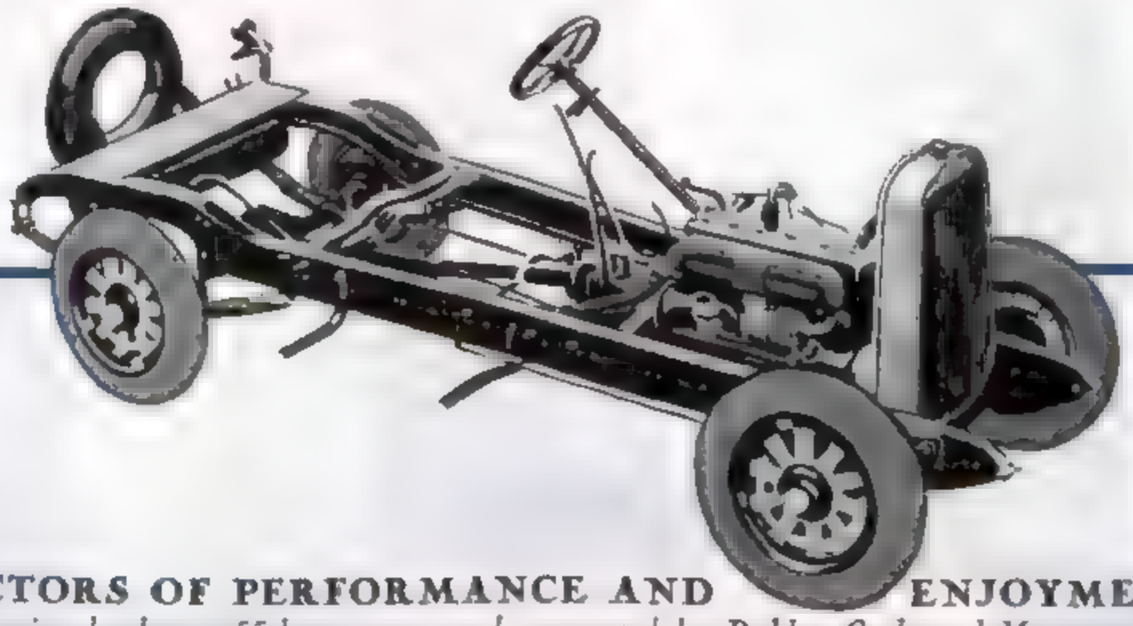

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Use Upson Fibre-Tile. It costs but a few cents a square foot—about 1/10th as much as ceramic tiling.

Any good carpenter applies Upson Fibre-Tile—in big, wide sections—right over the old wall surface. And Upson Fibre-Tile comes *unfinished*, so you can enamel it in any smart color scheme that expresses your personal preference or individuality.

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Your home is *you*. Many an unthinking man or woman has been unfairly judged because of living in a home with ugly cracked walls and ceilings or faded, torn wall paper.

Now you can make those dingy interiors new—at moderate cost. Upsonize! Apply big panels of Upson Board right over the old plaster. There is nothing better for *re*-covering cracked ceilings.

Make the dingy kitchen of yesteryear bright and light with Upson Fibre-Tile

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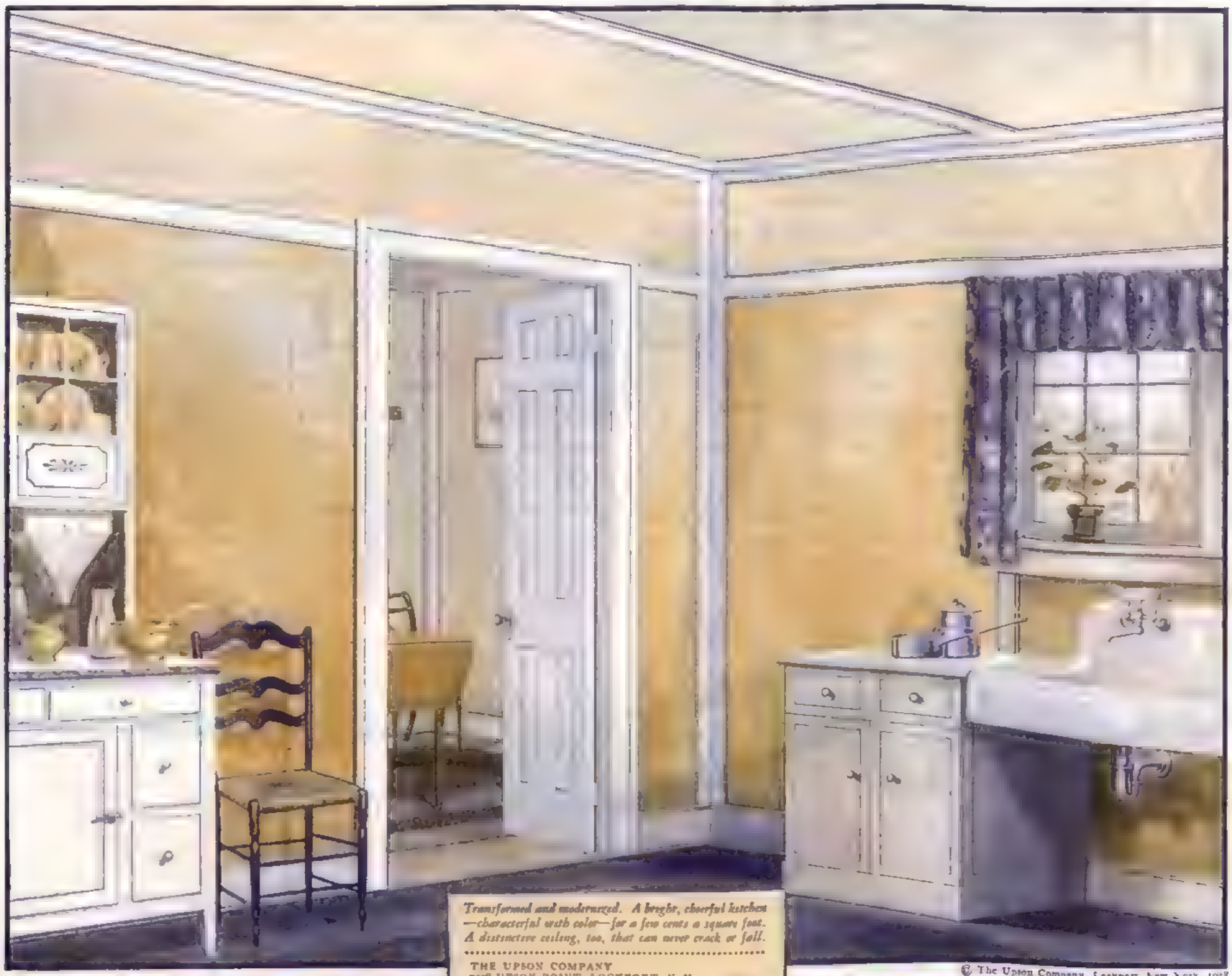

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UPSON BOARD

UPSON FIBRE TILE

(Continued from Page 88)

doubting moods, which Valeria feared even more than his irony, had come upon him.

Presently his gloom affected her. She gave up the conversational attempts, which had been met only with an abstracted courtesy. She got up, wandered restlessly about the long room, looked between the heavy curtains, through the streaming windows, at impenetrable blackness and steadily pouring water. The unintermittent rain was getting on her nerves. Owen's silence began to press upon her like a heavy hand. She wanted to scream, shatter the stillness abruptly.

The monotony of this quiet old house, of her future life in this house, became appalling. The comforts that she had enjoyed so much this afternoon now seemed utterly unimportant; only seemed, indeed, to accentuate the dreariness of her situation. She was terrified at the thought of what her life would be like, day after day, with Owen. Silent, moody, utterly separated from her in his thoughts—it was like living with a stranger!

"What is he thinking about?" she began to wonder. And the beat of her heart was suddenly accelerated. "Beth? Is he dreaming about Beth? Brooding over what might have been imagining what this day, this evening, might have been—with Beth?" And again she felt that hot turning pain in her breast, like the thrust of a knife.

All at once, as rapidly as a dream occurs, her own life appeared before her in perspective, in a definite picture, a design. She saw herself and her whole past life objectively.

And it seemed to her that she could see her future, too, in similar design—as gray, as meaningless, as trivial, empty, as her past had been.

"What am I? Of what use? What purpose? Why?"

She felt cold, utterly done, meaningless. In the full flower of vitality, youth, beauty—withered and meaningless.

She took up one book after another from the shelves which lined the room from floor to ceiling. She would read a little, replace the book. The printed words were only symbols of an unknown language, for they did not touch her own life, did not satisfy a vague longing she felt, to find repeated, in books, an experience similar to her own.

Then she happened to lay her hand on an old worn volume which opened of itself, as if it had been often read. And on an old yellowed page of Dickens—Dickens, whom she hadn't read since she was a child—she saw a few words that went straight to her heart:

"To review his life was like descending a green tree in fruit and flower and seeing all the branches wither and drop off, one by one, as he came down toward them."

Then she saw that the passage, to which her eyes had been unconsciously attracted, was marked. And in her surprise at the coincidence, her curiosity as to who in that house could have marked those words, she took the book to Owen.

He was sitting in one corner of the sofa, smoking, lost in his thoughts, apparently not aware of her at all. She sat down beside him.

"Look, Owen. How strange. I wonder who could have marked this. Because it is like me, I think—my life."

He read it, put out his cigarette, turned his head to look at her directly for the first time that evening. Their eyes met gravely. He laid his hand on hers.

"My poor Val. You've been so unhappy?"

"Yes."

The touch of his hand comforted her in her loneliness. She had the feeling of finding shelter from her utter loneliness. And his eyes, darkening a little as he looked at her, drew her toward him. She made a slight, involuntary gesture, felt the blood from her heart leap upward in a dizzy, glittering flood—her arms were around his neck. She saw his eyes come to life; he blushed. His arms went around her with a surprising painful strength. They had never kissed each other. They kissed now.

She tried to laugh, but her voice came out weakly, faint with surprise. He stammered, too, drew back from her.

"Val—I—I'm sorry."

"Sorry!" She blushed furiously, her voice thrilled with anger.

"I mean—our agreement ——"

"What agreement?"

"Well, we have never discussed it, but of course I understood ——"

"What?"

"That you don't care for me."

The whole house was utterly still. The silence stretched out—took on that thick quality of a silence which is filled with unspoken words when two people wait, each for the other to speak, each conscious of loud heartbeats which seem to break the silence which neither cares to break with words.

Finally he spoke in a strained low voice:

"I'm not—a brute, you know. At least, not that sort. I quite understood what our marriage would mean. I never talked to you about it because you didn't seem to want to talk about—anything—anything of that sort."

She shook her head faintly and smiled stiffly, and spoke from a tightly closed throat:

"Well, suppose we don't talk about it now, then?"

"No, I think we ought to get this straight."

They were still avoiding each other's eyes. They sat, side by side, close enough to touch, close enough to turn in a whirlwind second and repeat their strangely thrilling embrace. Each was conscious of the other in every nerve, in the warm beating of blood, yet both stubbornly stared at the carpet, rigid in their attitudes as two formal figures on a Chinese screen.

"We've both been very silly," said Owen, forcing his voice to a practical note. "I suppose it was only natural of us to want to get back at the people who'd hurt us. But now we ought to look at this straight; the truth is we haven't hurt anyone except ourselves."

She made a slight gesture of protest, tried to speak—an inarticulate sound. Then her voice, faintly desolate, whispered:

"How do you mean—hurt ourselves?"

"Well, not to mince words, we've simply made a spite marriage." He laughed bitterly. "And it's recoiled on our own heads. We can't go on like this. Let's look at things sensibly, Val."

"Yes, I want to," she said, averting her eyes from his.

"Look, Val." He took her hand. She held herself rigid, trying to restrain the response of her own hand. "We mustn't be sensitive now—I don't mean to hurt you. And I shan't be hurt if you are quite frank with me. Just because we've been fools—done something disastrous—we aren't forced to go on."

"What do you mean?" She couldn't speak aloud. To her intense annoyance, her voice would only whisper. Would Owen—dreadful thought that scorched her with shame—would Owen think she was trying to be coy? She forced her voice, her lips were dry: "What do you mean, Owen?"

He let go her hand.

"Do you want a divorce?"

"A divorce!"

She sprang up, stood facing him with a strange desperate look.

He got up too. He seized both her hands.

"Val, don't look like that! I'm not trying to offend you. I simply want to help you escape from this wretched situation. It was all my fault—I got you into this. I should have known better. Tell me the truth—I want to do what will make you happy. I mustn't spoil your life, Val. You've been wonderful through it all, but we can't go on ——"

"Why can't we?"

"Why?" He almost flung away her hands. Shouted at her in his anger. "Because it's a fool's game! No one but a fool or a child thinks you can play at marriage. I don't know which we were. It sounds very well in books and plays, of course—very pretty and romantic. I shall let you go. I'll provide for you, of course. You may start for Paris tomorrow if you like. My lawyer will arrange everything for you."

She was silent for so long that he became uneasy. She lay back in one corner of the sofa, with closed eyes, very pale.

"If you want a divorce, Owen ——"

"It's not a question of what I want. I don't see why I should spoil your life. You were meant for love, Val; I never knew any other woman who had your possibilities for happiness. You must let me help you—to find someone who will make you happy, love you as you deserve."

She opened her eyes.

"How very kind of you!" She sat up straight now, held up her head defiantly. "But suppose I don't choose to accept your offer. I may be very foolish —— I admit we were both fools, as you say; that our marriage was a mistake. But suppose I'm still silly enough to care about other people's opinions. I'm to start for Paris to get a divorce the day after I'm married!" Her voice thickened with scornful anger, color came up in her cheeks. "Can't you imagine the things people would say? How they'd laugh at us! Do you think it would be possible for me ever to come back here? For us to live—live after that?"

He turned away, walked a few steps rapidly, came back.

"It would be very disagreeable," he said coldly. "Rather more disagreeable for me than for you. Everyone would assume, of course, that I'd been a most horrible brute to you. But I'm willing to face it if you are."

She jumped up. Her whole body trembled with anger. Her voice shook furiously and tears of anger started in her eyes.

"Well, then—I'm not! I'm not! I won't!"

"Very well."

He stood facing her, looking directly into her eyes, his own hard steel blue.

"Very well. What do you want then? You must tell me."

"Why, what else is there but—but to go on—go on as we intended?"

He gave a sudden mocking laugh. He took her shoulder in a grip that hurt her, shook her as if she were a silly child.

"So you want to be a heroine!" he cried mockingly. "The beautiful cardboard heroine of a marriage in name only! I believe that's what they call it?"

From her white face her eyes sent out a perfect flame of fury.

"I'm not—like that!" she gasped. "I don't want to be a heroine! Anything so absurd—and false—as you try to make me! I'm a real woman—I want a real marriage."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A SPECIAL TOWN MEETING

(Continued from Page 35)

deliberations be in the american language sir and not be debaised by the interduction of french or rooshan or dutch wirds. then he hollered do we live in Rooshia or Prooshia or France or Portugese or do we live in America the land of the free and the home of the brave. and old Gewett was hollering and waiving his arms when sum feller with a big base voice hollered give that calf moar otes.

well evrybody begun to holler and laff and stamp and clap and the modderater pounded and sed if he knew whitch man had hollered that he wood have him injected from the hall but he coodent stop the laffing. and when evrybody had laffed themselfs out old Gewett woodent say enny moar he was so mad. he told afterwards that the truble now a days was that peeple in publick life dident have enny ejucation. why he sed haff of the peeple coodent analize and parse the simplist sentences and dident know the diference between the subjec nominative and the predicat virb and as for arithmetic they coodent tell what number 6 is 2 thirds of. and when sutch peeple as that was elected to the office of modderater of a town there aint enny use in going to the meating.

well after Gewett shet up and set down the reverent Mister Chickering, Chick Chickerings father got up and sed the voters had augt to come together as members of one family and settle what was for the practical good of the town as if it was for their own good. he sed he wood like to hear from the concreek man. well the concreek man got up and sed he had herd that the Unitarial chirch wood like a new sidewalk and if the town was willing to voat to leave it to the Selectmen to put in the new sidewalks pervided he put a sutible one for the Unitarial church he wood go ahead.

then old Bill Hunnewill whitch was a democrat and wanted to be seleckman but coodent in Exeter got up and piched into the selickmen but was howled down in spite of the modderater whitch tride to give him a fair chanct to speek.

then the modderater asted all whitch was in favor of the motion of the referent Mister Chickering to say so and there was a auful yell of i. then he called for the nos and there was a feerful yell of no. then the modderater sed he was in doubt and coodent deside whitch beet.

then he sed all those in favor of the motion stand up and be counted. well a auful lot of peeple stood up and the modderater counted them as well as he cood with lots of them getting pulled down by their coat tales. then when the modderater had finished counting he sed all those opposed stand up and he counted and lots of peeple gumped up and the modderater counted again. then he told them to set down. then he sed the i's have it and the motion pervales. then the nos all gumped up and hollered and the i's hollered and clapped and stampt and there was a auful noise. bimeby when you cood hear ennything a no man hollered mister modderater did you count the men standing in the back of the hall the ferst time. and the modderater sed I did sir and the man asted did you count them the 2th time and the modderater sed by Godfrey Bill i dident. and then evrybody laffed and hollered and when they got throug the modderater sed he was sorry to use sutch langage and sorry to have maid sutch a mistaik and if ennybody wood ask for a check list voat he wood order it. i thougt he sed a check rane vote and i asted father what that was and he laffed and sed he wished it was that kind becaus a lot of the voters and speekers had augt to have a check rane and a curb bit but this kind was a ballot or wrighting vote.

then sumbody asted for a vote by check list and the modderater called for the check list and old Raich Belnap the town Clerk went into the selickmens room and came back with a lot of papers and set down. then the modderater called out the naimes of 3 men to be the tellers whitch father sed ment to count the ballots. i asted father why they dident call them the counters and he sed dont you know what a counter is and i sed yes i gess i do. a counter is that old Tom Corner gumped over when he chased me and caugt me and licked me for hitting him in the snout with a popgun.

well then the modderater called the tellers to come up on the platform and they

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GUARD THE DANGER LINE

SQUIBB'S

DENTAL CREAM

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done it and then he called upon a Jestice of the piece to sware them. and old Gim Luvering went up on the platform and held his hand up in the air and told the 3 tellers to hold their right hands up like him and they done it and then old Gim sed repeet the oths after me and he sed loud so evrybody cood hear i James M. Luvering do solemly sware and they all begun i James M. Luvering do solemnly sware and old Gim sed no dont say my naim. and they sed you told us to and he sed i thougt you gnew better than that and one of the tellers sed why dident you tell us whitch naim to say and Gim sed say your own naim. then he begun again and they all done it.

then they set down at the table and the modderater sed bring in your ballots gentlemen and peeple crowded up in a long line and as they went by the modderater he held up his old stovepipe hat and they put their ballots in that. after he wood get a lot in his hat he wood poar them on the table in front of the tellers whitch begun to put them in piles and count them. evry now and then sumbody from Stratam or South Newmarket or Brentwood or Kensington or some other town wood try to put in a ballot but the modderater toar their ballots up without looking at them. well it took most a hour for all the peeple to voat and to count the ballots. and evry now and then the modderater wood pound the desk and holler are your voats all in gentlemen and sumbody wood pile up and put in a ballot and onct a man tride to put in a hoal handfull and they arested him and are going to try him tomorrow befoar Jestice Bell for skulldugery so father sed.

bimeby the tellers got throug and beckoned to the modderater and wispered to him and showed him a paper and he called the town clerk and showed him the paper and they all talked together. then the tellers went over the ballots again and then they talked again.

then the town clerk sed sumthing to the modderater and he went and got his old stovepipe hat and handed it to the town clerk and the town clerk looked in the hat and sed well Gnatt i will be dammed so evrybody cood hear it becaus evrybody gnew sumthing was rong and gessed it was a even voat and you cood hear a pin drop it was so still.

then the town clerk maid the moderater look in his hat and the modderater tirned red and slapped his own head 3 times. then the modderater showed the hat to the tellers and they begun to laff and then he banged the old hat down hard on the table so that evrybody cood see and out come 1 ballot. then the fellers all looked at the ballot and rote sumthing on the paper and gave it to the modderater whitch looked at the paper and sed gentlemen lissen to the result of your ballot.

hoal number of votes cast	488
hoal number of votes cast on the question befoar the house	463
necesary for a choice	232

as this is a important matter and fealing has run high over the result i am going to give a full account of the ballots so as to show xactly how evry vote properly cast was counted.

bully for George Shute	12
dammed if i care	6
i dont give a dam	4
to hel with the polise	3
no	231
yes	232

and the motion is adopped

well the yes fellers cheered and stamped and hollered and the no fellers went out without saying ennything. sum of them laffed but most of them was pretty glumm.

ennyway it was a good town meating. i wish i cood voat. sum day i can and peraps sum day i can be modderater. but i wood rather be able to gnock Fuzzy Thirstin down the way father did than to be a modderater or even a livery stable keeper. i gess i wood like to be a charcoal birner and set up nites and fry fish and rost corn on the charcole and go throug the towns selling it.

Saturday, Sept. 4, 186— there is moar gawing today. you see Friday nite was prair meating nite in the chirches and most of the religius peeple is agenst the concreek sidewalks because they is old fashioned, so father says, and they was to prair meating insted of town meating. so today when they begun to yap agenst the voat at the town meating all the peeple whitch voated agenst the concreek sidewalks piched into them and called them evrything and sed if they had did their duty they wood have gone to the town meating and they got mad and sassed them back.

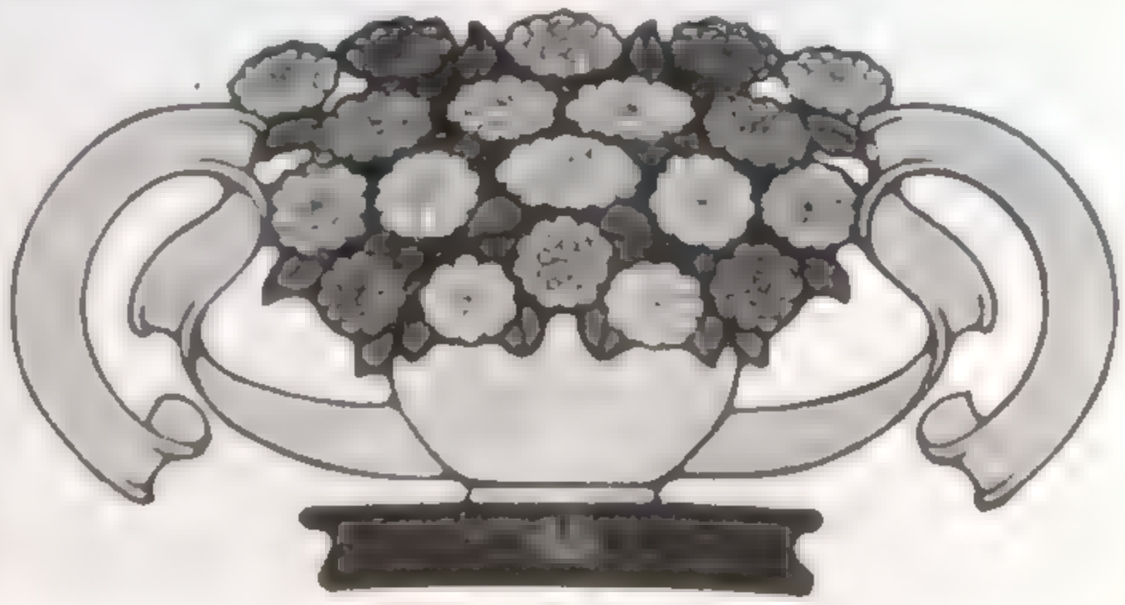
father says that the caus of trew religiun has been set back about 14 years in Exeter and he sed the hoal matter was causing him a grate deel of sorrow and uneeziness, and mother and aunt Sarah and Elizabeth Francis Smith which was to supper at our house all begun to laff and sed they pitted him verry mutch. and father he sed he was thankful for their kindness and apresiated it fully.

father sed in his opinion it was the most serius thing that had hapened in Exeter since my buck lamb had butted uncle Gilman Smith down our front steps and he had lit on his vennerable ear on the sidewalk with 3 dozen ears of sweet corn, a half peck of tomatoes, a half dozen summer squaches and a dozen cucumbers distribited over him, and he had walked all the way from his house to give them to Joey and aunt Sarah. Joey is mother you know.

when father sed this, Elizabeth Frances sed George i neerly die laffing when I think of that. if you cood only have seen father when he got home. he was the maddest man i ever saw and then she laffed until she cried. ennyway she sed Uncle Gilman voated for the concreek sidewalks and old Woodbridge Odlin wood have voated agenst them but he went to prair meating and if he had voated it wood have been a ty voat.

some of the religius peeple dont dass to go down town. Elizabeth Francis Smith is verry religius but if wimmin cood voat she woodent have gone to prair meating Friday nite

next weak old John Flannigan is going to begin on the Unitarial concreek sidewalk. old John has been in Newburyport learning how to maik concreek. me and Pewt and Beany is going round evry morning early to see what old John has caugt in his concreek. I hoap he will have good luck and catch a good menny things.



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DISCOVERIES OF A GEM EXPERT

Continued from Page 32

after the late J. Pierpont Morgan in recognition of his generosity in presenting the two Paris collections which I made in 1889 and 1900 to the Museum, for which gift he likewise received the decoration of Officier de la Légion d'Honneur from the French Government.

The other stones which I have discovered in this manner are californite, a green translucent gem; utalite, an opaque green gem; and starlite, a heavenly blue stone. Moissanite I had the honor of naming. The latter two jewels are responsible for two of the most interesting gem stories of recent times.

Starlite, for example. There have been all kinds of gem hoaxes, but it is seldom that any hoax is so universally successful for so long a time as was one perpetrated some four years ago. At this time there came into the gem markets of the world a new stone, or rather a new and beautiful variety of a stone which had previously been seen only in green, yellow, and brown, the last very little used because of its usually uninteresting color. This new variety, known as the blue zircon, was marvelously brilliant. Indeed, no other gem can surpass it in this respect; it is as brilliant as that most sparkling of stones, the blue diamond, and 50 per cent heavier.

This new gem was indeed an addition to the jewelers' stocks and it immediately became so popular as to outsell all other zircons. Though the demand was large, the supply was equally large, and gorgeous blue zircons came pouring—but not too abundantly—into the jewelry shops of Europe and America from many corners of the globe, from points scattered from Australia to Europe. It looked as though, now that the gem had been found, it could be mined as widely as the less beautiful varieties.

It is impossible in these days to fool all the jewelers in the world; that much is certain. Individuals may be taken in by a false stone, but not all the jewelers all the time. And the jewelers of the world accepted these zircons. So there could be no doubt that these were genuine stones—no doubt at all.

The Zircon Changes Color

Still, the moment a specimen was laid in the palm of my hand I knew that there was something strange about it. There it lay, winking and twinkling like a veritable heavenly blue star, indubitably a genuine stone—a lovely thing to suspect, yet I suspected it.

So strong were my suspicions that I wrote to a dealer in London who specialized in blue zircons, asking him to give me all the information he could. In reply he sent me a blue zircon crystal—that is, the stone as it is found in the ground before it has been cut and polished—as proof positive that, since crystal and cut stone corresponded exactly, they must be one and the same thing and genuine. And I went on suspecting those blue zircons just as much as before.

Then one day a friend of mine announced that he was going to the Orient.

"Look here," I said to him, "do something for me, will you? When you're in Siam ——" And I explained exactly what I wanted.

When he returned he had a tale to tell, and the tale confirmed my worst suspicions of those lovely blue zircons.

"Damned clever," the way the thing was worked. Right there in Siam they had a seemingly inexhaustible mine of brown zircons which they had great difficulty in selling. "Wouldn't it be fine," certain individuals said to themselves, "if these wretched brown zircons were only, say—blue zircons?" The wish was father to the deed. They began to experiment with those brown zircons. The old tricks of applying color superficially or backing a gem with another color wouldn't work, they knew—played out, too quickly discovered. So they dipped the brown crystals in this and boiled them in that, and lo and behold! one day, after a little brown zircon had been heated in a furnace for six hours, exposed to the fumes of cobalt nitrate and potassium ferrocyanide, it gradually turned blue—and stayed that way. And there they were!

Diamonds From Mars

In order that the gems might not be traced to one source and the hoax discovered, they took the precaution of sending them out by agents to some twenty or thirty widely separated points, where they were bought by one dealer. But they all originated in the one place, just as I had suspected.

It is seldom that a hoax turns out to be of value to the community as well as to the perpetrator, but so beautiful—like a spark from a trolley pole striking the wire—are these blue zircons that people go right on buying them just as before, and those clever little Siamese go right on profiting by it. Indeed, it has not decreased the value of the stone in the least to prove that the color was not natural, any more than today it injures a pretty girl to prove that her color is not natural.

The years that elapsed before the hoax was discovered gave plenty of time to launch the new gem and make it popular—all that the perpetrators wanted. Because of its perfect imitation of a twinkling star, I called this stone starlite. This stone, topaz, and smoky quartz are the only stones that can be changed in color. Really, you have to hand it to the Siamese!

What would you say to diamonds from Mars? I have some. Or if not from Mars—only, I like to think it was Mars—then from Venus or Jupiter or perhaps Neptune. You may take your choice, for I'm not exactly sure myself just which planet or star they came from, only I do know that they descended upon us from unknown space—just that; from unknown space. Of course, I haven't any great quantity of them—not enough to make a grand display at a world's fair; and they're not very large—not big enough to mount as a racing man's studs; but still I have something that almost no one else in the world has or has ever seen or even heard of—diamonds from another planet. My diamonds and those that came with them are the only precious stones ever sent us as a present from another world whirling in space.

In the Canyon Diablo in Arizona occurred, many centuries ago, one of the great phenomena of the world. Into and about a volcanic crater, three miles around and 800 feet deep, fell a shower of meteors—from unknown space, doubtless cast off by a planet in revolution. Some weigh not an ounce, one more than 1680 pounds, all originally one great mass of 30,000 or more pounds.

One day Professor Koenig, of the University of Pennsylvania, was sawing up a bit of this meteorite when suddenly his sharp little saw broke—whip! And there, where his saw had struck it, in the heart of this meteoric substance, glittered a diamond! As I say, nothing to dazzle in the marts of the world—it was only an eighth of an inch across—but what scientist wouldn't rather have discovered this tiny gem from Mars—or Venus or Jupiter, as you like—than—I was going to say the Koh-i-nur? Later, many other small diamonds were discovered in other fragments of this meteorite, but in no other meteorite in all the world.

A New Precious Stone

And then a friend of mine, Moissan, the great French chemist, whose attention I had directed to this meteor, purchased 100 kilos of it, which he dissolved, and discovered in it not only a large quantity of tiny diamonds—Koenig had found only one—but—dare I say it?—something even more astonishing. Not only had this great meteor brought us diamonds from another world but a new gem, unknown to this world! To be sure, not a gem in the commercial sense, for these numerous six-sided crystals of Moissan's were far too small to be mounted, but chemically a gem. This was a carbide of silicon, found to be the second hardest substance on this earth, the diamond being the hardest and the sapphire having previously held second place. Now it was usurped by this new precious stone, which, if larger, could be used as a jewel and could only be polished with the diamond. So not only did this meteor bring us diamonds from stellar space but a new gem, never found in Nature on this planet. I therefore named this new species moissanite.

Another experiment of lesser interest I myself made with this phenomenal meteorite. In order to prove conclusively that this was the same as earthly diamond dust, I put some—which I obtained by dissolving part of the meteorite—on a new lapidary wheel, never before treated with diamond dust, and set to polishing a diamond with it. Immediately I heard that peculiar

(Continued on Page 99)

Mining Sapphires in a Small Stream in Queensland

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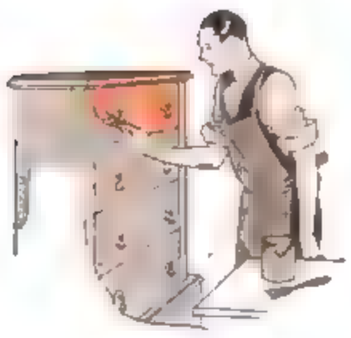

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Painted by Coleman Parker

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PRATT & LAMBERT VARNISH PRODUCTS

(Continued from Page 96)

singing sound which is audible only when a diamond is being polished by the only possible method—with its own dust—the first instance in which a diamond was ever polished with diamond dust from unknown space.

And now for another kind of discovery—that which I have spoken of as the finding of a gem outside the beaten track of commerce, in some out-of-the-way corner of the earth. I have traveled far in search of such prizes as this. No Arab tent is pitched too far, no headman's village too remote, no South African farm too solitary, no Siberian outpost too desolate, no camel town of the steppes too barbaric for the gem hunter to journey to if there be hope of a rare gem at the journey's end—and if there be no gem, then the journey is its own reward. "To travel is better than to arrive," and my collections of reminiscences far outweigh the collections of gems I have made.

Of my many journeys into far places, none was more colorful than that to Troitsk in the steppes of Orenburg. At this time I was making a mineralogical trip through the Ural Mountains with the engineer in charge, a charming man named Gamilton. It was while under his guidance that I saw the platinum washings of the greatest platinum mines in the world and gathered for the United States census the material for the first report on this mineral ever published in this country.

While on this trip I met Doctor Clerc, founder of one of the greatest museums of Russia, who invited me to journey with him through the steppes to study the inhabitants, to gather valuable gems, and, as a climax to the trip, to meet the young Czarevitch, later Nicholas II, then on his way home from Japan. As I had already heard of certain marvelous gems which had been mined in the steppes, I accepted with alacrity. The journey began with a walk over a 5000-foot mountain to catch a train to the steppes. We walked through primeval forest from seven in the evening until two in the morning. After the train, came a ride of almost 200 versts in a drosky, and finally the arrival at Troitsk. That is what travel in Russia meant in those days. But we were only two small atoms in the great stream of humanity pouring into the city to see the future Czar on his journey across Russia.

Troitsk! All that was beautiful and precious in the little city, from their sacred icons to their Bashkir women, unveiled for the occasion, was on display that day. The annual fair was in progress and a camel town had sprung up overnight on the plains outside the city. From all the surrounding provinces came nomads of many races in more sorts of costumes than one would see in a score of operas. They came, these nomads of the Orient, in caravans, on their camels or swift, shaggy horses, driving their goats and their mules before them, bearing their multifarious wares, for here the products of the East would be exchanged for the products of the West. I describe all this, as the ensuing event was not without its effect upon my search for gems.

A Cutaway for State Occasions

And then, on the eve of the great day, a realization of my predicament swept over me. To meet the Czarevitch! But what was I to wear? One does not meet royalty in mufti. And I had no evening dress with me. In Moscow they had told me that no one in the steppes had ever worn evening dress, nor, in fact, had ever seen a suit of that kind, and I had had to travel light. Could such a suit be borrowed? Was there any official, chief, anyone of high or low degree in the whole town who could unearth one?

Hopeless! Everyone of importance wore military or official uniforms instead of dress clothes. I retired to my room to wrestle with the problem. I had been informed that I would be the only person from the continent of America invited to meet the Czarevitch, and I felt that it devolved upon me to uphold the dignity of the Western Hemisphere. I took a desperate resolve. I happened to have with me a Prince Albert, and laying this out on the floor I put shears to it and proceeded, with some misgivings, to cut it into some semblance of a dress suit. I was, not without pride, trying the effect before the glass, when Doctor Clerc was announced. He took one look and made a sudden resolve.

"Look here, Kunz," he said, "this reception to the Czarevitch is bound to be a stupid affair—speeches, standing about for hours; you know the sort of thing. I've come to the conclusion that it will be a lot more interesting to mingle with the crowds. It will give you a wonderful opportunity to study the great number of barbaric races of this part of Asia. I'll see that we're excused from attendance on His Imperial Highness."

I needed no great persuasion, greatly delighted—as I have no doubt Clerc was—at being relieved of wearing that impromptu dress suit.

What preparations in the town itself! A great space, about 400 feet wide, part of the magnificent highway to Siberia, had been cleared for the passage of the imperial party, and an immense arch, richly decorated, was erected in the line of march. Beneath this triumphal arch stood a beautifully decorated carriage drawn by eight coal-black Orloff horses, spanned with a single harness made of leather no thicker than the little finger but stronger than any leather we make. Several marvelous platters, one two feet in diameter, carved from a single piece of jasper, gifts from the provinces, held bread and salt to be used in the ceremony of welcoming the royal visitor.

Enthusiasm Properly Stimulated

The day before, printed notices had been issued by the chief of police ordering everyone to be present for the procession and, under pain of arrest, to applaud tumultuously on the appearance of the Czarevitch. Order was kept by the Cossacks, magnificent fellows who galloped about, swinging their swords and intimidating the multitude.

I had obtained permission to take a snapshot of the Czarevitch and stood with my camera loaded, waiting.

And then occurred an event which considerably affected my quest of gems in the steppes. The magnificent cortège appeared—thirty-six carriages drawn by 125 horses coming at full gallop. Throughout the Czarevitch's trip, at every government station—that is, every ten or fifteen miles—these dashing horses had been changed for others, and as they were constantly driven at a fast gallop, they certainly had need to be. On this trip from the Pacific to the boundary of European Siberia, 2000 of these spirited animals were foundered or killed. But now, as the gorgeous cavalcade swept toward us, no one thought of that.

"Czarevitch! Czarevitch! Little Father! Holy Father!" Hails and hallelujahs burst from the throats of the frenzied multitudes. At the arch the cavalcade drew to a sudden halt, the Czarevitch descended from his drosky, was greeted by the three governors, and quickly entered the new carriage drawn by the eight gleaming Orloff horses, which, rearing high, at once bounded forward. The great waves of frenzied humanity, careless of life and limb, surged together almost beneath the horses' feet with a noise like a clap of thunder. I raised my camera, the horses flashed by, the air filled with dust and in the instant that I snapped the shutter I saw the Czarevitch spring up and then fall backward as though he had been shot. His staff sprang to his aid and it certainly looked as though he had been assassinated. He lay, as far as we could see, inert in the carriage. Had the dread of assassination which was part of his heritage at last been fulfilled? Long before the crown of all the Russias rested upon his head, Nicholas II was pursued by fears and threats of violence, a lifelong terror, a ceaseless struggle against the inevitable.

This time, however, he was to escape—only to be reserved for the final horror at Ekaterinburg. No shot, it seemed, had struck him, but the recent attack on his life by a native in Japan had completely unnerved him, and evidently he had seen, or thought he had seen, an assassin in the crowd. With the greatest possible speed, still fainting, he was driven to his apartment. Then I congratulated myself that I had not stood for four hours in the broiling sun with the other members of the reception committee. They never met him. He rested in his apartment until the time set for his departure and then left, having received no one.

This great event being over, I could now devote myself entirely to the quest of gems and minerals. Sorry as I was at this untoward happening, I couldn't help being somewhat relieved at the sudden departure of the Czarevitch, as there was danger that, in their fervor, the people might shower upon him all their rarest treasures, thus denuding the countryside of its most valuable gems, as the presentation of those priceless jasper platters, the like of which has never been seen in America, threatened. And my uneasiness had been increased by the rumor that the Czarevitch desired, while in this vicinity, to purchase the very gems that had lured me to the steppes.

There lived in these parts a peasant woman worth some $100,000—so I had been informed—who possessed a number of quite extraordinary amethysts, mined on her property. Five of these magnificent gems she had already presented to the Czarina, and the Czarevitch, it was rumored, had hoped to obtain the rest. Therefore my only chance of procuring them, as I had no desire to bid against the wealth of Imperial Russia, lay in getting there first. The Czarevitch's abrupt departure gave me hope of success. Still, with a Romanoff, one never knew.

Getting out of the town was no easy matter. I took the extra precaution of starting three hours before the Czarevitch. Night was coming on, the road was almost impossible to keep, as it led over ground full of holes, some twenty feet deep, dug in searching for gems—this was a rich mineral district—and forty or fifty travelers were said to have disappeared the previous winter between Troitsk and our destination, perhaps by falling into the holes, perhaps killed by robbers.

Mining Gems as a Side Line

Doctor Clerc, as we jolted over the really terrific road, kept exclaiming, "Oh, good Lord! Oh, good Lord!" and I, with my revolver on my knees, gave our driver, who might well have been in league with bandits, to understand that if we were attacked and he did not escape, he would be killed. Suddenly, on the dimming horizon behind us, a company of horsemen appeared, coming toward us at a mad gallop.

"Robbers!" shouted our driver and began beating his beasts unmercifully. The danger of falling headlong into a hole seemed as great as the danger which pursued us.

"Robbers!" groaned Clerc; then brightening, "Or perhaps the emissaries of the Czarevitch going ahead to arrange for his reception at the next stopping place. Only robbers and the Czarevitch have horses that travel like that." This alternative, fearing for the purchases I desired to make, was not as reassuring to me as to Clerc.

The cavalcade gained rapidly upon us, overtook us, swept past. Emissaries of the Czarevitch! We breathed easier. We came through without mishap, and the next day I set out in search of the rich peasant's house.

It would be a mistake to think that no peasants in Russia are sufficiently wealthy to own gems, and some of great value. During this trip I picked up many magnificent stones in the houses of these peasants. As soon as our arrival in a village—consisting of perhaps only fifty or sixty huts, all of them together not equaling in value the church that stood in their midst—was announced, the peasants, having heard I was a collector of gems, would come to me with

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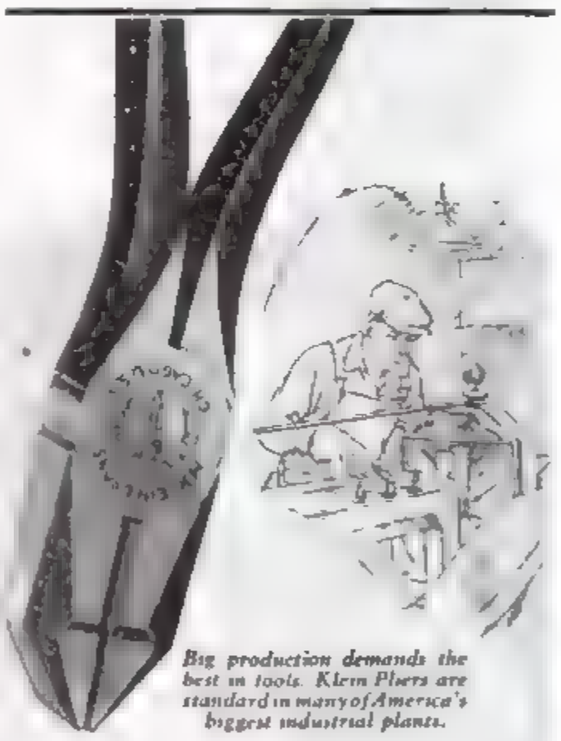

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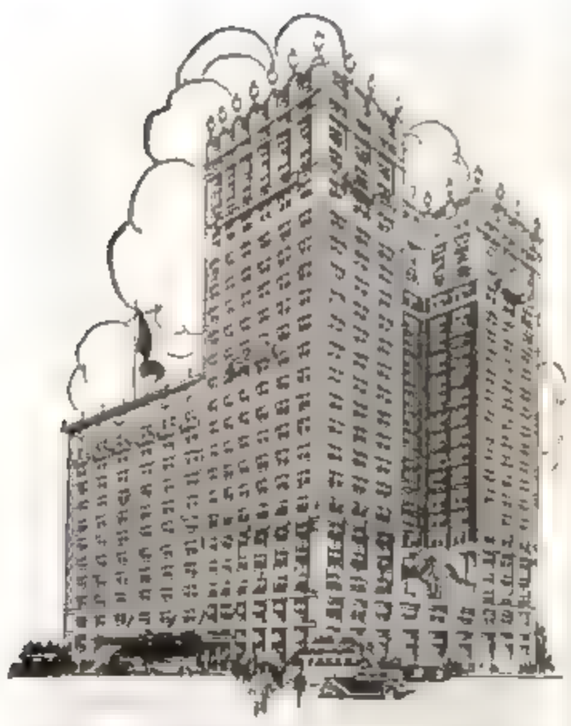

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their hoarded treasures, and very remarkable things I frequently acquired in this way.

They become possessed of these gems in this way: In the early spring, before they can work the soil for crops, they search for gems, on their own or rented land, frequently finding enough to set aside quite a comfortable fortune. They have a notion that these gems, as winter approaches, should be buried in the ground for what they call a seasoning. They believe that this seasoning is necessary to the perfection of the gems. As a matter of fact, no such seasoning takes place; but, as in the case of most superstitions, there is a grain of truth at the bottom of it. In reality they are doing just the right thing, though for the wrong reason.

The scientific explanation of the need of this gem burial is that at the heart of many of these stones is a tiny drop of liquid carbonic acid, and unless they are protected from freezing—as, for example, by burying or packing in sand in the cellar for one or more years—this drop of liquid will freeze, expand and burst the gem.

The Czarina Ujakova

But on this summer trip I didn't need to wait for the gems to be dug up before they were shown to me. Wrapped in dirty bits of rag, stuffed into an old stocking, stowed away in some broken bit of crockery with a lot of worthless odds and ends that their presence in the house might not be suspected, they were brought to me in great secrecy; and the old muzhik, with his patched trousers tucked into his high boots and his bright blouse hanging, belted, to his knees, or the magnificent peasant woman in all the bravery of gala apron, embroidered sleeves, and strings of coins as necklaces, would stand sharp eyed before me as I turned over the glittering gems and made my choice.

At last I approached the vicinity where dwelt the woman reputed to possess the famous amethysts and, meeting a peasant on the road, I inquired where she lived. He grinned broadly.

"Akh, the Czarina you mean?"

"No, she who sent the amethysts to the Czarina."

He waved his hand, still grinning. "Yes, it is the Czarina you want—the Czarina Ujakova. She it is who sent the amethysts to the great Czarina." Then he came closer and with a shrewd wink observed, "You see, she is not stupid, that Ujakova. Her amethysts were fit for an empress, and so she sent them to the Empress of all the Russias. But we know her—that Ujakova. Did she expect nothing in return for those great amethysts, big as a bantam's eggs and purple as the hills at sunset?" He leaned impressively nearer. "She expected a title, no less—a rich gift and a title. That is what she was out after. And what did she get?" He slapped his knees, doubled up with mirth. "All she got was a brass samovar, and not a sign of a title! But we are more generous—we, her neighbors. We gave her a title. We call her the Czarina Ujakova." And he almost touched the earth in the extremity of his mirth. When he had recovered—"Yonder she lives," he said. "Ask her if there dwells the Czarina Ujakova—and she'll catch your nose in the door."

You may imagine I was careful to ask for no such exalted personage. When the so-called Czarina stood before me, barefooted, red and blown from her bake pans, I had some difficulty in believing that she was worth $100,000, let alone the possessor of some of the finest amethysts in the world.

I had seen beautiful amethysts in my day but when these gems, dragged from beneath a mattress, were poured out before me from the depths of an old stocking I gasped. Not one, but a dozen perfect gems, of a color found nowhere else in the world, none less than an inch in diameter, lay sparkling on the rough table before me in a little pool of light from the low window.

That true amethystine purple gives one a peculiar sensation, I assure you, for it is like no other color in Nature, not even in a sunset; and these amethysts of the Urals are more beautiful in color than any others in the world. Not only are they an unusual color in the daylight but by artificial light, as I discovered by holding a candle to them, they turn a gorgeous ruby red, in this differing from almost all other amethysts. For intensity of color, perfection of quality, and one might say majestic beauty, these amethysts, I saw at once, would rival any other colored gem.

Great as was my excitement, I managed to conceal it from this sharp-eyed peasant woman, alert to my every flicker of expression, wary as a fox. By casual questioning, I found, to my immense relief, that no emissaries of the Czarevitch had been there—doubtless the fateful accident the day of the reception had prevented that—and that I was the first buyer that had appeared financially interesting to Ujakova. As the peasant had said, "That Ujakova is not stupid." And when I left her house, although I was the possessor of half a dozen of those gorgeous amethysts, I had paid every ruble they were worth. A shrewd woman, the Czarina Ujakova. But then one must pay something to possess gems coveted by a Romanoff.

Still, America has its Romanoffs, too, and all those amethysts eventually went to an American millionaire, one to the greatest of our railroad magnates and one to Mr. Morgan, which is now in his museum collection—a great, grape-purple gem an inch and a quarter across.

I know of only one other person, the scientist Humboldt, who ever made a scientific trip of this kind through Russia. My trip proved a most valuable journey not only from a mineralogical standpoint but from the number and quality of the gems I was able to accumulate—several hundred in all.

It was a trip that few would envy me, rather dangerous and sometimes extremely uncomfortable. There were few hotels on my route, and even when I struck one I sometimes had to cook my own food to get what I wanted, though on the whole Russian food, even in the country, is most appetizing. Usually I had to stop over in some peasant's hut, and curious places many of them were, with entrances below the surface of the ground and roofs only two feet above it.

Some of the villages I visited were 150 miles from any railroad; strangers almost never passed that way; and yet these peasants, living in localities where the hunting for gems had been going on for more than a century, knew to a ruble the value of the stones, and no matter what I offered—such is the way of the ignorant—they always asked for more. They will keep a stone for twenty years rather than sell it for a lower price than they have put on it.

Precious Glass

Among the finer gems that I picked up was the beautiful topaz now in the Harvard Museum, a translucent blue stone weighing four pounds and worth thousands of dollars which the peasant who sold it to me had kept carefully wrapped in soft cloth so that it came to me without abrasion or injury of any kind.

One of the most beautiful of gems, and one that was not known fifty years ago, is the green garnet, or Uralian emerald, which shows as much fire as the diamond itself, and indeed, in the evening, might easily be mistaken for a fine green diamond. I obtained a large number of these on this trip. It was because the Ural Mountains, in addition to their metallic wealth, have for centuries been noted for their remarkable production of gems of great beauty that I was tempted to make this journey—and was so richly rewarded.

I suppose, in a way, one might call it a discovery when, as I have said, one finds that an object considered of no value by the owner is really a gem of considerable value. This has happened to me several times. In the great museum collection at Karlsruhe I saw one day an object, labeled glass, which was in the collection because it had been the mouthpiece of a hydrant of the fourteenth or fifteenth century belonging to the Bavarian castle at Rostof. As soon as I saw it I knew that it was rock crystal, and so informed the curator.

Again, in the Imperial Museum of Vienna, in the large collection of glass dating from the early Roman period, I saw a huge *coupe*, large enough to hold a man's two fists, which I immediately recognized, among all those glass objects, as of rock crystal. These objects were naturally worth at least 100 times as much when recognized as crystal. And likewise in the Royal Irish Museum I discovered that certain red stones over an inch across and almost eight sided labeled spinel—a semi-precious mineral—were in reality rubies. Such mistakes are natural, because a curator interested in enamels may likewise be in charge of antique glass, for example, of which he knows little.

But don't think for a moment that it is only the gem expert who makes discoveries. My, no! Practically every man, woman, and child in the country at some time or other discovers at the very least a garnet, but usually a diamond or a pearl, whether in the roadway of his house, the gizzard of the chicken he kills, or the oyster he is about to eat. To his cost does the gem expert know of this universal human failing, for not a day goes by but many bits of quartz, feldspar, or glass are sent in to him for identification as precious stones.

A Valuable Poodle

In all my years of experience I have never known of any valuable stone to be taken from the gizzard of any fowl; yet because in this natural animal polishing wheel things are ground round and come out wet and glistening, I suppose to the end of my life I shall receive my daily quota of bits of glass and pebbles. The only instance of which I know of an animal harboring a rare gem in his interior was that of a poodle that swallowed a pearl worth $2500, which was naturally passed twenty-four hours later, having lost two-thirds of its weight and three-quarters of its value. A valuable poodle, that, for had he been immediately killed the stone would have lost none of its value. Naturally enough, its mistress would not consider that.

Once when I was on a mineralogical tour of New England—my idea of a really splendid vacation!—and was working in the vicinity of Stowe, where beryl had been found, I unearthed a wonderful white topaz and a beautiful green aquamarine. This was the first time white topaz had ever been found in that vicinity. The gem was a really magnificent specimen, three inches long, the largest ever found in the state, weighing some eight or nine ounces. It is now in the Field Museum in Chicago.

By some strange coincidence most rare things—precious and semi-precious stones—are found in out-of-the-way places, far from cities or even villages. In all the excavating that has gone on in New York City—more than in any other territory of the same size in the world, I suppose—no gems of any real value have ever been discovered, and naturally, at this late date, no one, not the most ignorant laborer, would even think of such a thing. And yet right here in New York occurred the one exception I know of to the statement I've just made.

One broiling August midday a laborer digging a sewer at Thirty-fifth Street and Broadway unearthed a crystal six inches in diameter and weighing almost ten pounds. It was immediately sent to me for identification and I saw at once that it was a garnet—the finest large garnet ever found in the United States. Contrary to popular opinion, the finding of a single isolated crystal is not unusual, as garnets and tourmalines are often so found. This garnet, which still belongs to me, is now in the Museum of Natural History in New York City.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Doctor Kunz and Mrs. Ray. The next will appear in an early issue.

The White Fireman

— an alert guardian against "exposure" fires

ONE aim of the White Fireman's work is to limit the advance of fires from small beginnings to widespread destruction.

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The White Fireman, symbolizing the Fire-Prevention Service maintained by insurance companies, advises with architects and builders that projected structures may be planned and erected to have the least possible susceptibility to both internal and external fire-damage.

Particularly to safeguard buildings against communicated or "exposure" fires, and to confine potential conflagrations close to their point of origin, the White Fireman tests every variety of roofing, as well as interior and exterior building materials, that their fire-resistant properties may be predetermined.

For such tests, he has available the special proving-apparatus of great physical laboratories, which realistically reproduce the exactions imposed by actual fire conditions.

The Loss-Prevention Service rendered by the White Fireman includes the inspection of property, with recommendations for the elimination or reduction of existing fire-hazards; the testing of building materials; the practical trial of fire-extinguishers and other protective equipment; the examination of electrical apparatus and materials, for their fire-safety; and much other technical assistance to the furtherance of fire-prevention and property conservation.

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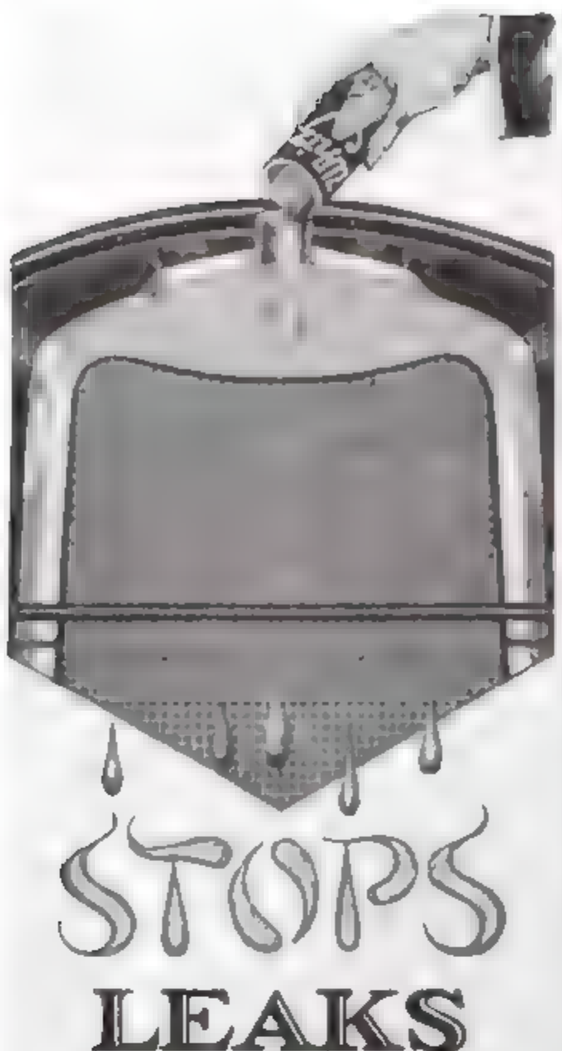

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35 IN THE BLACK

(Continued from Page 17)

man turned out to be Eddie Erskine, the great college athlete, holder of international records—swimming and tennis championships. More than that, he was the son of old Edward Erskine, millionaire broker, whose dramatic financial ruin had caused his sudden death. Eddie had quit college then and come almost direct to the golden *salle de roulette* with a remnant of the family fortune.

Monsieur Benedite himself had been hustled from bed that morning when young Erskine's body was found lying beneath a flowering mimosa tree and crushing a well-ordered border of pansies. Benedite must be getting old, Jacques thought, or his memory would now be better. Thank heaven, though, that he had forgotten. Jacques' voice trembled.

With the blind imbecility that nearly always, at such moments, characterizes officialdom, both major and minor, Monsieur Benedite had given orders to move the body to the subsidized undertaker and that not a word be said to anybody—as if that were possible for more than a few hours. But everybody at the scene of the discovery belonged to the Society—gardeners or police—and young Michel Savignon, too, was there, leaning against the mimosa tree and staring down at the dead man. Jacques now remembered that Eddie Erskine, as a little boy during the war, had often come here with his father. The Savignon boy, then wild and ragged, had played with the American boy down on the pebble beach beyond the railway station.

Benedite, when checking up the onlookers, had asked Savignon why he was out so early and the youth did not reply, but continued gazing at the body. Then he looked direct into the other's eyes.

"You can't keep this quiet," he stated bluntly. "This is Erskine. Everyone here knows him how he has been losing in the Casino and raising hell outside. He has a sister, Lois Erskine—his twin. She will be looking for him in no time."

Monsieur Benedite harshly commanded Savignon to mind his own affairs. Savignon obeyed, naturally, but the story was out before noon and the devil was to pay. The body had been sent to the sister, then in Paris. And young Savignon—a pity Jacques had forgotten him until now. Better look into it. He knew the girl too.

"But how do you know this Edwards girl is Lois Erskine?" Jean interrupted. "Why are you so sure?"

"Why, the looks of her, *petit imbécile*," the elder brother replied. "She's a twin, I told you. Same bright yellow, wavy hair that curls up at the side, same wide-set blue eyes, same swinging walk. I'm the fool, I admit, not to have recognized her before—before I remembered that Eddie Erskine was a crazy system player on 35 in the black. Louise Edwards—bah! Actress—bah! That girl never was on the stage in her life."

Jean was forced to agree. But the brothers further concurred in the opinion that Miss Lois Erskine, while assuming the rôle of Louise Edwards, actress, played the part perfectly.

Shortly after supper, served at the *pension* where he lived, down in the plebeian section of the town, a young man strolled forth into the fresh evening air and up the long straight hill toward the Casino. He was tall, lean, and the electric street lamps showed the bronze of his skin; also his eyes were large, and dark as the long shaggy hair that curled below his cap. His gait was almost slouching, but his head was erect upon the wide, square shoulders. He wore cheap clothes, which included a sweater, but his air was patrician. Idly he acknowledged the greeting of a policeman stationed at the bottom of the hill.

"Fine night, Monsieur Savignon," the policeman said, and the other agreed.

"And a rising beauteous moon," Savignon added, waving a long arm toward the harbor.

The moon hung, stagelike, just over the graceful outlines of a white yacht. The young man continued up the hill, pausing halfway, again to study the shining harbor and to light a cigarette.

Michel Savignon was patrician. His employment was humble, but he was only twenty-three and therefore was untroubled. He was just a year older than his dead friend, of whom he was thinking—Eddie Erskine—and Lois too

He was French, with the blood of old Savoy. His branch of the Savignons descended from the ancient dukes, but that had not kept him from becoming penniless and a charge when his father was killed during the first months of the war. An aunt, his only relative, brought him here from Vence, in the hills back of Nice. Then the aunt had died and he was alone, and so he had gone to work—*que voulez-vous*—at the first job offered. But he hated the Casino. So much of his family fortune had gone to it, so his aunt told him, from the hands of that gay, so popular father.

Michel's stroll took him past the Casino doors, where again he paused to light a second cigarette. He slouched across the driveway into the tiny *bureau de tabac*, to renew his supply. Glancing through the window, across toward the path that led to the hotel, he saw something, so he lingered, mechanically undoing the cigarettes from their cover, stowing them inside a gunmetal case. The object of almost tense interest was a man, slightly dingy, leaning against the iron fence and evidently on watch. Savignon crossed the street. Under a corner lamp the men recognized each other.

"*Bonsoir*, chief," Michel said softly. Always he thus saluted the head of the Casino's Intelligence Department when no strangers were near.

Jacques Dubois looked anxiously up and down the street, at the same time making a curt gesture of recognition. Michel turned down toward the *gare*. For a moment Jacques seemed about to follow; but then, shrugging, he returned to the task of watching the path leading to the hotel.

Savignon did not go to the *gare*, but circled under the railway bridge and came out upon the sea front, the part that is removed from the great hotels and Casino, where the Mediterranean is still permitted to caress—or batter, according to humor—the natural rocky coast.

The moon was well up, the sea radiantly calm, except for long sheenlike swells. The young man followed the narrow path that hugs the cliffs, occasionally stepping across bowlders swept up by storms. This region receives less attention from the Society. Farther on, he passed a line of decrepit bathhouses. Finally he left the path and climbed down over the pebbles toward the edge of the water that foamed white in the moonlight. A large bowlder rested near the edge, with a natural seat on the side facing the sea, wide enough for several people. Anyone there was quite invisible from the shore. Michel occupied it, and for an hour smoked cigarettes and gazed at the sea that crept in and out of the pebbles almost up to his feet.

Out there, directly ahead a hundred yards, he had raced with Eddie Erskine and Lois just a dozen years ago on a bright February morning when only they had dared go in. Three small heads bobbed slowly up and down, while Mr. Erskine, camera in hand, sat on the same rock where Michel sat now and called instructions:

"All right, you're in line! Get ready!" The water was cold. February was really early to go swimming. Savignon shivered now at the recollection. "One—two—three—go!"

With tremendous splashing and spluttering they had shot through the water, Lois shouting as her small brown arms hauled her slim body over the swells.

"Aw, shut up!" Eddie had howled, as he tried to take air at the same time. Michel was gaining. That was natural, for he had taught both Erskine children to swim. But he didn't want to win, somehow, he didn't just know why. Then he heard Lois scream behind him.

"Mike, you're quittin'!" She always called him Mike. He liked that. Then: "Quitter Mike!" high and piercing.

Again he had struck out with all his strength, but he had lost yards, so that he and Eddie crawled out at the same moment, with Lois only a second behind.

"Dead heat—for the boys," Mr. Erskine had announced. "Tomorrow Lois shall have a yard handicap."

"Don't want it," she had called. "I lost more than that yellin'." She had scrambled up the pebbles, grabbed Michel by an arm and shook it. "Mike," she had continued to shout, "you could have won."

Then Eddie came to him and took his hand.

"Sure you could," the boy had said. "Why didn't you?"

But Michel had no answer. Then Mr. Erskine had lined them up, Lois in the center, for the photograph. They shivered in their scanty bathing suits and raced to the bathhouses at the top of the beach.

Mr. Erskine had then called that it was just noon and he was going on to the Casino. He would meet them in an hour for lunch at the hotel.

"Bring Mike along," he added.

That was customary. Often young Savignon was guest of the Erskines. They had first met on the same beach, the year before, and became friends. Michel's father, who was a great linguist, taught him languages when almost a baby, so he could speak English to the Erskine youngsters while they were acquiring French.

That photograph, the day of the race—Mr. Erskine had given him a copy. It was in his room now, at the *pension*. He looked at it every day, and this very evening—the fair-haired, slim Eddie, laughing; and the likewise blond, curly haired, very thin Lois, also laughing while brushing wet locks from her eyes; himself dark, brooding, even then.

The Erskines returned several times, and they had been kind to him. Always they hunted him up, and once Lois had written that they were coming—an awkward schoolgirl letter. That too he had kept.

Then the long silence, and finally Eddie's return alone, just one year ago—grown, changed and burning with the fever of gambling. Still friendly, he had sought Michel, but only to explain his roulette system.

Michel tried to convince him, patiently, that the wheel is a mechanically perfect device and cannot be beaten. He explained the workings of the Society, how all croupiers have thorough schooling, to become perfect at sizing, immediately after every play, the exact mathematical status of the table—what each player has won or lost; to become ambidextrous at paying out and raking in, then spinning the ivory ball in one direction and the wheel in the other, so that the ball always travels twelve times around the disk while the wheel revolves fifteen times.

All useless; and Eddie, ruined, was found in the gardens under the mimosa tree. Michel, fearing trouble, had gone to look for him that morning.

Steps sounded on the gravel behind the rock. Then Michel heard whistling—several bars from a popular tune. He quickly took it up, as the other whistler ceased half through a bar, so that it went on complete to the end. Another listener, unless quite near, could not have distinguished that it had been done by two persons.

A second later Lois Erskine glided beside him and seized his arm.

"Cigarette, Mike, please, for the love o' Mike—or for the love of Lois, rather—not forgot our old signals, eh?"

(Continued on Page 107)

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She spoke in whispers and seemed excited. Michel glanced quickly at her profile which showed clear-cut against the silver moon path.

"Game's up, Mike, I guess." A pause, during which she again seized his arm and pressed close to him, whispering: "Mike boy, I've been followed. The man is only about a hundred yards behind—back on the path, just in the shadow of the bathhouses. Don't look." She pushed harder against him, but Michel made no attempt to move. Instead, he puffed calmly.

"Yeh," he said finally. Even from brief association with Lois Erskine his American vernacular was correct. "A thin, seedy guy—rat eyes. Don't worry. He can't get nearer unheard."

"That's he," the girl replied. "Tell me, Mike dear, who is he? And why did you send for me tonight? You know I'm followed everywhere now, and my maid too. Why, it's just luck you've not been spotted, too, passing the messages to her at the post."

Another long silence while both puffed.

"Guy's name is Dubois," he then said. "Head of the spy department. He saw me tonight, too, coming in this direction. Worried him a bit to let me go, but his instructions were to watch only you—and, besides, his memory has not quite caught up to me. But that's why I sent for you. With the chief on the job in person, I guess the game is up."

Lois sighed and continued to lean against the young man, until the cigarette was finished. Michel held himself rigid.

"I'm glad," she said finally. "It's been a terrible strain—and getting the money out too. It was dangerous for Mary to carry so much of it about. Oh, yes, I'm very glad." She turned her face to him impulsively. "And now, Mike old thing—now that it's over, can't you get away, too, for a vacation, so we can really be friends again publicly?"

Michel continued to sit rigid, and for a moment said nothing. Then ——

"How much swag did you take off them, anyhow, Lois? Whatever it was, they deserve to lose." He chuckled.

"Oh, an awful lot!" she whispered. "Just over two millions. Gee, Mike, we're—I'm fixed for life, if I want to settle down over here! Of course it's not so enormous in dollars. Tell me, Mike boy, did the system really work, or—or was there something else? You had so much to do with it." He started to interrupt, but she went on quickly, although again lowering her voice to whispers: "You tried so hard when I first came to prevent me playing at all. Then when you did give in and got my alias all fixed, you made me promise to follow always your instructions as to which table each day."

"That was merely my superstitions," Michel replied. "All system players have superstitions. You changed tables daily, instead of compiling vast tables of figures, as most of them do." The girl glanced keenly at his face. The moon struck it full, but it was impassive, graven. "I felt too that on certain tables you would lose. That was necessary for the big coups that followed. Otherwise the Society would have been busy long ago."

"Yes, I quite understood that," the girl murmured. "I followed you blindly. Really, you did it, Mike."

"Nonsense!" he said, raising his tone, at the same time edging along the seat away from her.

A puff of chill wind struck them and the girl moved along the rock until again huddled against him. Again she clung to his arm.

"Now that it's over, Mike, what are we—am I to do?"

Michel leaned forward as though trying to break her grip, meanwhile searching his pocket for the cigarette case.

"But it's not all over—quite," he then said. "The play is finished, yes, but you—you, Lois, must now get away quietly, before they try something. They're capable. That's why Dubois is on your trail. The whole outfit is aroused." A pause. "Tomorrow's Sunday," he added.

"What of that?"

"You must act first—and quickly—that's all. You beat it tomorrow, early, on the eight o'clock tram for Nice. Let Mary do your packing and follow. They won't bother her. That tram may already have given them their clew. Trams are not vogue for persons engaged in breaking the bank. Why did you always choose the Sabbath morning tram?"

"Why, silly, if you must know, because you always took it, too, for your day off in France and —— Well, we did have a few good days at Vence, didn't we? But I do remember, the last two Sundays, when you couldn't get away, a man seemed to take a lively interest in me. Same sort that's followed tonight, only bigger."

"Brother Jean Dubois," Michel said. "Well, tomorrow you'll likely have Jacques, the chief. But don't worry, nothing will happen." He rose abruptly, but kept his figure well in the shadow of the rock. "You'd best go now—not afraid to go alone?—of course not. It is better that Brother Jacques does not see me again tonight—not before tomorrow. Beat it, Lois. I'll lurk along behind. I'm your follower, too, but in the shadows."

"But I'll see you tomorrow?—promise."

"I promise"—they clasped hands—"but don't recognize me until I give a sign," he added. He then began whistling loudly, the same popular air. Lois took it up in the middle, as before, and smiling up at him stepped into the full moonlight.

Few passengers were aboard the early Sunday tram, so Miss Edwards, *née* Erskine, secured a front seat on the side toward the sea. Her maid, Mary, saw her off and received audible instructions to telephone Mrs. Chatham-Perkins, at the Beau Soleil, that Miss Edwards accepted with pleasure the invitation for tea that afternoon. Miss Edwards did not seem dressed for church. A cap rested upon her bobbed hair. Her sports suit was knee-length and vivid. On her arm she carried a motor coat.

Michel Savignon climbed aboard as the car passed the harbor front, near his *pension*, and with no sign of recognition took a seat several rows behind the girl, on the opposite side. Jacques Dubois, who had been telephonically advised that Miss Edwards was actually en route, did not appear until just as the tram was crossing the frontier. He stared hard at Savignon as he came down the aisle from the motorman's platform. Michel smiled pleasantly and moved over toward the window.

"Sit here, chief," he said. The other, visibly annoyed at the public appellation, sat down quickly.

"You know better than to call me that, Savignon. If you value your job, don't do it again."

"I don't value it," Savignon retorted, but in low tones—"not one little bit. But I suppose your schooling, supplied by Benedite, taught you the knowledge of English. We will converse in English if you wish, and so I may call you chief. Oh, don't worry"—as Dubois started to protest. "The English ride in limousines, not trams—and most of them aren't up yet."

Michel laughed. Dubois glowered at him as the tram sagged along noisily.

"And what's brought you abroad to France so early in the morning, chief?" Savignon then asked.

"None of your business," came the retort, in English; and then, after brief reflection: "But I might ask the same question of you."

Michel again laughed. "My day off," he replied. "And the spirit of gambling is upon me. Inasmuch as I am not permitted to play here, I go elsewhere to try my luck."

"Bah! That silly *boule*, in the Pier Casino, I suppose." Jacques was scornful. "A child's game."

"Sure! Roulette, of course, is better—fairer, but the French bar it for a game where the bank percentage is trebled. . . . By the way, chief, who is the lucky girl now causing such a stir?"

Dubois grabbed the other's arm to silence him.

"You're right about roulette," Dubois said quickly. "A far better game—nothing crooked about it. The wheel is a device that is mechanically perfect."

"Quite so," Michel agreed. "And the Casino's system is perfect too—nothing to worry about. Even in case of raiders it would be difficult to put the gambling rooms in the dark. Three systems—electricity, gas, oil lamps over each table. . . . But about this girl, chief." Savignon lowered his voice. "I might put you wise to something, if you really ——" He broke off abruptly. Dubois looked at him keenly, suspiciously. Then: "Do you know her real name, for instance?" Michel grinned.

The girl in the front seat turned her head so that Dubois could see the profile, but they spoke so low it was scarcely possible that she heard.

"You've got it at last, eh?" Michel said, chuckling. "Well?"

"Well, then—I've had my suspicions of you, too, Savignon, since last night. If I hang anything on you—might as well prepare to resign now."

Michel snapped his fingers. "Don't threaten," he announced, "and don't worry. Perhaps I can help you." Dubois stared, and the younger man continued: "What's really eating old Benedite is to know her system. Isn't that it? Whether she really has a system that will stand every test of time—that or whether she is just the world's luckiest. He doesn't really want a fuss. He only wants to know, and incidentally, of course, to end the young lady's present costly Casino engagement."

Dubois continued to stare, but said nothing. Occasionally he shifted his glance toward the girl, who gave no sign.

"Well, I can tell you," Michel continued pleasantly, almost in a whisper. "I wouldn't, except that what I know couldn't benefit anyone else. If it could, I'd let the Casino have all the trouble possible."

"What do you mean?" Dubois interrupted, his voice rising. "And I can tell you now, you're as good as fired."

Michel laughed. His laughter rose until several passengers noticed. Miss Edwards half turned and got a momentary glimpse of Michel's eyes—merry, reassuring.

"I should worry about the Casino," Michel then said, again sinking his voice. "It ruined my father. It drove this girl's brother to his death. Bah, Dubois! I've not got it in for you. You can't help what you do—and you are due to lose your own job if you don't solve this mystery. No use for more than one of us to go."

"What do you know?" Dubois commanded.

Michel mused a moment. "You just said that the wheel is a device that is mechanically perfect," he said. "Then evidently the only way to beat this wheel is to make it mechanically imperfect. That's the entire plot, Dubois." Michel again smiled.

"Rubbish!" Dubois again retorted. "This girl never played at the same wheel two days in succession. All of them couldn't have been off—none of them were—not one."

"One, chief," Michel corrected—"just one—only one was necessary. Of course she didn't play the same tables, but you know the wheels are changed daily. And she always played the same wheel—whenever she won. It wasn't in the system to win every day."

Michel turned away and regarded the dusty street of the village through which the tram was then passing. He was smiling broadly.

"But—b-b-but ——" Dubois stuttered, clutching at his arm.

"That's all," Michel replied, his tone slightly impatient. "Miss Erskine—we might as well now call her by her name—was neither unduly lucky nor had she a system. The wheel was crooked, simply crooked, and that lets you out with Benedite."

(Continued on Page 109)

Schnauzer

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PLENTY OF RUBBER IN U.S. ROYAL CORDS

(Continued from Page 107)

"How do you know the wheel was crooked? How—why—why—you ——"

A light of understanding began to gather in the speaker's eyes. Then the eyes became wrathful, but Michel looked straight into them, smiling.

"Nothing to get sore about, chief—and don't make a scene. We are in France and it might be awkward. You remember at last—at last, my friend, that my job is in the Casino cellar, down in the carpenter shop, also the test room, where the wheels remain every morning. I tried to persuade Miss Erskine not to play roulette at all, but failing that—well—well, I made her win. And she doesn't know it either." Suddenly his voice became grave, his eyes somber. "You will remember that—she doesn't know anything—anything but a system that's called 35 in the black."

A long silence followed. Michel again gazed out of the window. Dubois looked uneasily at the girl ahead, who sat rigidly erect, staring at the sea. Then he smiled and turned to Savignon in a manner quite friendly.

"Very well," he said, "you've done me a service; but—but you might just as well give me the details. Benedite will want them, too, you know. Evidently you've fixed it up with her"—he crooked a finger in the girl's direction—"and you're both getting out." Michel's eyes blazed so that Dubois recoiled. "Oh, very well—pardon," he said quickly.

"I don't know where she is going. I intend to get a job elsewhere, and that's that."

Michel Savignon had difficulty in keeping his voice down. His face had gone pale under its tan.

"Sh-h-h!" Dubois warned. "I'm sure I meant no offense—really—and I'm greatly obliged."

Another long silence. Michel sat slouched in the seat, brows knitted, fists clenched. Then he straightened up.

"Very well, Dubois, I'll give you the rest of it. Take a motor back—tram's too slow—and get there before the play begins at noon. Go to the test room and look for a wheel that has a slight grain just about the center of the disk, running diagonal toward one of the triangular brass segments—just touches the tip of the segment. You can't miss it, because there isn't any other. Get a croupier, for the wheel is just as it was yesterday when Miss Erskine made her final coup—I've not touched it. I say, get a croupier—one with good hearing. Spin the ball, say, a hundred times. You will see that a certain quarter section of the wheel on which the 35 in the black is the center, running on the left to 29 and on the right, including the zero, down to 15—you will see that the ball falls there oftener than in any other section. It won't fall a majority of the time, but just oftener than in the three other quarter sections.

"You see, Dubois, I wasn't out for an enormous percentage, but merely the shifting of the same percentage usually against the player over to his side—that or a trifle more. A bigger percentage would have aroused immediate suspicion. I had her use other tables to throw off other players. Of course, on the days she plunged she was at the right wheel."

"But what has hearing got to do with it?" Dubois asked. "You said to get a croupier who has good ears."

"Because, you will see that, when the ball strikes the steel segments that separate the numbers in our section, it makes a slightly different sound from that when it strikes another part of the wheel. That would have been the flaw in my operation—only there is always so much noise at the tables. Not only the sound is different but also the rebound—it is a slightly sloppy rebound—so that whenever the ball begins striking in that section it is fairly certain to stop there."

"And why are these segments different—how, I mean—so that the rebound is faulty? This is my last question, Savignon."

The young man chuckled until his shoulders shook.

"Well, Dubois," he said at last, "I've got to tell you. It's too good to keep, because it's so simple. Just turn the wheel over and, in that particular sector, tighten up the screws. The segments are just a trifle loose, and that is and was absolutely all."

When the tram finally clanged its slow way to their destination, Dubois, after gripping Savignon warmly by the hand, rushed to the rear platform without bestowing even a final glance upon the girl who had been under his surveillance. As a motorbus came into view he swung off the tram and onto the other vehicle while both were in motion.

On arriving at the terminus, Lois Erskine, still obeying the orders given by Savignon the previous night that she was not to recognize him until he made some sign, tripped from the tram and into a large limousine which seemed to be waiting her arrival. Michel, frowning, watched the car start; then, shrugging, he turned toward the Promenade des Anglais, his cap pushed back on his head and at his usual half-slouching gait. Idly he extracted a cigarette from the gun-metal case.

The morning was bright and warm and few people were out. Michel watched a boy feeding the sea gulls beside the pier; then, buying a newspaper at the kiosk and thrusting it into a pocket, he continued his idle stroll along the beach walk.

"Mike! Mike, come here!" The words, in tone of command, were clear, bell-like. Michel turned at once toward the sound. The limousine was drawn up at the curb, the door open and Lois leaning out. "Come here at once," she again ordered, "and do stand up straight. Don't slouch." Immediately he stiffened, but began a rigid march toward her. "Why didn't you speak when we got off the tram—after that man went away? I didn't because I was obeying you. Why ——"

By this time Michel had reached the car. She reached out, grabbed his arm and shook it violently.

"Get in here," she then commanded, dragging at him until he half stumbled inside. Lois then slammed the door and the car started at high speed down the promenade.

Michel crowded to a far corner and did not speak. The girl, with a large sigh of evident relief, settled herself and drew a cigarette from her own platinum case. Suddenly she flung it out of the window.

"Give me one of yours," she ordered. "Like 'em better—stronger."

Slowly he extended his own case, still silent, also striking a match, which he held for her. Again she leaned back in her own corner of the wide seat and puffed contentedly. The car was well along the road to Cannes before the silence ended.

"Where are we going?" Michel asked. "You seem to have kidnaped me."

"Don't you like it?" she asked; but not waiting for reply, she continued: "Mike boy," she said—and her voice was low, grave, slightly tremulous—"I couldn't hear much that you two said. You hoped I wouldn't. But I did get something of it. I realize now what you did for me. And, oh, Mike, I was a little fool, wasn't I?—to think I could win—alone."

She reached across and took his hand and held it fast. He tried to drag it away, but she clutched it more tightly.

"I don't understand quite what you did," she went on. "That doesn't matter; you needn't explain. But of course you can't go back." She paused; then, more brightly: "But of course that doesn't matter either, for you don't need—we've got plen—plenty."

"What do you mean?" He leaned forward quickly, almost bending over her. "What do you mean, Lois? You don't think I would touch that money, do you?" His face, his eyes, showed anger, but she flared straight back at him.

"Why not, idiot? You won it more than I. You did it all, and at least you've got to share it."

"Well, I won't!"

The tone was definite, final. She dropped his hand, turned away and looked moodily out upon the sea. He, on his side of the car, gazed also moodily upon the distant Alps.

"I am going on to St.-Raphael," she said at last. "I hope you will consent to come that far and not force me to set you down before. I invite you to luncheon. At least you can accept that. Mary is joining me there. We packed last night and she is taking the noon train. Then we go on by this car to Paris. Do you come to lunch?" She snapped out the last sentence.

Michel turned abruptly from the window, smiling, and took her hand.

"Certainly, Lois—with the greatest pleasure." They both laughed.

"What will you do after?" she then asked.

He shrugged. "Oh, don't worry. I've got a little, and I'll find something."

"You'll let me know, Mike boy?"

"Oh, sure!" Again they laughed.

"How about your baggage?" she then asked.

Again he shrugged. "Oh, that can be sent along when I write. I've got my valuables—the picture and the let——" He stopped suddenly, the blood rushing to his face. "I—I forgot," he stammered. "I wasn't thinking. I—I ——" The girl's face was radiant.

"—— the picture and the letter," she filled out the word. "Why, those are my valuables, too—my picture and my letter. I've got them here now. Our picture, of the three of us, that dad took." The words came fast, breathless. "And the letter you wrote me that time after I told you we were coming. Oh, Mike dear, is your letter the one I sent you? Oh, say it is!"

She flung herself toward him, smiling. Her cap was off and her curly bobbed hair fell over her eyes. She seized both his hands. But his arms, strong, rigid, held her away. He did not speak, but again looked out of the window at the distant mountains. His lips were set tight. Lois released his hands and sat back, but still smiled.

"Mike, look at me," she commanded. He did not stir. "Mike, you're a fool." His head nodded slowly, but did not turn from the window. "You won't take half the money?" The tone was taunting. His lips twitched at the corners. "I've got a lot of it here now in my ——" She stopped and blushed faintly. "Because if you won't take half," she then went on: "I suppose you will have to take it all."

A long silence, while she looked at him steadily.

"Why did you say that?" he said at last, his words coming slowly, as though forced out. She leaned toward him. He placed a hand over his eyes. She seized it and pulled it away.

"Because, imbecile," she said, also slowly, solemnly—"because after the way I am behaving with you now, I suppose at least you intend to marry me."

A spasm seemed to pass through the man. Then he completely lost interest in the distant Alpine peaks.

"That, of course, is quite another matter." He half gasped the words before the onrush of her lips.

AN AMERICAN COMEDY

(Continued from Page 19)

Abraham lies ill upon a pallet in front of the fireplace and the villain has designs on Tess.

She agrees at last to his proposals in order to give little Abe the medical care he must have to save his life. As Tess leaves the house with the heavy, Abraham staggers to his feet, and as she closes the door cries "Tess! Tess!" and falls in a faint at the door. Curtain!

Lloyd Ingraham had schooled me never to step out of character in taking a curtain call. I took it, wan and weak, supporting myself on the knob of the door.

Overeager on the first night, I made my first entrance ten lines too soon and interrupted a tender love passage. Ingraham saw and tore his hair, but trouper that I was, I drifted backstage to a property wheelbarrow against the back drop, examined it with a counterfeited boyish interest and as my proper cue approached, picked a property flower, smelled it and dropped it in Tess' lap—all to Ingraham's profound relief. An indulgent critic wrote in the World-Herald:

> The part of Tess' little brother was well done by Master Harold Lloyd, who demonstrated that he has a dramatic instinct which will doubtless carry him on to success in the histrionic art.

I liked it all, especially the "histrionic"—a seventy-five-cent word not yet in my vocabulary.

The next bill, Clyde Fitch's Lovers' Lane, called for four boys and I brought with me Laverne Manning, George Norn and Earl Ketchum, all of whom will be recognized, with some changes in spelling, as veterans of Tom Morgan, the Cowboy of the West. On the first Saturday of this engagement I idled about the house, waiting for theater time, and found that the clock had stopped. Out of the door I burst, hatless and running, until the first street car overtook me. No more was I aboard than the car began to act like the clock and move with such agonizing slowness that at the first junction I leaped off and took a car on another route. This motorman, too, at once came down with sleeping sickness and the car crawled, though, from my seat, I pushed with every muscle tensed. I got off and ran again, reaching the theater at last, to find the curtain up on the second act and George Norn playing my part. Right there a career blew up in my face. Unless you have been a boy actor, you can't know the feeling and I shouldn't wish you to. I was cooked. Ingraham took it less seriously, however, and put me on at night as usual.

Several weeks of boyless bills ensued and the next appearance was not until March in Nell Gwynne, commemorated by this sentence at the close of a newspaper review:

> As the call boy, Dick, in the theater greenroom scene in the first act, Master Lloyd, who appeared in Lovers' Lane, is refreshing and appears perfectly at home despite his youth.

I must have had a press agent.

In Lovers' Lane, Frank Bacon was the opera-house manager, with no line to speak and nothing to do, as far as I can recall, but to come out once and paste up a playbill; yet he got the biggest laugh of the show by the way he spit in his paste bucket. All he ever had to do to explode the house was to walk on the stage, and whatever the character assigned to him, he went on playing Frank Bacon. Audiences would have demanded their money back had he done otherwise. If you saw Lightnin' as who didn't?—you saw Bacon plain, for he and Lightnin' Bill Jones were one and the same. He was a droller character than any he was billed to play. I learned nothing of make-up from him. He did keep two ancient hunks, one red, one black, in his dressing room, but rarely used them. When asked, as he was frequently, what he did with his money, he had one reply:

"I spend it all for make-up."

Nor was make-up the only detail he neglected. He rarely bothered more than to glance at his part, necessitating that his wife, Jane, prompt him from the wings; or if she happened to be on stage with him,

check him in whispers. I had a long scene with him in Nell Gwynne and discovered by the second performance that it would be well to learn his lines too.

Mrs. Bacon—Mother Bacon to all of us—scolded him, saying, "Frank, it's bad enough for the grown people, but you at least ought to study your part for the boy's sake."

I saw him backstage in Chicago a few weeks before he died and his greeting was "Up the chimney at Marlowe"—the cue line in Tess that he never could remember. It was like him to be letter-perfect in it thirteen years later. At the end of the Burwood season he prepared to take out a vaudeville playlet, expanded eventually into Lightnin'. He offered me a part, which my mother declined for me.

In the Public Eye

At the end of the Burwood season Connor went to Chicago to play at the Bijou. He lived in Ravenswood with his mother and sister, and an invitation coming to me to visit them, mother raised the money to send me, with a side trip to Toulon, Illinois, her old home, where many relatives still lived. There was some confusion as to day, train and station and no one met me in Chicago, which was just as I would have wished it. To meet a boy at a railroad station is to insult him. The larger and more strange the city, the more he rejoices in the sensation of being on his own; and as his pathfinding sense is much better than the average adult's, to worry over him is to worry over a bad penny. I asked my way of a fat policeman, who said to take an L train and get off at Wilson Avenue, I think it was. Apparently I misunderstood, for I got off many stations too soon and walked miles before I found the Connor home, but I found it and, boylike, thought nothing of it.

Toulon reminds me that I recall the first automobile ride as clearly as the first movie. I visited around the relative circuit in Toulon for a month, that month including Chautauqua Week, the high spot of any small-town summer. Chautauquas usually are arranged for the benefit of something or other, and this was no exception. As one ingenious means of raising money for the cause, all the automobiles in Stark County—all six of them—were thrown open to public use at five cents the ride. The nickel carried you a round trip of six thrilling blocks from the courthouse and back. My cash balance was twenty-five cents—you know where it went. Before the visit was done a cousin bought an E. M. F., an early American car sometimes affectionately known as the Every Morning Fixit. In this he took me to the neighboring town of Wyoming, where he stopped on business at a store.

"Want to come in, Harold?" he invited.

"No, thanks; I'll just sit out here and wait," said Harold, noting the gathering crowd.

While the populace crowded about, exclaimed and disputed as to whether such devilish contraptions should be permitted on the public roads, Harold sat haughty and silent. It was one of Harold Webster's Thrills that Come Once in a Lifetime—the same Webster who was a cub cartoonist on the Denver Republican when I was a small boy there.

Before going home to Omaha I spent a week at a boys' tent camp at Saugatuck, Michigan, on the lake shore—the only vacation of the kind I ever knew. There were plenty of boys, cherries to steal, Indian trails through dense woods and a botany instructor who taught me trees so well that I still know a little about them.

That summer my voice began to change. No longer fitted for child parts, yet much too young for juveniles, the old career was beclouded. In this awkward pause I resumed ushering and got out the notebook. A young fellow playing an old soldier in an Orpheum act encouraged me; if he could pass as an old man, so could I, and I reapplied myself to make-up. Vaudeville also suggested another alternative. Having lived it down, I can confess that I once had a weakness for dialect and about this time considered equipping myself as a dialect monologuist by a method all my own. The method called for seeking out Irish, German, Jewish and Swedish families with the broadest possible speech and living with each long enough to master their version of English.

Once graduated from such a course of study, it looked like I would be fixed for life, with an act requiring only an occasional new story. It was worth a trial, but there must have been difficulties—perhaps family ones.

If this was the fall of 1907, as it seems to have been, a misty interval of nearly four years follows during which we moved several times and I saw the theater only from the front of the house. I know that I divided either the freshman or sophomore year between Omaha, Denver and Durango high schools, and I can fix one date exactly. I was in Durango on July 4, 1910, for I ran the round-by-round reports of the Jeffries-Johnson fight at Reno from the telegraph office to a saloon where they were read. Evidently I returned to Omaha in the autumn, for it was in 1911 that the fortunes of the Lloyd family turned the corner. We moved to San Diego and it was from Omaha that we moved.

That change of fortune was heavily disguised at the moment. For several years my father had been working for a sewing-machine company, first as a salesman, then as assistant state supervisor. Sewing machines were the first of all articles, I believe, to be sold widely on the installment plan; also the first generally adopted household labor-saving device. Most women continued to make the bulk of their clothing and the children's clothes, and the market for machines yet was unsupplied.

In Omaha father got the nickname of Foxy, which clings to him still. It grew out of his zeal in turning up absconded and only partly paid for machines by examining the serial number of every one he found in use and checking it against a company list. In one day he brought in two long-missing machines, one of which had been sold four years before in New York to a tailor who had moved it first to Denver, then to Omaha.

"Oh, you foxy Lloyd!" the Omaha manager exclaimed, and Foxy he has remained.

A Chance Decision

In this work dad drove a buggy with a small platform behind capable of holding two sewing machines. He was run down one afternoon by a brewery truck and injured severely. Brewery trucks used to set out in the morning with two racks of full kegs and return in the afternoon with as many empties. It was a saloon convention that when the drivers had shot a loaded keg down the skid into the cellar and wrestled up an empty, the bartender would, without prompting, draw two large steins for the refreshment of the men after their labors, the same being on the house. A generous custom, but resulting sometimes in the truck crew driving breweryward in a beery mist. Such a crew in such a haze ran down dad and his buggy.

After a siege in the hospital and a lawsuit, a jury brought in a judgment of six thousand dollars against the brewery—divided evenly later between the lawyer and father. Such a sum as three thousand dollars suggested a move. Dad was divided between New York, where he never had been, and Nashville, Tennessee, where a relative published a religious journal. New York tempted me, for it meant Broadway; but Connor had moved to San Diego, where he was playing in stock and running a dramatic school, and I sensed that as between the chances of a green boy of eighteen on Broadway and under the wing of such a guide and friend in San Diego, there could be no question of choice. Dad never had seen the Pacific Coast, either, and was open to reason.

"We'll toss a coin," he said at last. "Heads is New York or Nashville or where I decide, tails is San Diego."

The coin went up, hit the ceiling, dropped and rolled under a bed. It was a pre-buffalo nickel and it stopped wreath side up. Had it fallen heads, this story would not have been written. The possibilities are infinite; the probabilities are that we would have gone to New York and I would have become a Broadway actor—I hope a good one. Had we turned eastward rather than west, certainly the odds are long that it wouldn't have been pictures, for I went into pictures only because they were on hand in California when nothing else offered.

In San Diego dad bought a pool hall and lunch counter with his three thousand dollars. Why a pool hall and lunch counter is one of those California mysteries; he knew nothing of either. A passing attack of pool fever in my freshman year in Omaha had left me a good shot, qualified to take a cue for the house any time a house man was called for, but dad had to learn even how to rack the balls.

He had neglected, too, to take a tip from chain-store practice and count the pedestrians before he bought. To a stranger in San Diego the location on Grant Park appeared to be ideally central; actually, it was fifty feet off the main traveled path, and only merchants know what a vast distance fifty feet can be.

A Cure for Swollen Craniums

These are some of the things I did in San Diego: Finished high school; relieved my father in the pool hall and lunch counter; played leads in high-school shows and aided Connor in staging them; acted as assistant in fencing, dancing and elocution in Connor's dramatic school; played in and helped Connor stage lodge and club entertainments; played characters in four local stock companies and was assistant stage manager of one; gave Shakesperean readings before high-school English and elocution classes; worked as stage hand at the Spreckels, the road-show theater. Many, if not most, of these activities were concurrent.

High-school vogues vary with the schools; in San Diego amateur dramatics were a major activity, nearly on a par in student esteem with football. My first choice naturally would be dramatics, and formal school athletics demanded more time than could be squeezed out of my routine. I had so enormous an advantage over schoolboy amateurs, moreover, that the leading parts fell to me without question, and I came nearer losing my head here than ever before or after. I have many reasons to be grateful to Connor, but the greatest service he did me was to reduce this swelling at the psychological moment.

We gave Going Some, a collegiate farce, in the school auditorium on December 6 and 7, 1912—the program, not my memory, is speaking—and I was J. Wallingford Speed, head yeller. By contrast I should have been pretty good. Furthermore, in the training-quarters scene, where the trainer and I held the stage and exhorted the team, the trainer's amateur nose began to bleed copiously. He walked off the stage, leaving me to conduct a monologue, and I got away with it.

I had come back with great relish and yearning to the stage after four years, and where I had been a humble apprentice among professionals, I was now the fair-haired boy among amateurs. The attack, I suppose, had been coming on for some time and the Going Some triumph precipitated it. The next morning I drifted into the dramatic school with my brow bared for the laurel wreath. Connor said hello and went about his business. I stood about waiting for it and when it failed to come I asked for it.

"Not so bad last night, was I?"—or something like that was the prefatory remark.

Connor hesitated as if reluctant to be drawn into so painful a discussion, then said quietly:

"Harold, I was very much disappointed in you. After all, you're not an amateur in his first play—not that I would have known it at times last night. You pulled yourself out of a hole in the training-quarters scene very well, and why shouldn't you? You've been working at the trade for years. On the other hand, how many times have I told you how to get the full value out of a laugh? Of course you got laughs. The laughs were in the lines and the situations. Half the time, though, you choked them to death before they were well started."

Point by point he went over my performance as a mechanic goes over a motor, pointed out bad timing, wrong emphasis and other A B C errors of technic. Had he barked "There may be worse actors than you, but I don't remember one," or some such blast, he merely would have made me mad and convinced me that he was jealous of my rising young talent. As it was, my own experience told me that he was right and just, and my classmates must have found me pleasantly improved by the next school bell. Most boys can use such a jolt to advantage at about eighteen; a boy actor cries for it.

There had been an incident in Going Some which I might have used as a partial alibi. In a stock-company production of either In the Bishop's Carriage or the Man on the Box earlier in the year, I played a butler in the second act and opened as a police reporter in the fourth, making my change during the third act. Having missed this act all week, I lingered to watch it about Friday night and made a hurried change during the intermission. The curtain rose on Act IV with the police reporter facing the audience, upstage. Titters began to float up from the front row when no titters were called for; in my hurry I had not completed dressing. The fear of a repetition haunted me thereafter, so when the prompter began to "Psst! Psst!" from the wing and to point early in the training-quarters scene, panic took me. A careful inventory disclosed nothing wrong with my clothing, but the prompter continued to hiss, grimace and point. Not until the act was over could I learn that he was warning me against a handful of tacks left in a chair by the stage crew. The tacks had gone unnoticed until the curtain was up.

The Next-Door Neighbor

The San Diego programs in dad's scrapbooks are confined to 1912 and are not complete for that year. They record me as playing in Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the Prince Chap, Jess of the Bar Z Ranch, Woman Against Woman, the House of a Thousand Candles, the Little Minister, the Count of Monte Cristo and the Sign of the Four with Connor and his New Grand Theater Stock Company; Salvation Nell and A Message from Mars in Myrtle Vane's Stock Company at the Savoy and the Aviator and Strongheart in the Metropolitan Stock Company at the Isis, named and owned by Mrs. Katherine Tingley, high priestess of the Theosophist colony at Point Loma.

By this time Lloyd Ingraham had come to San Diego and was playing with Myrtle Vane. Miss Vane is playing characters in pictures these days. She has a petition in to play my mother in our next picture and we are trying to arrange it. May Robson also is a candidate for the next mother bit. I was one of the Spreckels stage crew when she came to San Diego in 1913 with the Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary and fell hopelessly in love both with her and her acting. I shall not let her play my mother, though, and I have told her why; she would steal the picture from me.

The stages of the New Grand and an airdrome, as open-air summer theaters used to be called, were back to back and Charley Ray, who scarcely needs to be identified, was a youngster in the airdrome company at the same time I was one of the Grand troupe. Stella Watts was one of our company. We pondered much over our futures.

(Continued on Page 115)

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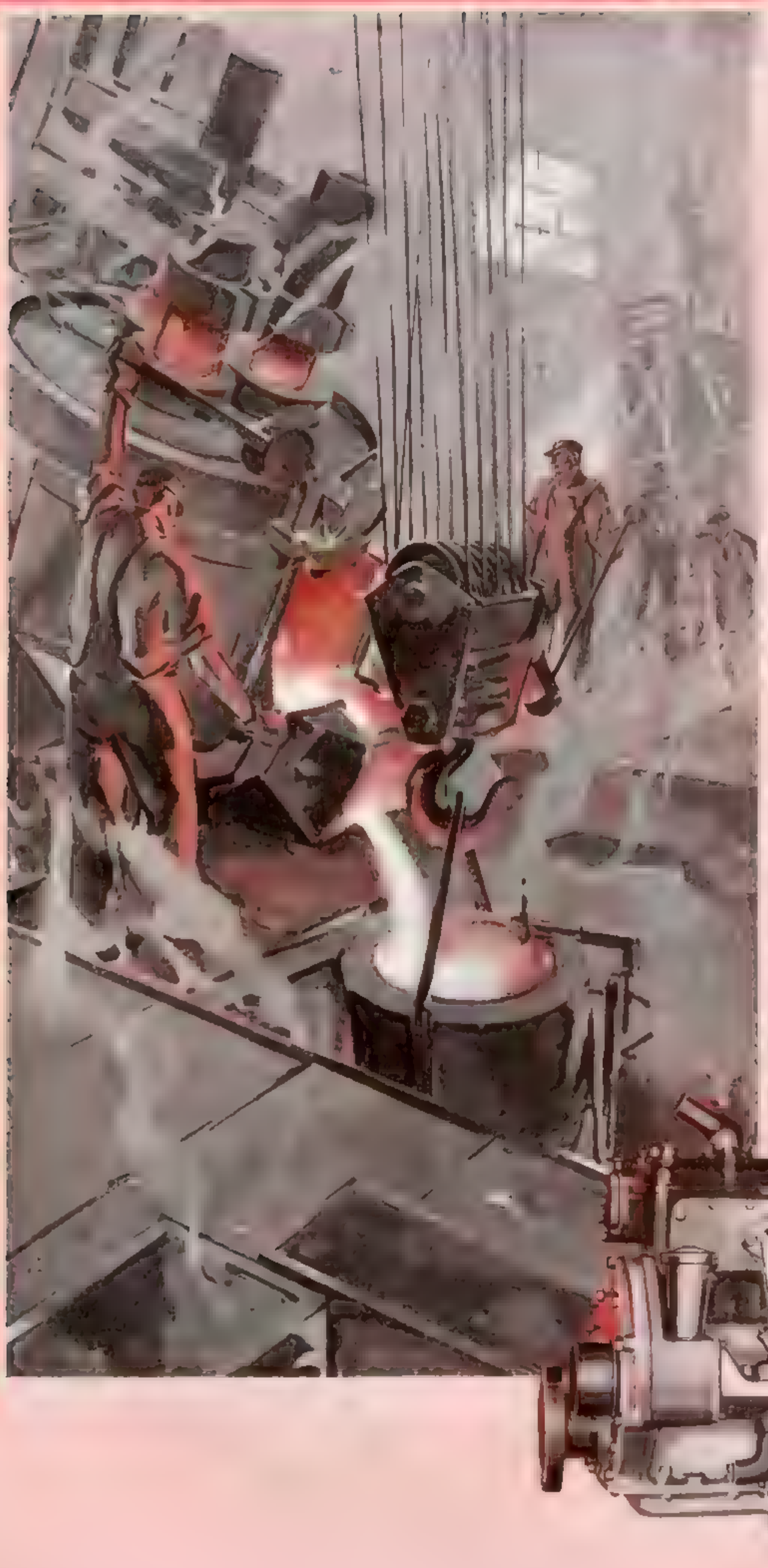

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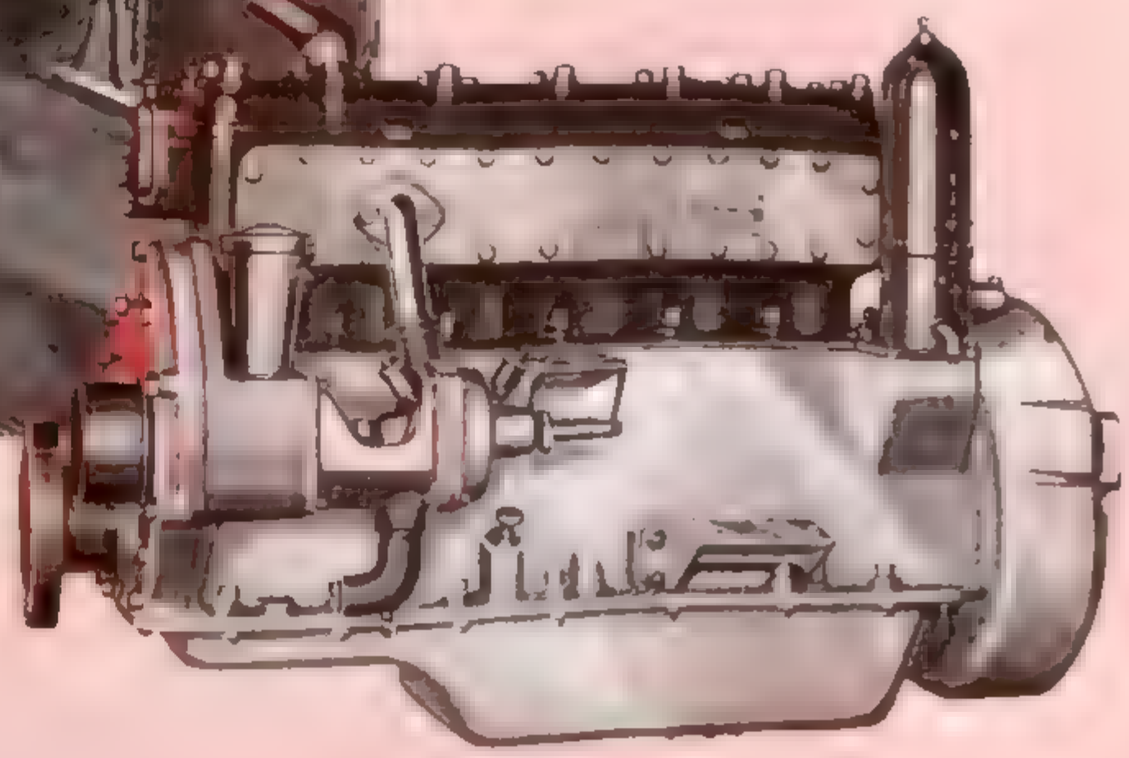

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Cities Service Oils & Gasolene

(Continued from Page 110)

"In 1920, Harold, let's put an ad in the Mirror and see what's become of each other," she said one night as we sat out a scene. That sounded like a date in a Jules Verne story. When it arrived the Mirror had suspended, Stella had a single act in vaudeville and I was just beginning to get my head above water in pictures.

These San Diego stock bits all were minor, some more minor than others, and a share of the usual accidents that befall apprentices in the theater went with them. In Woman Against Woman I played a valet with no more than six lines, so trivial that I declined to bother learning them. Just before my cue I would glance at the script, stuff the script back into a handy fold in the scenery and go on. I neglected to recover my script after one performance and when next I needed it the set had been torn down and stacked against the back wall with other scenery. In the midst of a frantic and hopeless scramble to find it in time, I heard my entrance cue and instantly remembered my lines.

This is a curious phenomenon of acting. You may have a long part and know it perfectly, yet have your mind go utterly blank as you wait for your entrance. At the height of your alarm the cue line is spoken and automatically your part returns to you as if the drawn shades of a room had been raised in unison.

This reaction is so dependable that young actors soon learn not to worry over offstage memory lapses.

In Search of an Audience

In the House of a Thousand Candles I played an old sheriff who at one point serves a summons on John G.—Griff—Wray. I made my flourishing speech one night, reached for the summons and found that I had forgotten it. "Well, I've got it somewhere," I ad-libbed, and left Wray to do the same while I ducked off stage in quest of any scrap of paper. The audience took it as in character for a comedy sheriff, but at future performances I carried summonses in every pocket.

In San Diego I emerged gradually from that transition stage where I was too old for boy parts and too young for juveniles. While it lasted I drew on my store of make-up lore and played characters, from Tonga the East Indian native who blows the poison darts in the Sign of the Four and is ratiocinated to earth by Sherlock Holmes, to old men. Occasionally I was assigned to a type juvenile and once the straight juvenile rôle of Albert in the Count of Monte Cristo. Playing straight in a romantic drama demanded carriage, the easy management of a sword and the wearing of a ruffled costume as if one belonged in it. There were no pockets for my hands and I was thoroughly miserable, where as King Lear I would have been entirely at home behind white whiskers and an old man's furrowed face.

When the stock companies closed in late spring, and the high school, lodge and club entertainment season ended, Connor organized a circuit stock company to play the surrounding territory on a revolving schedule that gave the company its name. Here I was stage manager, played better parts, even such ambitious rôles as Svengali in Trilby and both Fagin and the Artful Dodger in Oliver Twist, and got my only real experience in trouping.

At one town on the circuit the only train arrived at six P.M. As stage manager I had to dash for the furniture store, and if it was closed, find the owner at his home, drag him away from his dinner to unlock the store, select such furniture as the bill demanded, hire a dray to haul it to the theater, set the stage, then make up by 8:15.

Escondido, at the end of a branch railroad line, was one of the towns, and I think it was here that we arrived on the Fourth of July, 1912, in anticipation of a holiday crowd—to see one lone man on the whole length of the main street. There was no celebration in Escondido this year, and the population, we found, had divided itself for the day between Oceanside and another neighboring town, name forgotten, both of which were putting on the usual patriotic carnival.

The Escondido manager being agreeable to canceling, we decided quickly to try the town of the forgotten name, having just played Oceanside the day before. Over the telephone we learned that the opera house was not available, so it was Oceanside or nothing and be quick about it.

Much search turned up an old seven-passenger car—probably the only one left in town. Into this piled the twelve of us and our baggage and hit it up for Oceanside, to find the theater there rented for a dance. Heartfelt pleading induced the house manager to persuade the dance promoter to hold his dance after the show. No time remained for the throwing away of dodgers or the usual advertising, so the company made up, then crowded into the car again and toured the streets, ballyhooing. This and the attendance already attracted by the dance filled the house for Little Lord Fauntleroy, in which my part was the fat grocer, Hobbs, played with padded coat, a pillow around my waist and cheeks puffed with cotton.

Uncle Tom's Cabin escaped me; but Ten Nights in a Barroom was in the repertoire of the circuit troupe, my part Sample Switchell, the village clown—a fat rôle which I made fatter. The script merely indicated the lines, leaving the business to the ingenuity of the actor and permitting a stage hog, such as I was told I was, to build the part up indefinitely. If any prominence remained to Connor as Joe Morgan it was because he fought for it.

The Movies Come to Town

The lunch counter and pool hall died in the spring of 1913 after a lingering illness and father went to Los Angeles to look for work, leaving me to finish high school. The school year closed and with it the stock companies and the dramatic school. The circuit troupe was not revived, road shows were infrequent at the Spreckels, Connor was not flourishing and I was too proud to ask his help or anyone's. To reduce expenses I moved into a tent on the roof of an apartment house. It was not uncommon in San Diego for an apartment-house owner to erect a tent colony on the roof and let the tents out cheaply as lodgings, as which they did very well in such a climate. There was a day when I was down to five cents. I bought doughnuts with the nickel, as we had done once in Denver, and the next day Ben Hur coming to the Spreckels, I got on for the night as a grip, or stagehand, wages a dollar and a half.

The old Edison company, Laura Sawyer leading woman, Ben Wilson, now a producer, leading man, came out from New York on temporary location in the winter of 1912–13 to do half a dozen pictures. They settled in Balboa, just below Long Beach, and one day in the late spring they made an excursion to San Diego to shoot an atmospheric scene requiring a number of extras as Indian background. They applied at the Connor school, I enlisted, made up as a three-fourths-naked Yaqui and served a tray of food to the white man's party in one fleeting scene. That was my debut in pictures. The three dollars pay, however, was more significant at the moment.

I had not worked for days when a play called the Bird Cage, by Austin Adams, opened at the Spreckels and I landed a run-of-the-engagement job as stage manager. Louis Morrison, who had been associated that season with the Grand theater company, directed the play. A stage manager's jobs are many, among them the throwing of cues and the working of whatever offstage effects he can find time to take care of. These effects are noted in blue pencilings on margins of the play script.

Taps and More Taps

The first act set represented a cliff, steps leading from the summit. The grandame of the story made her entrance over this cliff and down the steps, leaning upon one of those long staffs without which no stage grandame is complete. Opposite her entrance cue was the notation: "Taps heard off stage."

Taps to a stage manager usually imply the coconut shells with which everything from a lone horseman to a cavalry charge is simulated. In this case it seemed to indicate the impact of the grandame's staff on the cliff. Why she could not do her own tapping I did not know, neither did I inquire. Stage managers all are presumed to be messengers to Garcia.

When Morrison called a scenery rehearsal I added a stick to my other properties and, as the grandame's entrance approached, tapped rhythmically on the stage floor. Morrison, who was sitting well to the rear of the house, interrupted the rehearsal and called out:

"Hey, Lloyd! Where are your taps?"

I thrust my head out of the wings and said "I gave them, sir."

"Louder! Can't hear it back here," commanded the director.

I seized a stout club and raised the dust of many years out of the stage-floor cracks with wallops that would have done for the ominous footsteps of Dunsany's Gods of the Mountain.

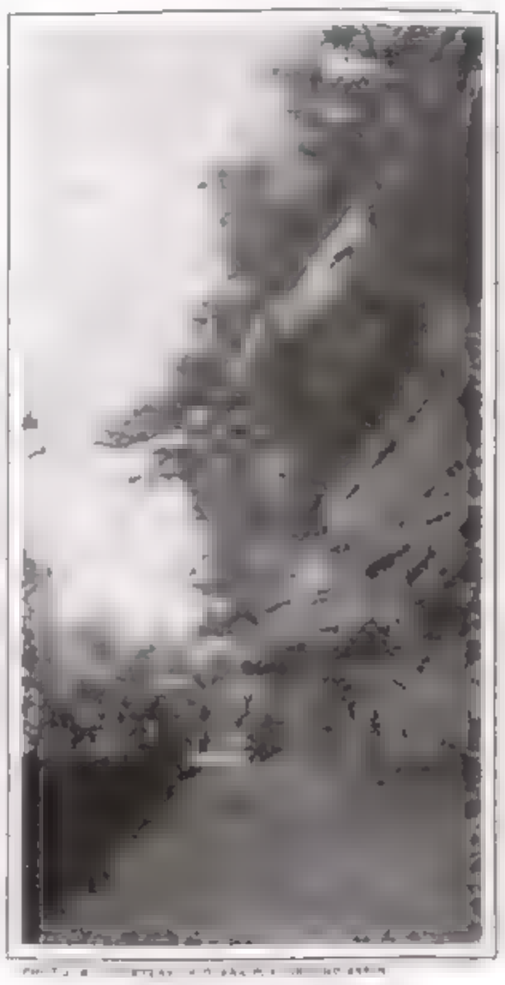
In the midst of this racket Morrison's voice demanded irritably "Lloyd, where the devil's your taps?"

Popping out of the wings, I gave the stage floor a pile-driving sock that expressed my temper and called "Can you hear that, sir?"

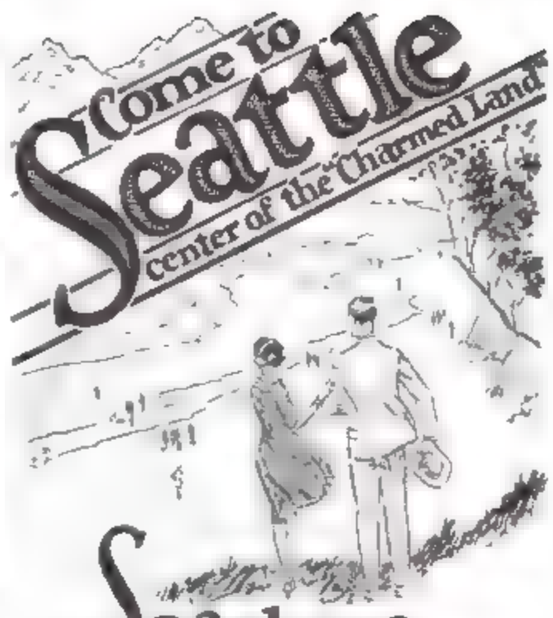
Morrison eyed me and the bludgeon disgustedly. "Somebody wake up that cornetist, please, and have him blow taps," he said with crushing disdain. He did not laugh; the rest of the company attended to that detail for him, and for the balance of the engagement I was addressed exclusively as Taps.

The Bird Cage ran only briefly, and when it closed, the last theater door in San Diego closed with it. I couldn't sit in my roof tent and wait for fall. Los Angeles, a much larger city, was a hundred and twenty miles away, dad was there, the theaters there did not shut down in summer and there were picture companies knocking about. If I couldn't find work on the Los Angeles stage, perhaps I could piece out the summer as an extra to this poor relation of the stage and eat until the San Diego season should revive. So I went to Los Angeles.

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr Lloyd and Mr Stout. The third will appear next week.



A Road in the Ozarks



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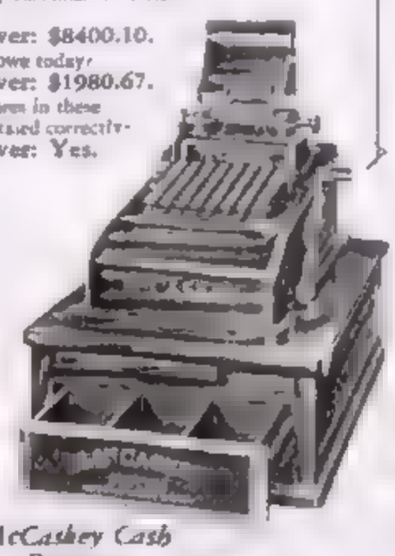
Answer: 1, $143.00. 2, $240.00. 3, $110.00; 4, $367.85
How many sales were made by clerk "D" today and how much did he sell?
Answer: 2 sales $184.95.
How much cash was paid out?
Answer: $39.00.
What was paid on expenses today?
Answer: $16.00.
What were my purchases today?
Answer: $205.00.
How much money was deposited in the bank today?
Answer: $285.00.
What do my customers owe me today?
Answer: $8400.10.
What do I owe today?
Answer: $1980.67.
Are the figures in these invoices totaled correctly?
Answer: Yes.



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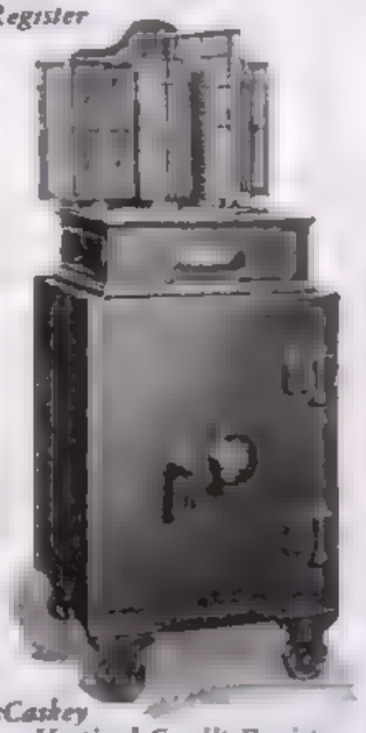

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BEHIND THAT CURTAIN

(Continued from Page 5)

"Ah, yes, Mr. Rankin of the Globe," he said pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

Paradise bastened forward to officiate with the tie, and over the servant's shoulder Bill Rankin explained his mission. Kirk nodded.

"A bully idea," be remarked. "I have a lot of friends in Honolulu and I've heard about Charlie Chan. I'd like to meet him myself."

"Very happy to have you join us," said the reporter.

"Can't be done. You must join me."

"But the suggestion of the luncheon was mine," began Rankin uncomfortably.

Kirk waved a hand in the airy manner of the rich in such a situation.

"My dear fellow, I've already arranged a luncheon for tomorrow. Some chap in the district attorney's office wrote me a letter. He's interested in criminology and wants to meet Sir Frederic. As I explained to Sir Frederic, I couldn't very well ignore it. We never know when we'll need a friend in the district attorney's office these days."

"One of the deputies?" inquired Rankin.

"Yes. A fellow named Morrow—J. V. Morrow. Perhaps you know him?"

Rankin nodded. "I do," he said.

"Well, that's the scenario," went on Kirk. "We're to meet this lad at the St. Francis tomorrow at one. The topic of the day will be murder, and I'm sure your friend from Honolulu will fit in admirably. You must pick up Mr. Chan and join us."

"Thank you very much," said Rankin. "You're extremely kind. We'll be there. I—I won't keep you any longer."

Paradise came forward with alacrity to let him out. At the foot of the stairs on the twentieth floor he met his old rival, Gleason of the Herald. He chuckled with delight.

"Turn right around," he said. "You're too late. I thought of it first."

"Thought of what?" asked Gleason, with assumed innocence.

"I'm getting Sir Frederic and Charlie Chan together, and the idea's copyrighted. Lay off."

Gloomily Mr. Gleason turned about and accompanied Bill Rankin to the elevators. As they waited for the car the girl in the green dress emerged from the office of the Calcutta Importers and joined them. They rode down together. The girl's tears had vanished and had happily left no trace. Blue eyes—that completed the picture; a charming picture. Mr. Gleason was also showing signs of interest.

In the street Gleason spoke. "I never thought of it until dinner," he said sourly.

"With me, my career comes first," Rankin responded. "Did you finish your dinner?"

"I did, worse luck. Well, I hope you get a whale of a story—a knock-out, a classic."

"Thanks, old man."

"And I hope you can't print one damn word of it."

Rankin did not reply as his friend hurried off into the dusk. He was watching the girl in the green dress disappear up California Street. Why had she left the presence of Sir Frederic Bruce to weep outside that office door? What had Sir Frederic said to her? Might ask Sir Frederic about it tomorrow. He laughed mirthlessly. He saw himself—or any other man—prying into the private affairs of Sir Frederic Bruce.

II

THE next day at one Sir Frederic Bruce stood in the lobby of the St. Francis, a commanding figure in a gray tweed suit. By his side, as immaculate as his guest, stood Barry Kirk, looking out on the busy scene with the amused tolerance befitting a young man of vast leisure and not a care in the world. Kirk hung his stick on his arm and took a letter from his pocket.

"By the way, I had this note from J. V. Morrow in the morning's mail," he said. "Thanks me very politely for my invitation and says that I'll know him when he shows up because he'll be wearing a green hat. One of those green plush hats, I suppose. Hardly the sort of thing I'd put on my head if I were a deputy district attorney."

Sir Frederic did not reply. He was watching Bill Rankin approach rapidly across the floor. At the reporter's side walked, surprisingly light of step, an unimpressive little man with a bulging waistband and a very earnest expression on his chubby face.

"Here we are," Rankin said. "Sir Frederic Bruce, may I present Detective Sergeant Chan of the Honolulu police?"

Charlie Chan bent quickly like a jackknife. "The honor," he said, "is unbelievably immense. In Sir Frederic's reflected glory I am happy to bask. The tiger has condescended to the fly."

Somewhat at a loss, the Englishman caressed his mustache and smiled down on the detective from Hawaii. He was a keen judge of men, and already he saw something in those black restless eyes that held his attention.

"I'm happy to know you, Sergeant Chan," he said. "It seems we think alike on certain important points. We should get on well together."

Rankin introduced Chan to the host, who greeted the little Chinese with obvious approval. "Good of you to come," he said.

"A four-horse chariot could not have dragged me in an opposite direction," Chan assured him.

Kirk looked at his watch. "All here but J. V. Morrow," he remarked. "He wrote me this morning that he's coming in at the Post Street entrance. If you'll excuse me I'll have a look around."

He strolled down the corridor toward Post Street. Near the door, on a velvet davenport, sat a strikingly attractive young woman. No other seat was available, and with an interested glance at the girl, Kirk also dropped down on the davenport.

"If you don't mind," he murmured.

"Not at all," she replied, in a voice that somehow suited her.

They sat in silence. Presently Kirk was aware that she was looking at him. He glanced up, to meet her smile.

"People are always late," he ventured.

"Aren't they?"

"No reason for it, usually. Just too inefficient to make the grade. Nothing annoys me more."

"I feel the same way," the girl nodded.

Another silence. The girl was still smiling at him.

"Go out of your way to invite somebody you don't know to luncheon," Kirk continued, "and he isn't even courteous enough to arrive on time."

"Abominable," she agreed. "You have all my sympathy—Mr. Kirk."

He started. "Oh, you know me?"

She nodded. "Somebody once pointed you out to me—at a charity bazaar," she explained.

"Well," he sighed, "their charity didn't extend to me. Nobody pointed you out." He looked at his watch.

"This person you're expecting ——" began the girl.

"A lawyer," he answered. "I hate all lawyers. They're always telling you something you'd rather not know."

"Yes, aren't they?"

"Messing around with other people's troubles. What a life."

"Frightful." Another silence. "You say you don't know this lawyer?" A rather unkempt young man hurried past. "How do you expect to recognize him?"

"He wrote me he'd be wearing a green hat. Imagine! Why not a rose behind his ear?"

"A green hat." The girl's smile grew even brighter.

Charming, thought Kirk. Suddenly he stared at her in amazement. "Good Lord, you're wearing a green hat!" he cried.

(Continued on Page 119)

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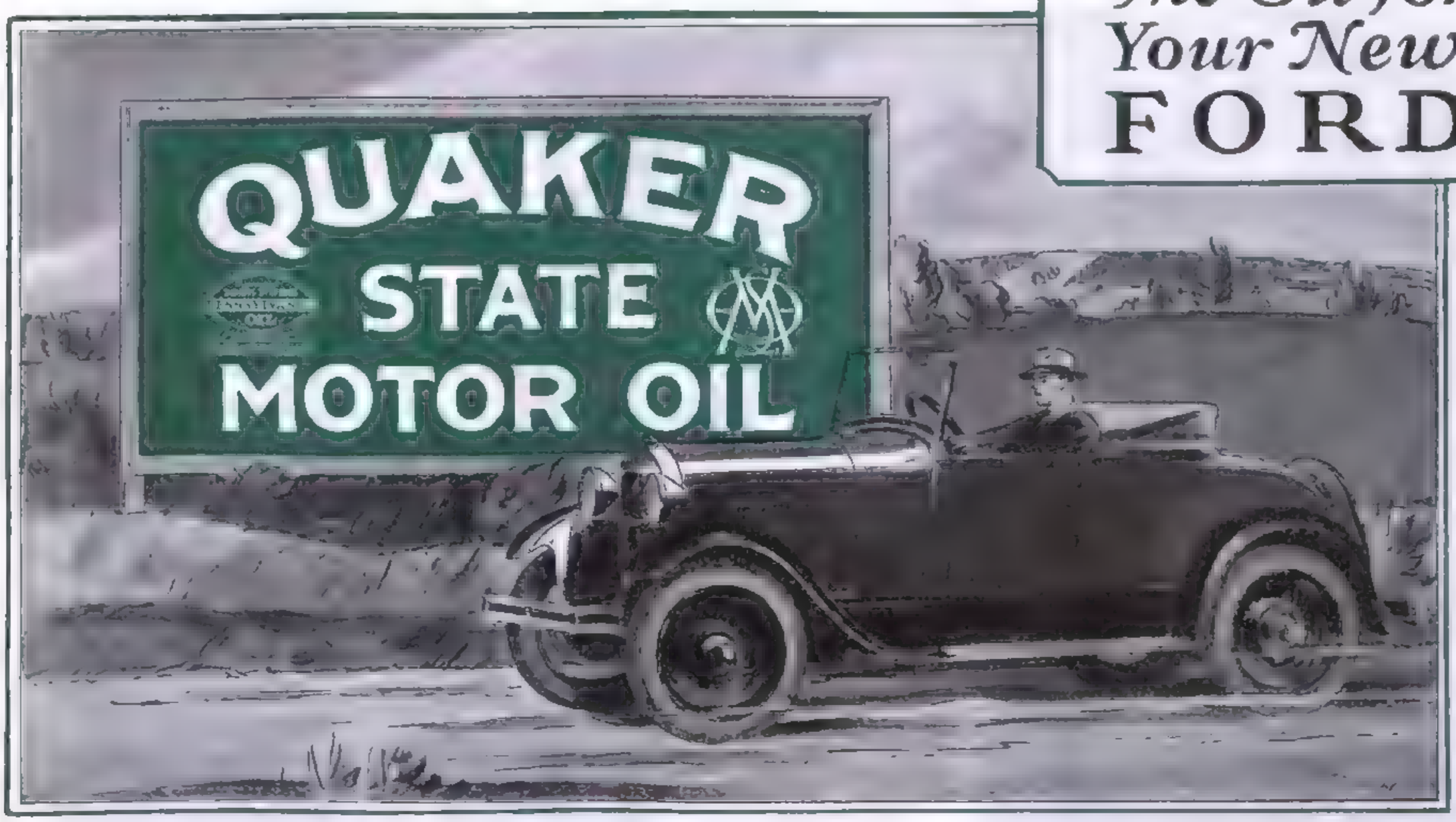

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OF ALL THE PLEASURES MAN ENJOYS PIPE SMOKING COSTS THE LEAST

(Continued from Page 116)

"I'm afraid I am."

"Don't tell me — "

"Yes, it's true. I'm the lawyer. And you hate all lawyers. What a pity."

"But I didn't dream ——"

"J. V. Morrow," she went on. "The first name is June."

"And I thought it was Jim!" he cried. "Please forgive me."

"You'd never have invited me if you'd known, would you?"

"On the contrary, I wouldn't have invited anybody else. But come along. There are a lot of murder experts in the lobby who are dying to meet you." They rose and walked rapidly down the corridor together. "You're interested in murder?" Kirk inquired.

"Among other things," she smiled.

"Must take it up myself," Kirk murmured.

Men turned to look at her a second time, he noticed. There was an alertness in her dark eyes that resembled the look in Chan's, her manner was brisk and businesslike, but for all that she was feminine, alluring.

He introduced her to the surprised Sir Frederic, then to Charlie Chan. The expression on the face of the little Chinese did not alter. He bowed low.

"The moment has charm," he remarked.

Kirk turned to Rankin. "And all the time," he accused, "you knew who J. V. Morrow was."

The reporter shrugged. "I thought I'd let you find it out for yourself. Life holds so few pleasant surprises."

"It never held a pleasanter one for me," Kirk answered. They went in to the table he had engaged, which stood in a secluded corner.

When they were seated the girl turned to her host. "This was so good of you. And of Sir Frederic too. I know how busy he must be."

The Englishman bowed.

"A fortunate moment for me," he smiled, "when I decided I was not too busy to meet J. V. Morrow. I had heard that in the States young women were emancipated."

"Of course, you don't approve," she said.

"Oh, but I do," he murmured.

"And Mr. Chan. I'm sure Mr. Chan disapproves of me."

Chan regarded her blankly. "Does the elephant disapprove of the butterfly? And who cares?"

"No answer at all," smiled the girl. "You are returning to Honolulu soon, Mr. Chan?"

A delighted expression appeared on the blank face. "Tomorrow at noon the Maui receives my humble person. We churn over to Hawaii together."

"I see you are eager to go," said the girl.

"The brightest eyes are sometimes blind," replied Chan. "Not true in your case. It is now three weeks since I arrived on the mainland, thinking to taste the joys of holiday. Before I am aware events engulf me, and like the postman who has day of rest, I foolishly set out on long tiresome walk. Happy to say that walk are ended now. With beating heart I turn toward little home on Punch Bowl Hill."

"I know how you feel," said Miss Morrow.

"Humbly begging pardon to mention it, you do not. I have hesitation in adding to your ear that one thing calls me home with unbearable force. I am soon to be happy father."

"For the first time?" asked Barry Kirk.

"The eleventh occasion of the kind," Chan answered.

"Must be sort of an old story by now," Bill Rankin suggested.

"That is one story which does not get aged," Chan replied. "You will learn. But my trivial affairs have no place here. We are met to honor a distinguished guest." He looked toward Sir Frederic.

Bill Rankin thought of his coming story. "I was moved to get you two together," he said, "because I found you think alike. Sir Frederic is also scornful of science as an aid to crime detection."

"I have formed that view from my experience," remarked Sir Frederic.

"A great pleasure," Chan beamed, "to hear that huge mind like Sir Frederic's moves in same groove as my poor headpiece. Intricate mechanics good in books, in real life not so much so. My experience tell me to think deep about human people, human passions. Back of murder what, always? Hate, greed, revenge, need to make silent the slain one. Study human people at all times."

"Precisely," agreed Sir Frederic. "The human element—that is what counts. I have had no luck with scientific devices." He talked on while the luncheon progressed. Finally he turned to Chan. "And what have your methods gained you, sergeant? You have been successful, I hear."

Chan shrugged. "Luck—always happy luck."

"You're too modest," said Rankin. "That won't get you anywhere."

"The question now arises—where do I want to go?"

"But surely you're ambitious?" Miss Morrow suggested.

Chan turned to her gravely. "Coarse food to eat, water to drink, and the bended arm for a pillow—that is an old definition of happiness in my country. What is ambition? A canker that eats at the heart of the white man, denying him the joys of contentment. Is it also attacking the heart of white woman? I hope not." The girl looked away. "I fear I am victim of crude philosophy from Orient. Man—what is he? Merely one link in a great chain binding the past with the future. All times I remember I am link. Unsignificant link joining those ancestors whose bones repose on far distant hillsides with the ten children—it may now be eleven—in my house on Punch Bowl Hill."

"A comforting creed," Barry Kirk commented.

"So, waiting the end, I do my duty as it rises. I tread the path that opens." He turned to Sir Frederic. "On one point, from my reading, I am curious. In your work at Scotland Yard, you follow only one clew. What you call the essential clew."

Sir Frederic nodded. "Such is usually our custom. When we fail, our critics ascribe it to that. They say, for example, that our obsession over the essential clew is the reason why we never solved the famous Ely Place murder."

They all sat up with interest. Bill Rankin beamed. Now things were getting somewhere.

"I'm afraid we never heard of the Ely Place murder, Sir Frederic," he hinted.

"I sincerely wish I never had," the Englishman replied. "It was the first serious case that came to me when I took charge of the C. I. D. more than sixteen years ago. I am chagrined to say I have never been able to fathom it."

He finished his salad and pushed away the plate.

"Since I have gone so far, I perceive I must go farther. Hilary Galt was the surviving partner in the firm of Pennock and Galt, solicitors, with offices in Ely Place, Holborn. The business this firm carried on for more than a generation was unique of its kind. Troubled people in the highest ranks of society went to them for shrewd professional advice, and Mr. Hilary Galt and his father-in-law, Pennock, who died some twenty years ago, were intrusted with more numerous and more romantic secrets than any other firm of solicitors in London. They knew the hidden history of every rascal in Europe and they rescued many persons from the clutches of blackmailers. It was their boast that they never kept records of any sort."

Dessert was brought, and after this interruption Sir Frederic continued:

"One foggy January night sixteen years ago, a caretaker entered Mr. Hilary Galt's private office, presumably deserted for the day. The gas lights were ablaze, the windows shut and locked; there was no sign of any disturbance. But on the floor lay Hilary Galt with a bullet in his brain.

"There was just one clew, and over that we puzzled for many weary months at the Yard. Hilary Galt was a meticulous dresser; his attire was perfect always. It was perfect on this occasion, with one striking exception. His highly polished boots—I presume you call them shoes over here—were removed and standing on a pile of papers on top of his desk. And on his feet he wore a pair of velvet slippers, embellished with a curious design.

"These, of course, seemed to the Yard the essential clew, and we set to work. We traced those slippers to the Chinese Legation in Portland Place. Mr. Galt had been of some trifling service to the Chinese minister and early on the day of his murder the slippers had arrived as a gift from that gentleman. Galt had shown them to his office staff and they were last seen wrapped loosely in their covering near his hat and stick. That was as far as we got.

"For sixteen years I have puzzled over those slippers. Why did Mr. Hilary Galt remove his boots, don the slippers and prepare himself as though for some extraordinary adventure? I don't know to this day. The slippers still haunt me. When I resigned from the Yard I rescued them from the Black Museum and took them with me. They remain with me as a souvenir of my first case—an unhappy souvenir of failure. I should like to show them to you, Miss Morrow."

"Thrilling," said the girl.

"Annoying," corrected Sir Frederic, grimly.

Bill Rankin looked at Charlie Chan. "What's your reaction to that case, sergeant?" he inquired.

Chan's eyes narrowed in thought. "Humbly begging pardon to inquire," he said, "have you the custom, Sir Frederic, to put yourself in place of murderer?"

"It's a good idea," the Englishman answered, "if you can do it. You mean ——"

"A man who has killed—a very clever man—he knows that Scotland Yard has fiercely fixed idea about essential clew. His wits accompany him. He furnishes gladly one essential clew which has no meaning and leads no place at all."

Sir Frederic regarded him keenly. "Excellent," he remarked. "And it has one great virtue—from your point of view. It completely exonerates your countrymen at the Chinese Legation."

"It might do more than that," suggested Barry Kirk.

Sir Frederic thoughtfully ate his dessert. No one spoke for some moments. But Bill Rankin was eager for more material.

"A very interesting case, Sir Frederic," he remarked. "You must have a lot like it up your sleeve. Murders that ended more successfully for Scotland Yard ——"

"Hundreds," nodded the detective. "But none that still holds its interest for me like the crime in Ely Place. As a matter of fact, I have never found murder so fascinating as some other things. The murder case came and went and, with a rare exception such as this I have mentioned, was quickly forgotten. But there is one mystery that to me has always been the most exciting in the world."

"And what is that?" asked Rankin, while they waited with deep interest.

"The mystery of the missing," Sir Frederic replied. "The man or woman who steps quietly out of the picture and is never seen again. Hilary Galt, dead in his office, presents a puzzle, of course; still, there is something to get hold of, something tangible—a body on the floor. But if Hilary Galt had disappeared into the fog that gloomy night, leaving no trace—that would have been another story.

"For years I have been enthralled by the stories of the missing," the detective went on. "Even when they were outside my province, I followed many of them. Often the solution was simple, or sordid, but that could never detract from the thrill of the ones that remained unsolved. And of all those unsolved cases, there is one that I

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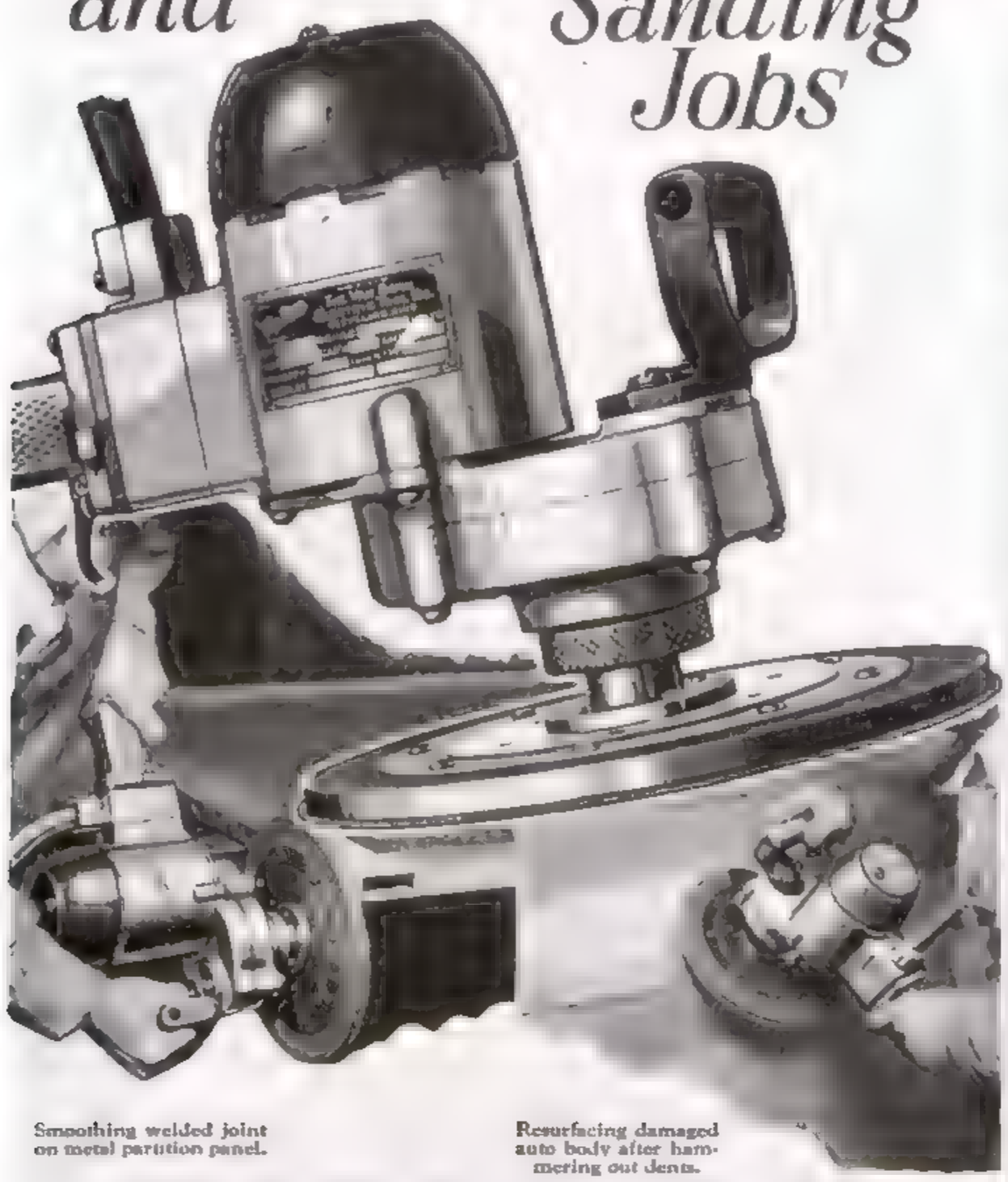

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have never ceased to think about. Sometimes in the night I wake up and ask myself—what happened to Eve Durand?"

"Eve Durand," repeated Rankin eagerly.

"That was her name. As a matter of fact, I had nothing to do with the case. It happened outside my bailiwick—very far outside. But I followed it with intense interest from the first. There are others, too, who have never forgotten. Just before I left England I clipped from a British periodical a brief reference to the matter. I have it here." He removed a bit of paper from his purse. "Miss Morrow, will you be kind enough to read this aloud?"

The girl took the clipping. She began to read, in a low clear voice:

"A gay crowd of Anglo-Indians gathered one night fifteen years ago on a hill outside Peshawar to watch the moon rise over that isolated frontier town. Among the company were Captain Eric Durand and his wife, just out from home. Eve Durand was young, pretty and well-born—a Miss Mannering, of Devonshire. Someone proposed a game of hide and seek before the ride back to Peshawar. The game was never finished. They are still looking for Eve Durand. Eventually all India was enlisted in the game. Jungle and bazaar, walled city and teak forest, were fine-combed for her. Through all the subterranean channels of that no-white-man's land of native life the search was carried by the famous secret service. After five years her husband retired to a life of seclusion in England, and Eve Durand became a legend—a horror tale to be told by ayahs to naughty children, along with the ghost stories of that north country."

The girl ceased reading and looked at Sir Frederic, wide-eyed. There followed a moment of tense silence.

Bill Rankin broke the spell. "Some little game of hide and seek," he said.

"Can you wonder," asked Sir Frederic, "that for fifteen years the disappearance of Eve Durand, like Hilary Galt's slippers, has haunted me? A notably beautiful woman—a child, really; she was but eighteen that mysterious night at Peshawar. A blond, blue-eyed, helpless child, lost in the dark of those dangerous hills. Where did she go? What became of her? Was she murdered? What happened to Eve Durand?"

"I'd rather like to know myself," remarked Barry Kirk softly.

"All India, as the clipping says, was enlisted in the game. By telegraph and by messenger, inquiries went forward. Her heartbroken, frantic husband was given leave, and at the risk of his life he scoured that wild country. The secret service did its utmost. Nothing happened. No word ever came back to Peshawar. It was like looking for a needle in a haystack, and in time, for most people, the game lost its thrill. The hue and cry died down. All save a few forgot.

"When I retired from the Yard and set out on this trip round the world, India was of course on my itinerary. Though it was far off my track, I resolved to visit Peshawar. I went down to Ripple Court in Devonshire and had a chat with Sir George Mannering, the uncle of Eve Durand. Poor man, he is old before his time. He gave me what information he could—it was pitifully meager. I promised I would try to take up the threads of this old mystery when I reached India."

"And you did?" Rankin inquired.

"I tried, but my dear fellow, have you ever seen Peshawar? When I reached there the hopelessness of my quest struck me, as Mr. Chan might say, with an unbearable force. The Paris of the Pathans, they call it, and its filthy alleys teem with every race in the East. It isn't a city, it's a caravanserai, and its population is constantly shifting. The English garrison is changed frequently, and I could find scarcely anyone who was there in the time of Eve Durand.

"As I say, Peshawar appalled me. Anything could happen there. A wicked town—its sins are the sins of opium and hemp and jealousy and intrigue, of battle, murder and sudden death, of gambling and strange intoxications, the lust of revenge. Who can explain the deviltry that gets into men's blood in certain latitudes? I walked the Street of the Story-Tellers and wondered in vain over the story of Eve Durand. What a place to bring a woman like that, delicately reared, young, inexperienced."

"You learned nothing?" inquired Barry Kirk.

"What could you expect?" Sir Frederic dropped a small lump of sugar into his coffee. "Fifteen years since that little picnic party rode back to Peshawar, back to the compound of the lonely garrison, leading behind them the riderless pony of Eve Durand. And fifteen years, I may tell you, make a very heavy curtain on India's frontier."

Bill Rankin turned to Charlie Chan. "What do you say, sergeant?" he asked.

Chan considered. "The town named Peshawar stands with great proximity to the Khyber Pass, leading into wilds of Afghanistan," he said.

Sir Frederic nodded. "It does. But every foot of the pass is guarded night and day by British troops, and no European is permitted to leave by that route, save under very special conditions. No, Eve Durand could never have left India by way of the Khyber Pass. The thing would have been impossible. Grant the impossible, and she could not have lived a day among the wild hill men over the border."

Chan gravely regarded the man from Scotland Yard.

"It is not to be amazed at," he said, "that you have felt such deep interest. Speaking humbly for myself, I desire with unlimited yearning to look behind that curtain of which you speak."

"That is the curse of our business, sergeant," Sir Frederic replied. "No matter what our record of successes, there must always remain those curtains behind which we long with unlimited yearning to look, and never do."

Barry Kirk paid the check and they rose from the table. In the lobby, during the course of the good-bys, the party broke up momentarily into two groups. Rankin, Kirk and the girl went to the door, and after a hurried expression of thanks, the reporter dashed out to the street.

"Mr. Kirk, it was wonderful," Miss Morrow said. "Why are all Englishmen so fascinating? Tell me that."

"Oh, are they?" He shrugged. "You tell me. You girls always fall for them, I notice."

"Well, they have an air about them. An atmosphere. They're not provincial. He took us traveling, didn't he? London and Peshawar—I could listen to him for hours. Sorry I have to run."

"Wait. You can do something for me."

"After what you've done for me," she smiled, "anything you ask."

"Good. This Chinese—Chan—he strikes me as a gentleman, and a mighty interesting one. I believe he would go big at my dinner tonight. I'd like to ask him, but that would throw my table out of gear. I need another woman. How about it? Will old man Blackstone let you off for the evening?"

"He might."

"Just a small party—my grandmother and some people Sir Frederic has asked me to invite. And since you find Englishmen so fascinating, there'll be Colonel John Beetham, the famous Asiatic explorer. He's going to show us some movies he took in Tibet—which is the first intimation I've had that anything ever moved in Tibet."

"That will be splendid. I've seen Colonel Beetham's picture in the papers."

"I know—the women are all crazy about him too. Even poor grandmother—she's thinking of putting up money for his next expedition to the Gobi Desert. You'll come then? Seven-thirty."

"I'd love to, but it does seem presumptuous. After what you said about lawyers ——"

"Yes, that was careless of me. I'll have to live it down. Give me a chance. My bungalow—you know where it is."

(Continued on Page 122)

Scene from "Sailors Beware," new First National Picture release, featuring Mary Astor

The same hosiery styles shown in the smart Allen-A Hosiery Shop, Fifth Ave. at 38th Street—and other New York Stores—are now available at Allen-A dealers everywhere. Priced from $1.50 to $3 the pair

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JOHN RUSSELL CUTLERY COMPANY, TURNERS FALLS, MASS

(Continued from Page 120)

She laughed. "Thanks. I'll come. Good-by until tonight."

Meanwhile Sir Frederic Bruce had led Charlie Chan to a sofa in the lobby.

"I was eager to meet you, sergeant," he said, "for many reasons. Tell me, are you familiar with San Francisco's Chinatown?"

"I have slight acquaintance with same," Chan admitted. "My cousin, Chan Kee Lim, is an honored resident of Waverly Place."

"Have you, by any chance, heard of a Chinese down there—a stranger—a tourist—named Li Gung?"

"No doubt there are many so named. I do not know the one you bring up."

"This man is a guest of relatives on Jackson Street. You could do me a great service, sergeant."

"It would remain," said Chan, "a golden item on the scroll of memory."

"Li Gung has certain information and I want it. I have tried to interview him myself, but naturally with no success."

"Light begins to dawn."

"If you could strike up an acquaintance with him—get into his confidence ——"

"Humbly asking pardon, I do not spy on my own race with no good reason."

"The reasons in this case are excellent."

"Only a fool could doubt it. But what you hint would demand a considerable interval of time. My humble affairs have rightly no interest for you, so you have properly overlooked my situation. Tomorrow at noon I hasten to my home."

"You could stay over a week. I would make it greatly worth your while."

A stubborn look came into the little eyes. "One path only is worth my while now. The path to my home on Punch Bowl Hill."

"I mean I would pay ——"

"Again asking pardon. I have food, I have clothes which cover even the vast area I possess. Beyond that, what is money?"

"Very good. It was only a suggestion."

"I am desolated by acute pain," replied Chan. "But I must refuse."

Barry Kirk joined them. "Mr. Chan, I'm going to ask you to do something for me," he began.

Chan sought to keep concern from his face, and succeeded. But what next, he wondered.

"I am eagerly at attention," he said. "You are my host."

"I've just invited Miss Morrow to dinner tonight, and I need another man. Will you come?"

"Your requests are high honors, which only an ungrate would refuse. But I am now already in your debt. More is going to embarrass me."

"Never mind that. I'll expect you at 7:30—my bungalow on the Kirk Building."

"Splendid," said Sir Frederic. "We'll have another talk then, sergeant. My requests are not precisely honors, but I may yet persuade you."

"Chinese funny people," remarked Chan. "They say no, no is what they mean. They say yes, and they are glued to same. With regard to dinner, I say yes, greatly pleased."

"Good," said Barry Kirk.

"Where's that reporter?" Sir Frederic asked.

"He hurried away," Kirk explained. "Anxious to get to his story, I imagine."

"What story?" asked the Englishman blankly.

"Why, the story of our luncheon. Your meeting with Sergeant Chan."

A startled expression crossed the detective's face.

"Good Lord, you don't mean he's going to put that into print?"

"Why, naturally. I supposed you knew ——"

"I'm afraid I'm woefully ignorant of American customs. I thought that was merely a social function. I didn't dream ——"

"You mean you don't want him to print it?" asked Barry Kirk, surprised.

Sir Frederic turned quickly to Charlie. "Good-by, sergeant. This has been a real pleasure. I shall see you tonight."

He hastily shook hands with Chan, and dragged the dazed Barry Kirk to the street. There he motioned for a taxi.

"What paper was that young scoundrel representing?" he inquired.

"The Globe," Kirk told him.

"The Globe office—and quickly, please," Sir Frederic ordered. The two got in, and for a moment rode in silence.

"You are curious, perhaps," said Sir Frederic at last.

"I hope you won't think it's unnatural of me," smiled Kirk.

"I know I can rely on your discretion, my boy. I told only a small part of the story of Eve Durand at luncheon, but even that must not reach print just yet. Not here—not now."

"Great Scott. Do you mean ——"

"I mean I am near the end of a long trail. Eve Durand was not murdered in India. She ran away. I know why she ran away. I even suspect the peculiar method of her going. More than that ——"

"Yes?" cried Kirk eagerly.

"More than that I cannot tell you at present." The journey was continued in silence, and presently they drew up before the office of the Globe.

In the city editor's cubby-hole, Bill Rankin was talking exultantly to his chief. "It's going to be a corking good feature," he was saying, when he felt a grip of steel on his arm. Turning, he looked into the face of Sir Frederic Bruce. "Why—why, hello," he stammered.

"There has been a slight mistake," said the detective.

"Let me explain," suggested Barry Kirk. He shook hands with the editor and introduced Sir Frederic, who merely nodded, not relaxing his grip on the reporter's paralyzed arm. "Rankin, this is unfortunate," Kirk continued, "but it can't be helped. Sir Frederic is unfamiliar with the ways of the American press, and he did not understand that you were gathering a story at luncheon. He thought it a purely social affair. So we have come to ask that you print nothing of the conversation you heard this noon."

Rankin's face fell. "Not print it? Oh, I say ——"

"We appeal to you both," added Kirk to the editor.

"My answer must depend on your reason for making the request," said that gentleman.

"My reason would be respected in England," Sir Frederic told him. "Here, I don't know your custom. But I may tell you that if you print any of that conversation you will seriously impede the course of justice."

The editor bowed. "Very well. We shall print nothing without your permission, Sir Frederic," he said.

"Thank you," replied the detective, releasing Rankin's arm. "That concludes our business here, I fancy." And wheeling, he went out. Having added his own thanks, Kirk followed.

"Well, of all the rotten luck," cried Rankin, sinking into a chair.

Sir Frederic strode on across the city room. A cat may look at a king, and Egbert stood staring with interest at the former head of the C. I. D. Just in front of the door the Englishman paused. It was either that or a collision with Egbert, walking slowly, like a dark shadow, across his path.

III

BARRY KIRK stepped from his living room through French windows leading into the tiny garden that graced his bungalow in the sky—"my front yard," he called it. He moved over to the rail and stood looking out on a view such as few front yards have ever offered. Twenty stories below lay the alternate glare and gloom of the city; far in the distance the lights of the ferryboats plodded across the harbor like weary fireflies.

The stars were bright and clear and amazingly close above his head, but he heard the tolling of the fog bell over by Belvedere and he knew that the sea mist was drifting in through the Gate. By midnight it would

(Continued on Page 125

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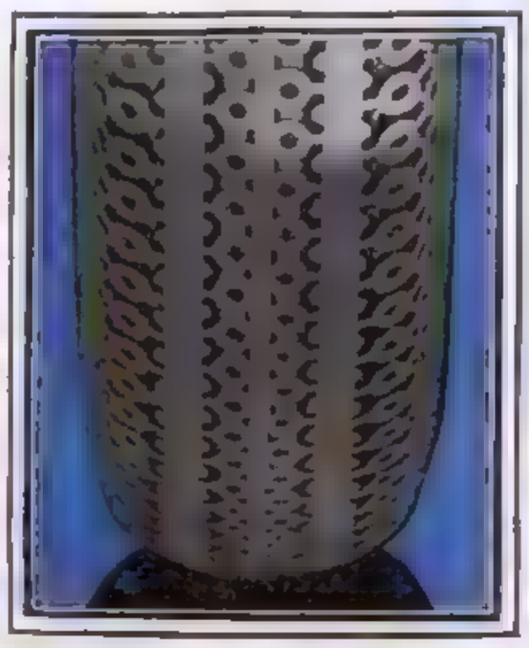

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Pennsylvania VACUUM CUP BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 122)

whirl and eddy about his lofty home, shutting him off from the world like a veil of filmy tulle. He loved the fog. Heavy with the scent of distant gardens, salt with the breath of the Pacific, it was the trade-mark of his town.

He went back inside, closing the window carefully behind him. For a moment he stood looking about his living room, which wealth and good taste had combined to furnish charmingly. A huge, deep sofa, many comfortable chairs, a half dozen floor lamps shedding their warm yellow glow, a brisk fire crackling on a wide hearth—no matter how loudly the wind rattled at the casements, here were comfort and good cheer.

Kirk went on into his dining room. Paradise was lighting the candles on the big table. The flowers, the snowy linen, the old silver, made a perfect picture, forecasting a perfect dinner. Kirk inspected the ten place cards. He smiled.

"Everything seems to be O. K.," he said "It's got to be, tonight. Grandmother's coming, and you know what she thinks about a man who lives alone. To hear her tell it, every home needs a woman's touch."

"We shall disillusion her once again, sir," Paradise remarked.

"Such is my aim. Not that it will do any good. When she's made up her mind, that's that."

The doorbell rang and Paradise moved off with slow, majestic step to answer it. Entering the living room, Barry Kirk stood for a moment fascinated by the picture he saw there. The deputy district attorney had paused just inside the door leading from the hallway; she wore a simple, orange-colored dinner gown, her dark eyes were smiling.

"Miss Morrow," Kirk came forward eagerly, "if you don't mind my saying so, you don't look much like a lawyer tonight."

"I presume that's intended for a compliment," she answered. Chan appeared at her back. "Here's Mr. Chan. We rode up together in the elevator. Heavens, don't tell me we're the first."

"When I was a boy," smiled Kirk, "I always started in by eating the frosting off my cake. Which is just to tell you that with me the best is always first. . . . Good evening, Mr. Chan."

Chan bowed. "I am deeply touched by your kindness. One grand item is added to my mainland memories tonight." He wore a somewhat rusty dinner coat, but his linen gleamed and his manners shone.

Paradise followed with their wraps on his arm and disappeared through a distant doorway. Another door opened. Sir Frederic Bruce stood on the threshold.

"Good evening, Miss Morrow," he said. "My word, you look charming. And Mr. Chan. This is luck—you're the first. You know I promised to show you a souvenir of my dark past."

He turned and reëntered his room. Kirk led his guests over to the blazing fire.

"Sit down—do," he said. "People are always asking how I can endure the famous San Francisco zephyrs up here." He waved a hand toward the fireplace. "This is one of my answers."

Sir Frederic rejoined them, a distinguished figure in his evening clothes. He carried a pair of slippers. Their tops were of cut velvet, dark red like old Burgundy, and each bore as decoration a Chinese character surrounded by a design of pomegranate blossoms. He handed one to the girl and the other to Charlie Chan.

"Beautiful," cried Miss Morrow. "And what a history! The essential clew."

"Not any too essential, as it turned out," shrugged the great detective.

"You know, I venture to presume, the meaning of the character inscribed on velvet?" Chan inquired.

"Yes," said Sir Frederic. "Not any too appropriate in this case, I believe. I was told it signifies 'Long life and happiness'."

"Precisely." Chan turned the slipper slowly in his hand. "There exist one hundred and one varieties of this character—one hundred for the people, one reserved for the emperor. A charming gift. The footwear of a mandarin, fitting only for one high placed and wealthy."

"Well, they were on Hilary Galt's feet when we found him murdered on the floor," Sir Frederic said. "'Walk softly, my best of friends'—that was what the Chinese minister wrote in the letter he sent with them. Hilary Galt was walking softly that night, but he never walked again." The Englishman took the slippers. "By the way—I hesitate to ask it—but I'd rather you didn't mention this matter tonight at dinner."

"Why, of course," remarked the girl, surprised.

"And that affair of Eve Durand. Ah—er—I fear I was a little indiscreet this noon. Now that I'm no longer at the Yard, I allow myself too much rope. You understand, sergeant?"

Chan's little eyes were on him with a keenness that made Sir Frederic slightly uncomfortable.

"Getting immodest for a minute," the Chinese said, "I am A 1 honor student in school of discretion."

"I'm sure of that," the great man smiled.

"No impulse to mention these matters would assail me, I am certain," Chan went on. "You bright man, Sir Frederic; you know Chinese are psychic people."

"Really?"

"Undubitably. Something has told me ——"

"Ah, yes; we needn't go into that," Sir Frederic put in hastily. "I have a moment's business in the offices below. If you will excuse me ——"

He disappeared with the slippers into his room. Miss Morrow turned in amazement to Kirk.

"What in the world did he mean? Surely Eve Durand ——"

"Mr. Chan is psychic," Kirk suggested. "Maybe he can explain it."

Chan grinned. "Sometimes psychic feelings lead positively nowhere," he remarked.

Paradise escorted two more guests through the outer hall into the living room. A little birdlike woman was on tiptoe, kissing Barry Kirk.

"Barry, you bad boy. I haven't seen you for ages. Don't tell me you've forgot your poor old grandmother."

"I couldn't do that," he laughed.

"Not while I have my health and strength," she returned. She came toward the fireplace. "How cozy you are."

"Grandmother, this is Miss Morrow," Kirk said. "Mrs. Dawson Kirk."

The old lady took both the girl's hands. "My dear, I'm happy to know you."

"Miss Morrow is a lawyer," Kirk added.

"Lawyer fiddlesticks!" his grandmother cried. "She couldn't be and look like this."

"Just what I said," nodded Kirk.

The old lady regarded the girl for a brief moment. "Youth and beauty," she remarked. "If I had those, my child, I wouldn't waste time over musty law books." She turned toward Chan. "And this is —"

"Sergeant Chan of the Honolulu police," Kirk told her.

The old lady gave Charlie a surprisingly warm handclasp. "Know all about you," she said. "I like you very much."

"Flattered and overwhelmed," gasped Chan.

"Needn't be," she answered.

The woman who had accompanied Mrs. Kirk stood rather neglected in the background. Kirk hurried forward to present her.

She was, it seemed, Mrs. Tupper-Brock, Mrs. Kirk's secretary and companion. Her manner was cold and distant. Chan gave her a penetrating look and then bowed low before her.

"Paradise will show you into one of the guest rooms," said Kirk to the women. "You'll find a pair of military brushes and every book on football Walter Camp ever wrote. If there's anything else you want try and get it."

They followed the butler out. The bell rang and, going to the door himself, Kirk

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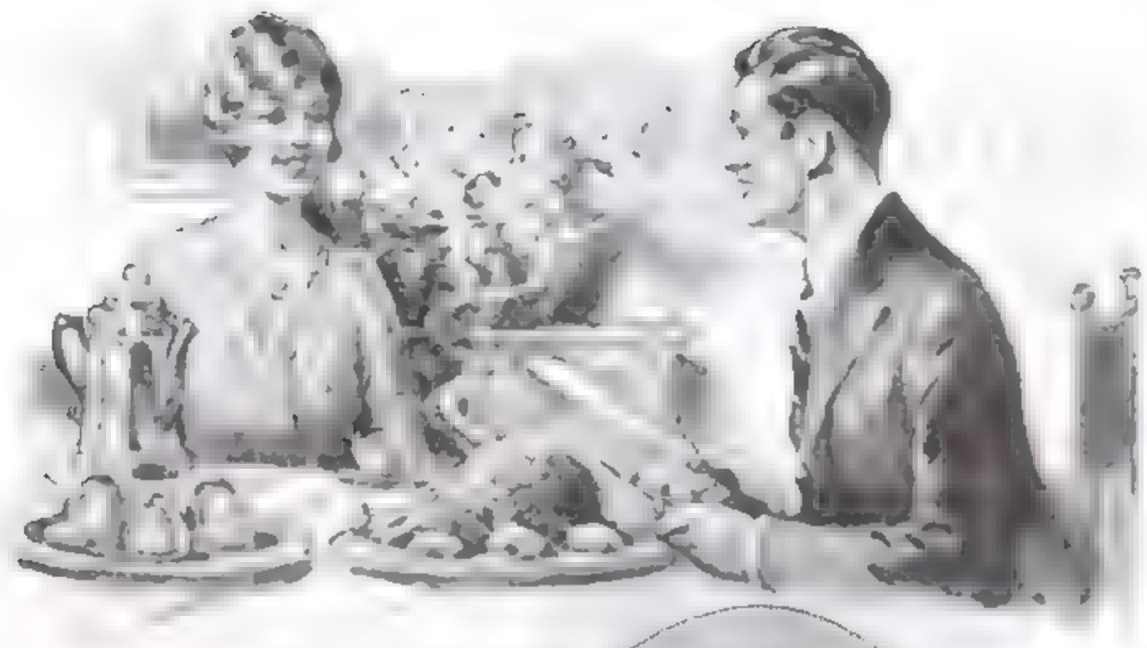

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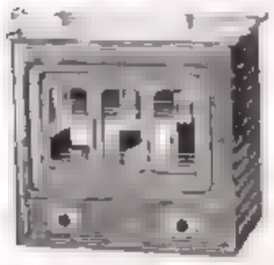

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admitted another couple. Mr. Carrick Enderby, who was employed in the San Francisco office of a travel bureau, was a big, slow, blond man with a monocle and nothing much behind it. All the family brilliance seemed to be monopolized by his wife, Eileen, a dark, dashing woman of thirty-five or so, who came in breezily. She joined the women, and the three men stood in the ill-at-ease silence that marks a dinner party in its initial stages.

"We're in for a bit of fog, I fancy," Enderby drawled.

"No doubt of it," Kirk answered.

When the women reappeared Mrs. Dawson Kirk came at once to Chan's side.

"Sally Jordan of Honolulu is an old friend of mine," she told him—"a very good friend. We're both living beyond our time, and there's nothing cements friendship like that. I believe you were once—er—attached ——"

Chan bowed. "One of the great honors of my poor life. I was her house boy, and memories of her kindness will survive while life hangs out."

"Well, she told me how you repaid that kindness recently. A thousandfold, she put it."

Chan shrugged. "My old employer has only one weakness. She exaggerates stupendously."

"Oh, don't be modest," said Mrs. Kirk. "Gone out of fashion long ago. These young people will accuse you of something terrible if you try that tune. However, I like you for it."

A diversion at the door interrupted her. Colonel John Beetham entered the living room. John Beetham, the explorer, whose feet had stood in many dark and lonely places, who knew Tibet and Turkestan, Tsaidam and Southern Mongolia. He had lived a year in a houseboat on the largest river in the heart of Asia, had survived two heartbreaking, death-strewn retreats across the snowy plateau of Tibet, had walked amid the ruins of ancient desert cities that had flourished long before Christ was born.

For once, here was a man who looked the part. Lean, tall, bronzed, there was a living flame in his gray eyes. But, like Charlie Chan, he came of a modest race, and his manner was shy and aloof as he acknowledged the introductions.

"So glad," he muttered. "So glad." A mere formula.

Suddenly Sir Frederic Bruce was again in the room. He seized Colonel Beetham's hand.

"I met you several years ago," he said. "You wouldn't recall it. You were the lion of the hour, and I a humble spectator. I was present at the dinner of the Royal Geographical Society in London when they gave you that enormous gold doodad—the Founders' Medal—wasn't that it?"

"Ah, yes, of course. To be sure," murmured Colonel Beetham.

His eyes bright as buttons in the subdued light, Charlie Chan watched Sir Frederic being presented to the ladies—to Mrs. Tupper-Brock and Eileen Enderby. Paradise arrived with something on a tray.

"All here except Miss Garland," Kirk announced. "We'll wait just a moment." The bell rang and he motioned to his servant that he would go.

When Kirk returned he was accompanied by a handsome woman whose face was flushed and who carried some burden in her jeweled hands. She hurried to a table and deposited there a number of loose pearls.

"I had the most ridiculous accident on the stairs," she explained. "The string of my necklace broke and I simply shed pearls right and left. I do hope I haven't lost any."

One of the pearls rolled to the floor and Kirk retrieved it. The woman began counting them off into a gold mesh hand bag. Finally she stopped.

"Got them all?" Barry Kirk inquired.

"I—I think so. I never can remember the number. And now, you really must forgive my silly entrance. It would be rather effective on the stage, I fancy, but I'm not on the stage now. In real life I'm afraid it was rather rude."

Paradise took her cloak and Kirk introduced her. Charlie Chan studied her long and carefully. She was no longer young, but her beauty was still triumphant. It would have to be, for her profession was the stage, and she was well-beloved in the Australian theaters.

At the table Charlie found himself at Mrs. Kirk's right, with June Morrow on his other side. If he was a bit awed by the company in which he had landed he gave no sign. He listened to several anecdotes of Sally Jordan's past from Mrs. Kirk, then turned to the girl beside him. Her eyes were shining.

"I'm thrilled to the depths," she whispered. "Sir Frederic and that marvelous Beetham man all in one evening—and you too."

Chan smiled. "I am pretty lonely fly in this menagerie of lions," he admitted.

"Tell me—that about being psychic. You don't really think Sir Frederic has found Eve Durand?"

Chan shrugged. "For one word a man may be adjudged wise, and for one word he may be adjudged foolish."

"Oh, please don't be so Oriental. Just think, Eve Durand may be at this table tonight."

"Strange events permit themselves the luxury of occurring," Chan conceded. His eyes traveled slowly about the board; they rested on Mrs. Tupper-Brock, silent and aloof, on the vivacious Eileen Enderby, longest of all on the handsome Gloria Garland, now completely recovered from her excitement over the scattered pearls.

"Tell me, Sir Frederic," remarked Mrs. Kirk. "How are you making out here in Barry's womanless Eden?"

"Splendidly," smiled the detective. "Mr. Kirk has been very kind. I not only have the run of this charming bungalow but he has also installed me in the offices below." He looked at Kirk. "Which reminds me—I'm afraid I quite forgot to close the safe downstairs."

"Paradise can attend to it," suggested Kirk.

"Oh, no," said Sir Frederic. "Please don't trouble. It doesn't matter, as far as I am concerned."

Carrick Enderby spoke in a loud, booming voice: "I say, Colonel Beetham. I've just read your book, you know."

"Ah, yes—er—which one?" inquired Beetham blandly.

"Don't be a fool, Carry," said Eileen Enderby rather warmly. "Colonel Beetham has written many books. And he's not going to be impressed by the fact that, knowing you were to meet him here tonight, you hastily ran through one of them."

"But it wasn't hastily," protested Enderby. "I gave it my best attention. The Life, I mean, you know. All your adventures—and by Jove, they were thrilling. Of course I can't understand you, sir. For me the cheery old whisky-and-soda in the comfortable chair by the warm fire. But you—how you do yearn for the desolate places! My word!"

Beetham smiled. "It's the white spots—the white spots on the map. They call to me. I—I long to walk there, where no man has walked before. It is an odd idea, isn't it?"

"Well, of course, getting home must be exciting," Enderby admitted. "The kings and the presidents pinning decorations on you, and the great dinners, and the eulogies ——"

"Quite the most terrible part of it, I assure you," said Beetham.

"Nevertheless, I'd take it in preference to your jolly old deserts," continued Enderby. "That time you were lost on the—er—the ——"

"The desert of Takla Makan," finished Beetham. "I was in a bit of a jam, wasn't I? But I wasn't lost, my dear fellow. I had simply embarked on the crossing with insufficient water and supplies."

(Continued on Page 128)

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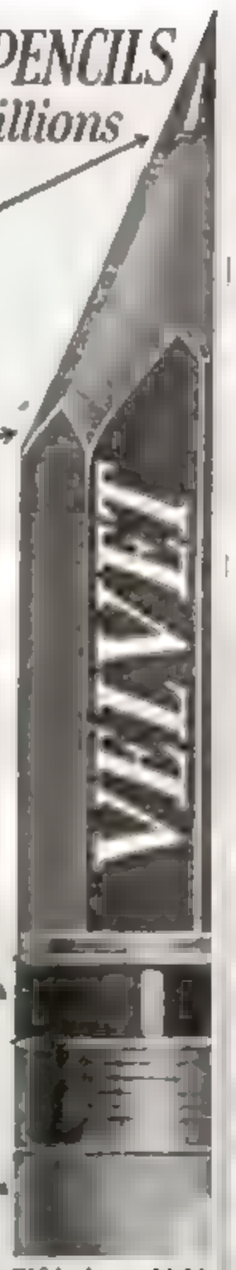

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(Continued from Page 126)

Mrs. Kirk spoke. "I was enthralled by that entry you quoted from your diary—what you thought was the last entry you would ever make. I know it by heart: 'Halted on a high dune, where the camels fell exhausted. We examined the east through the field glasses; mountains of sand in all directions; not a straw, no life. All, men as well as camels, are extremely weak. God help us.'"

"But it wasn't my last entry, you know," Beetham reminded her. "The next night, in a dying condition, I crept along on my hands and knees until I reached a forest, the bed of a dry river—a pool—water. I came out much better than I deserved."

"Pardon me if I make slight inquiry," said Charlie Chan. "What of old superstition, colonel? Mention was made of it by Marco Polo six hundred and fifty years ago. When a traveler is moving across desert by night, he hears strange voices calling his name. In bewitched state, he follows ghostly voices to his early doom."

"It is quite obvious," returned Beetham, "that I followed no voices. In fact, I heard none."

Eileen Enderby shuddered. "Well, I never could do it," she said. "I'm frightfully afraid of the dark. It drives me almost insane with fear."

Sir Frederic Bruce looked at her keenly. For the first time in some moments he spoke.

"I fancy many women are like that," he said. He turned suddenly to Mrs. Kirk's companion. "What has been your experience, Mrs. Tupper-Brock?"

"I do not mind the dark," said that lady in a cool, even tone.

"Miss Garland?" His piercing eyes turned on the actress.

She seemed a little embarrassed. "Why—I—really, I much prefer the spotlight. No, I can't say I fancy darkness."

"Nonsense," said Mrs. Dawson Kirk. "Things are the same in the dark as in the light. I never minded it."

Beetham spoke slowly: "Why not ask the gentlemen, Sir Frederic? Fear of the dark is not alone a woman's weakness. Were you to ask me, I should have to make a confession."

Sir Frederic turned on him in amazement. "You, colonel?"

Beetham nodded. "When I was a little shaver my life was made miserable by my horror of the dark. Every evening, when I was left alone in my room, I died a thousand deaths."

"By Jove!" cried Enderby. "And yet you grew up to spend your life in the dark places of the world. Extraordinary."

"You conquered that early fear, no doubt?" Sir Frederic suggested.

Beetham shrugged. "Does one ever quite conquer a thing like that? But really, there is too much about me. Mr. Kirk has asked me to let you see, after dinner, some pictures I took last year in Tibet. I fear I shall bore you by becoming, as you Americans say, the whole show."

Again they chatted by two and two. Miss Morrow leaned over to Chan.

"Imagine," she said, "that picture of the great explorer, as a little boy, frightened of the dark. It's quite the most charming and human thing I ever heard."

He nodded gravely, his eyes on Eileen Enderby.

"The dark drives me almost insane with fear," she had said. How dark it must have been that night in the hills outside Peshawar.

After he had served coffee in the living room, Paradise appeared with a white, glittering screen which, under the colonel's direction, he stood on a low table against a Flemish tapestry. Barry Kirk helped Beetham carry in from the hallway a heavy motion-picture projector and several boxes of films.

"Lucky we didn't overlook this," the young man laughed. "A rather embarrassing thing for you if you had to go home without being invited to perform. Like the man who tried to slip away from an evening party with a harp that he hadn't been asked to play."

The machine was finally ready, and the company took their places in comfortable chairs facing the screen.

"We shall want, of course, complete darkness," Beetham said. "Mr. Kirk, if you will be so kind ——"

"Surely," Barry Kirk turned off the lights and drew thick curtains over doors and windows. "Is it all right now?"

"The light in the hallway," Beetham suggested.

Kirk also extinguished that. There was a moment of tense silence.

"Heavens, this is creepy!" spoke Eileen Enderby out of the blackness. There was a slight note of hysteria in her voice.

Beetham was placing a roll of film in the machine. "On the expedition I am about to describe," he began, "we set out from Darjiling. As you no doubt know, Darjiling is a little hill station on the extreme northern frontier of India ——"

Sir Frederic interrupted: "You have been in India a great deal, colonel?"

"Frequently, between journeys."

"Ah, yes.. Pardon me for breaking in."

"Not at all." The film began to unwind. "These first pictures are of Darjiling, where I engaged my men, rounded up supplies, and ——" The colonel was off on his interesting but rather lengthy story.

Time passed, and his voice droned on in the intense darkness. The air was thick with the smoke of cigarettes; now and then there was the stir of someone moving, walking about in the rear, occasionally a curtain parted at a window. But Colonel Beetham gave no heed. He was living again on the high plateau of Tibet; the old fervor to go on had returned; he trekked through snowy passes, leaving men and mules dead in the waste land, fighting like a fanatic on toward his goal.

A weird feeling of oppression settled down over Charlie Chan—a feeling he attributed to the thick atmosphere of the room. He rose and dodged guiltily out into the roof-top garden. Barry Kirk was standing there, a dim figure in the mist, smoking a cigarette. For it was misty now, the fog bell was tolling its warning and the roof was wrapped in clouds.

"Hello," said Kirk, in a low voice. "Want a bit of air, too, eh? I hope he's not boring my poor guests to death. Exploring's a big business now, and he's trying to persuade grandmother to put up a lot of money for a little picnic he's planning. An interesting man, isn't he?"

"Most interesting," Chan admitted.

"But a hard one," added Kirk. "He leaves the dead behind with never so much as a look over his shoulder. I suppose that's the scientific type of mind. What's a few dead men when you're wiping out one of those white spots on the map? However, it's not my style. That's my silly American sentimentality."

"It is undubitably the style of Colonel Beetham," Chan returned. "I read same in his eyes."

He went back into the big living room and walked about in the rear. A slight sound in the hallway interested him, and he went out there. A man had just entered by the door that led to the floor below. Before he closed it, the light outside fell on the blond hair of Carrick Enderby.

"Just having a cigarette on the stairs," Enderby explained in a hoarse whisper. "Didn't want to add any more smoke to the air in there. A bit thick, what?"

He stole back into the living room, and Chan, following, found a chair. A clatter of dishes sounded from the distant pantry, competing with the noise of the unwinding film and the steady stream of Beetham's story. The tireless man was starting on a new reel.

"Voice is getting a bit weary," the colonel admitted. "I'll just run this one off without comment. It requires none." He fell back from the dim light by the machine into the shadows.

In ten minutes the reel had unwound its length and the indomitable Beetham was on hand. He was preparing to start on what he announced as the final reel, when the curtains over one of the French windows parted suddenly and the white figure of a woman came into the room. She stood there like a wraith in the misty light at her back.

"Oh, stop it!" she cried. "Stop it and turn up the lights! Quickly! Quickly, please!" There was a real hysteria in Eileen Enderby's voice now.

Barry Kirk leaped to the light switch and flooded the room. Mrs. Enderby stood, pale and swaying slightly, clutching at her throat.

"What is it?" Kirk asked. "What's the trouble?"

"A man!" she panted. "I couldn't stand the dark—it was driving me mad. I stepped out into the garden. I was standing close to the railing when I saw a man leap from a lighted window on the floor below, out onto the fire escape. He ran down it into the fog."

"My offices are below," Kirk said quietly. "We had better look into this. Sir Frederic ——" His eyes turned from one to the other. "Why, where is Sir Frederic?" he asked.

Paradise had entered from the pantry. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said. "Sir Frederic went down to the offices some ten minutes ago."

"Down to the offices? Why?"

"The burglar alarm by your bed was buzzing, sir—the one connected up downstairs. Just as I discovered it, Sir Frederic entered your room. 'I will investigate this, Paradise,' he said. 'Don't disturb the others.'"

Kirk turned to Charlie Chan. "Sergeant, will you come with me, please?"

Silently Charlie followed him to the stairs, and together they went below. The offices were ablaze with light. The rear room, into which the stairs led, was quite empty. They advanced into the middle room. A window was open as far as it would go, and in the mist outside, Chan noted the iron gratings of a fire escape. This room, too, seemed empty. But beyond the big desk Barry Kirk, in advance, gave a little cry and dropped to his knees.

Chan stepped around the desk. He was not surprised by what he saw, but he was genuinely sorry. Sir Frederic Bruce lay on the floor, shot cleanly through the heart. By his side lay a thin little volume bound in bright yellow cloth.

Kirk stood up, dazed. "In my office," he said slowly, as though that were important. "It's—it's horrible. Look!"

He pointed to Sir Frederic. On the detective's feet were black silk stockings—and nothing else. He wore no shoes.

Paradise had followed. He stood for a moment staring at the dead man on the floor, and then turned to Barry Kirk.

"When Sir Frederic came downstairs," he said, "he was wearing a pair of velvet slippers. Sort of heathen-looking slippers they were, sir."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

In defense of Janitors

The chilly domestic scene, pictured above, is enacted in thousands of apartments whenever the red in the thermometer suddenly slips down. Diplomatic tenants cajole the janitor with honeyed words. Others shake a threatening, cold-stiffened finger at him.

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THE DOMINATOR

(Continued from Page 15)

persevered in self-belief and duty, unforeseeable increment inevitably accrued. And no wonder she had looked puzzled; however inaccurate her father's description of Stanley might have been, it certainly couldn't have been stretched to fit Howard Wade.

"I wish you'd let me send up one of ours," he told her. "Mr. Dennett's prejudiced, but he'll admit, I think, that the Beeman Countifier looks a good deal like a real calculating machine."

"For an amateur production," said Dennett, "it's the ideal choice."

He chuckled hopefully, but his daughter evinced no appreciation of the jest. The baffling eyes contemplated Howard Wade thoughtfully.

"If it wouldn't be too much trouble——" she began. Again her father was moved to mirth.

"Trouble? I'll guarantee, Judy, that Wade doesn't feel much better about this than if you'd offered him a nomination for the presidency. You don't realize what a clever young man he is. He's got it all figured out this minute in that Machiavellian brain of his. The thin edge of the wedge has been inserted in me and he's about to hit it another diplomatic tap—eh, Wade?"

"It's no trouble at all," said Wade earnestly, ignoring the pleasantry. "I'll be delighted to send up any one of our machines, Miss Dennett."

Myron Dennett refused to be diverted from his joke.

"Absolutely without obligation to purchase?" he stipulated. "That's understood, isn't it?"

Wade yielded to a mild irritation.

"It hardly needs to be stated, sir," he said stiffly. "I'm very sure you don't buy calculating machines in consideration of trivial favors, and I'm altogether positive that I don't sell Beeman Countifiers on that basis." He felt better for the speech, although Polson's doctrine discountenanced such indulgences. "The plain truth is that if I thought I had any chance of selling you our machines I'd hesitate before offering anything of this sort. It's the worst possible tactics to put a prospective customer under any obligation, however slight. But, you see, I've never regarded you in that light, sir." He grinned. Somehow he was enjoying himself. Dennett's countenance acquired a slightly more presidential aspect.

"Oh, you don't, eh? Then why do you keep trying to argue me into ——"

Wade spread his hands. "It's such splendid practice, sir. After I've put in ten minutes with you I always feel that anybody else is easy. I suppose I oughtn't to admit it, but it's the truth. Four out of five calculating machines in Binchester are Beemans, and you're one of the reasons why."

Slowly Dennett's face relaxed. "A punching bag, am I?" His eyes crinkled at their corners. "Or a sparring partner maybe? That's a new slant."

Wade spread his hands. "It's the other way round—I spar a round or two with the champion and then go out and massacre some dub." He turned—you learned how to time your departures neatly if you sat at Polson's feet. "If you'll tell me where to send that machine, Miss Dennett, and when ——"

She gave him the information. He made a memorandum.

"I suppose," she said—"I suppose you couldn't spare the time to drop in at the dress rehearsal tonight and show Timmy Wooster how to—how to—what does one do to an adding machine—play on it?"

"I'd be glad to," said Wade, with some emphasis, but far less of it than he felt. He required a sensible effort of will to contain an impulse that yearned for hat tossings and hurrahs. It was too bad that Richard Polson couldn't have been here in person to observe the flowering of his sowings. Not even Polson could have risen more effectively to the opportunity, Wade told himself. The intoxicating sense of power thrilled through him. Suddenly, toward Myron Dennett, he felt something that was almost like affection; you couldn't help liking the people you dominated.

He took his leave in a fine glow of triumph. Contemplating the interview in retrospect, he faced the realization that he had actually improved on Polson. On the spur of the moment, almost by intuition, he had said the one thing that could have undermined Myron Dennett's buttressed and bastioned sales resistance. Telling him, casually and lightly, that he was just a sort of animated Daily Dozen for the exercise of Howard Wade's salescraft had been no blunder but sheer inspiration. His guard was down now; the sentries on the walls would never halt Wade at the gates and strip him of his arms, now that they knew him for a friend who dropped in for an amiable practice bout with mask and pad and buttoned foil.

And there was more. There was that girl with the curious blue-green eyes, so serenely certain of her power over Myron Dennett that she dared to smoke her cigarette in his very shrine and presence. An ally, possibly—an advocate who had a voice in the secret councils of the defense. If, on the slender basis of that borrowed Countifier, Howard Wade could cunningly erect acquaintance, friendship, confidence ——

He rejected hotly a protest on the score of ethics. That, as Polson said, was sheer driveling poppycock. Unethical to make use of a man's daughter in order to confer upon him the benefit of Beeman Countifiers? You might as well refuse to rescue a drowning swimmer with his daughter's help!

He beamed in answer to Miss Mellin's ocular inquiry as he came into his office. Her eyes went wide—as wide, almost, as the round rims of her shell spectacles.

"Really? You've sold him?"

"Well," said Howard Wade, "he doesn't know it yet, but I have." He extended his hand, palm upward, and slowly closed his fingers. "I've got him," he declared, "right there! Like that!"

II

MANIFESTLY unaware that he lay in the hollow of Howard Wade's hand, Myron Dennett, encountering him on Lafayette Street, gave corroborating evidence of his subjugation. Instead of passing on importantly with a nod and word, as Wade had just observed him to pass Herman Diller, of Diller & Peters, Inc., he halted precisely as if he had done so of his own free will. His pink face lightened to informal affability and his voice, considered as the voice of the president of the strongest bank in Binchester, was positively flippant.

"Hello, Howard."

The intimacy of the address fell on Wade's ear with the effect of laurel wreaths and medals. Carefully, however, he held the key of his response to temperate cordiality. Polson was clear and emphatic on the point, in Chapter VII of the Mighty Mystery.

Friendship and confidence are timid; they retreat before advances and fly from pursuit; they are captured best by the man who hides his eagerness, who invites them, seemingly unconcerned. Only weak men can be stampeded or strong-armed into liking, and weak men's liking is rarely worth the having.

Wade felt a glow of gratitude toward the discoverer and expounder of that secret. Wanting Polson's counsel, he would almost certainly have snatched too frankly at Myron Dennett's first advance, instead of dissembling his delight. Mentally he recorded another entry in his debit to his mentor. Outwardly he agreed, mildly, with Myron Dennett's scarcely dignified allusion to the peachlike quality of the day. During business hours, Wade felt, a banker might have found a less unsuitable ejaculation, too, than "Golly!" Not that Wade was displeased, of course; these were straws in the wind; the relaxation of Dennett's diction, regrettable on general principles, testified again to the vehemently desirable intimacy in which he had already come to accept Howard Wade.

"A crime to waste such weather on business," Dennett declared blasphemously. His hand closed on an imaginary shaft and his arm moved wistfully in a golfing arc. "They're getting off the winter greens down at Lakeside today too." He eyed Wade with a conspirator's sidelong glance. "Dare you to play hooky and come down. My house is open and we'd have the course just about to ourselves this afternoon. Tomorrow every dub in town will be out there. How about it?"

Again Howard Wade contained his impulses. For him there was no question, of course, as to the propriety of accepting; Polson-trained salesmen were required to learn golf, and the Mighty Mystery itself contained a whole chapter on the adaptation of the game to the fine art of domination. But he affected a tempted dubiety, permitting Dennett to persuade him.

"Come on. Judy's going down this afternoon with some of the youngsters, and there'll be something going on this evening to amuse you." He grinned. "It's your plain duty to your firm to do it, when you look at it right—just think of all the chance you'll have to talk Beeman Countifiers at me!"

Wade chuckled in surrender. He contrived to walk deliberately until he turned the corner and could safely break into a run. At his office, while Miss Mellin efficiently collaborated in the condensation of week-end desk routine, he permitted himself to chortle a little.

"I've got him," he declared, repeating the familiar gesture of the open hand which closed inexorably to a trap. "I've got him like that!"

Miss Mellin, it appeared, had from the first foreseen that this must be the event. Her sympathetic attention reminded Wade dimly of his mother, soberly regarding a string of chubs and hearing the tale of their taking. He was ready to leave when Dennett telephoned.

"Say, Howard, I'm in a jam with Judy. It seems she has some sort of a lunch party on at the club and expected to drive down this morning in my car. I'm tied up here with a committee meeting and can't get away much before noon. She can go down with Timmy Wooster, but this looks like a good day for him to keep his overdue date with a telegraph pole, and I'm wondering whether you'd mind taking her in your car instead, as long as you're going down anyway. I'll meet you by 1:30 and ——"

Schooling his voice to an admirable semblance of calm, Howard Wade agreed. Departing, exuberant, under Miss Mellin's farewell smile, he was again reminded, distantly, of his mother.

Judy was almost ready when he stopped at the Dennett house. She manifestly found less excitement in the adventure than it possessed for Wade, but in her manner, as she took her place beside him, there was no visible disappointment.

With thirty miles of wide, smooth concrete beckoning before him, Wade could afford to be deliberate. Heretofore his opportunities for unimpeded talk with Judy Dennett had been measurable in moments rather than minutes. He had spent, in all, a good deal of time in her society since the affair of the dress rehearsal, but it had been necessary to divide her attention with numbers of young men of whom Timmy Wooster was singularly typical—young men who looked and talked and behaved so much alike that Howard Wade found it

(Continued on Page 132)

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"Sweet, sweet, so very, very sweet," trilled the Littlest Bird. "Why so much flattery?" asked the wise Old Bird. "I just heard that dear little girl tell her grandmother that they really must have me to sing their flowers awake on Easter morning."

HENDRYX BIRD CAGES
Since 1869

(Continued from Page 130)

hard to consider them singly, young men with whom, as his acquaintance with them ripened, he discovered a deepening impatience.

They slouched, all of them, with an effect of insolence, as if to hold themselves erect involved more of an effort than the opinion of the observer merited; they were forward and familiar in their speech and manner toward girls, noticeably so in the case of Judy Dennett. Timmy Wooster, in particular, had a way of pawing her which sometimes caused a curious stirring among the short hairs at the base of Howard Wade's scalp. Regarding them in the light of Richard Polson's pronouncements, Wade grouped them all in Class E—men whom not even acquaintance with the Mighty Mystery could ever fashion salesmen.

Freed for the present of their irritating society, he allowed himself time for deliberation as to the most effective improvement of his opportunity. Here was an hour in which to strike undisturbed at Myron Dennett's weakest point. None of it could be wasted; experience had already taught Wade that he might look for few such occasions.

Polson, for once, had no advice to offer. He had overlooked, it seemed, the technic of weak points with blue-green eyes and a queer, disconcerting trick of—of batting them. A full mile of the thirty slipped away beneath the singing tires, and another dwindled fast—so fast that Wade's foot relaxed its pressure on the gas until the dial revealed a shameful, creeping pace almost within the legal limits.

"How did you manage to get away?" demanded Judy. "I thought you had to work so hard."

"I don't have to, exactly," Wade told her. "You see, I don't think of it as work at all—it's fun—no, it's something better than that. There's nothing like it."

He risked a sideling glance that expected and encountered the funny movement of Judy's eyelids.

"Really? You mean you actually like it—selling those machines to tiresome people all day long?"

Wade laughed softly. "I never thought of it like that. I suppose it does look stupid, if you just see the surface, but—well, it's stupid, too, to tramp five or six miles trying to swat a golf ball, and yet ——"

"Oh, I see." Already Wade had discovered that, below a superficial counterfeit of frivolity and thoughtlessness, Judy possessed a kind of intelligence. "It's a kind of game, and you play it, instead of working at it."

"I live it," he said. "It's life, selling is. It doesn't matter what you sell. You can sell glory, like Napoleon, or dreams, like Shakspere, or ideals, or ——"

"Or Beeman Countifiers. I see." She contemplated the idea, manifestly impressed. "It all comes to the same thing, of course. The kick is making people do what you want them to—is that it?"

"That's the A B C of it, perhaps," he said. "The real thing is to make them want to do what you want them to. Richard Polson says it this way: 'The master salesman does not sell; he provides those stimuli which impel each prospect to sell himself.'"

She thought it over. "I see. And it's fun for you, thinking up stimuli that'll make father, for instance, believe he's just got to have a whole flock of Beeman Countifiers in his bank?"

On the brink of fatal admission, Howard Wade caught himself back. "Oh, I gave your father up as hopeless a long time ago," he said. "But it's fun—it's more than just fun—to find the right stimuli for people who aren't too big for me to—to dominate."

"How do you go about it? It sounds wonderful, the way you put it, but I can't see what you do. Tell me. I've always thought business was just stupid. It never struck me that it could be exciting and interesting and everything."

Howard Wade lifted a hand from the wheel in a deprecatory gesture. "Oh, you use different schemes with different people, of course. The underlying principle is the same, but you have to find your own specific application in each case. You build up a man's faith in you, for instance, by showing him that you're on the level and that you know your stuff; you break down his sales-resistance gradually in lots of different ways, you ——"

"For instance. Tell me a way." Again his brief side glance observed the batting of the blue-green eyes; returning to the concrete in time to avoid, by a matter of inches, digression to a quag of sticky clay.

"Well, for instance, you get him talking. That's always a good stunt. Most people like to listen to 'emselves. Polson says that no actor ever doubts the wisdom of a willing audience." He chuckled. "It sounds simple, doesn't it? But most big truths are simple, when you get right down to it. I listen with my mouth open while a man tells me how smart he is and how he's succeeded, and when I go away he's pretty sure that I'm intelligent. And that's that."

He enlarged on the theme under cross-questioning, quoting liberally from Polson. The abrupt appearance of the clubhouse startled him unpleasantly; he scowled at the group of slouching, horizontally striped sweaters on the veranda. They'd never impressed him as fit companions for Judy, even before he had discovered the full degree of her mental keenness. Now, delivering her to their empty babblings, he suffered for her, through her. Returning after he had parked his car, he thrust himself resolutely into the circle; Judy should have, at least, the solace of company in discomfort. Maneuvering for position as they drifted, chattering, to the table, he contrived to seat himself beside her, a bulwark against the idiotic prattle of Timmy Wooster, thus compelled to sit beyond the table and, for all his cultivated insouciance, visibly ungratified.

There was no chance, of course, for sensible conversation. Howard Wade did not even attempt it, feigning, indeed, to enjoy the clatter of light tongues, the clack of imbecile laughter which served these simpletons in lieu of reasoned speech. Thrice, during the meal, Judy's eyelids flickered significantly in his direction. It was easy to decode their message now: She understood his intention; she thanked him for it. More, he drew from the vertical quiver of the lashes a distinct implication that there would be other times and other places more suitable for rational talk.

Afterward, in charge of the phonograph which orchestrated the inevitable dance, he was dimly troubled by the reproaches of a narrow-minded conscience. Twinkling in the intricacies of the Charleston, Judy seemed even more fragile than ever. He was obliged to remind himself rather sharply of Richard Polson's exposition as to the ethics of master salesmanship in order to subdue a stubborn sense of guilt for the ruthless exploitation he purposed to make of Judy's artless, impulsive, warm-hearted girlish friendliness.

In spite of Polson, he continued to feel that there was something unworthy in his course. It wasn't fair, somehow, to use a power that could dominate strong, clear-witted men of affairs upon a child like Judy, however noble the end in view might be. He was suddenly uncomfortably aware of his strength as Judy's eyelids vibrated at him past Timmy Wooster's shoulder, almost ashamed of himself. It was a relief when Myron Dennett carried him away to locker room and links and he could pit himself against an antagonist worthy of his steel.

The challenge cleared his mind. He perceived the opportunity here for combining two of Polson's principles into a new one of his own. It was elementary, of course, to take advantage of the unguarded frame of mind which comes to even the wariest and most vigilant under the relaxing influence

(Continued on Page 135

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DODGE BROTHERS
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(Continued from Page 132)

of springtime golf. Polson was outspoken on the subject; there was a whole chapter of the Mighty Mystery which dealt with the technic of so adjusting one's game to that of the quarry that winning would engender in him the magnanimous mood of the chivalrous conqueror toward his vanquished, worthy foe. But until today, as he followed, almost mechanically, the precept which bade him minister to that mood by asking for advice about his own game, by curing a slice under Myron Dennett's gratified direction, it had not occurred to Howard Wade to carry the principle still further.

There was enough congestion on the course to involve a pause at almost every tee. In one of these intervals sheer inspiration descended upon Wade. Golf and the spring airs had already softened Myron Dennett's obdurate sales resistance. It was unmistakably evident that he regarded Wade with the proprietary kindliness of teacher for pupil, victor for worthy, beaten foe.

The malleable glow of his mood invited, begged for, another shrewdly shaping blow. Cunningly Wade struck it.

"I'm trying to figure out what I'd better do with some Consolidated Chemical I've been holding," he confessed. "When it comes to investing I'm just a dub. I ——"

No trout could have risen more hungrily to the drifting May fly than Myron Dennett to the insidious lure. When they plodded wearily up the ascent from the eighteenth green to the clubhouse he was still eloquent; his hand lay affectionately on Wade's shoulder, and he refused, with evident sincerity, the younger man's carefully diffident gratitude.

"Why, it's been a pleasure! There's nothing I'd rather do than help a youngster who's sensible enough to save money. And you've done pretty well too. Of course, you've made some mistakes, but they're all on the safe side. That's a good fault. Come over to the bank on Monday with your list and we'll see whether I can't show you how to increase your net return a little without lessening the safety factor."

"I hate to bother you with it," said Wade insincerely. "You've been so kind to me ——"

"Forget it!" Dennett was jovial. "It's my business, isn't it? Don't know when I've enjoyed an afternoon any more than I've enjoyed this one. You're good company, Howard, as long as you don't try to saw off your rattletrap Countifiers on the simple-minded." He chuckled. "I was afraid you'd spend the afternoon shooting high-pressure sales talk at me." He sighed. "It would have been criminal to talk shop on a day like this."

Howard Wade cheerfully concurred, even permitting the libelous adjective to pass unchallenged. The master salesman did not sell; he continued to leave that to the stimuli and reflexes of the victim. But as he stood in the biting spray of the shower, he indulged himself in another eloquent gesture, shutting the fingers of his right hand about a space in which, wholly unsuspecting, Myron Dennett was already prisoned.

"Like that," he said happily, under his breath. "Just like that!"

III

DECISIVELY Myron Dennett refused to give ear to thanks—thanks which were diplomatic, to be sure, on the part of Howard Wade, but none the less sincere on that account. His savings had profited, as the direct result of Dennett's timely hint concerning Universal Automotive, to the extent of almost two thousand dollars, and acutely aware as he was of the favorable effect upon Dennett of this benefaction, he was also vigorously grateful and had done his best to say so.

"Forget it, Howard." Dennett was gruff about it. "I was just waiting for a chance like that to get back at you for what you've done for me this summer. I guess you know what I mean."

"I don't, honestly." Wade was puzzled. He had played a lot of golf, to be sure, in Dennett's company, had spent several week-ends in the pleasant summer cottage at Lakeside, acting patiently and attentively as audience to the banker's more or less autobiographical discourses on the art and science of finance, but he was reasonably sure that Myron Dennett did not regard these subtly veiled services as ground for gratitude on his part. "The shoe's on the other foot, sir. You've been awfully good to me all summer and I've never seen a chance to make any least return. I ——"

"You know, all right," interrupted Dennett. "I've watched you. It hasn't been just accidental, the way you've looked out for Judy." His face softened and clouded curiously. "Fathering isn't any bed of roses these days. Judy's all right herself, but I don't seem to feel any violent affection for most of the boys and girls she plays with. You've saved me a lot of worry, and you've done it without ever letting Judy guess what you were up to. That's a large order. She sees right through me when I try to manage her."

Triumph mounted in Howard Wade, triumph that pacified for the moment the absurd, persistent reproachings of his idiot conscience. The weak point! It seemed incredible that this embarrassed, grateful old man could be the same Myron Dennett who had rebuffed, with satiric levity, so many well-devised and cunning attempts upon his regard. Within his pocket Wade's fingers closed upon his palm. Not only unsuspected of mercenary design but actually thanked for every subtle thrust at the one rift in Myron Dennett's armor! It was—it was positively epic!

"I—I don't care such a lot about young Timmy Wooster myself," he conceded. "Some of the others are just putting up a bluff at being cheap sports, because they think it's the correct attitude, but I've got a notion that Wooster's cheapness goes pretty deep." His voice warmed. "It makes me hot under my collar to see him hanging around a girl like Judy. I don't want any thanks for doing what I could to put skids under him."

"I know it." Dennett was still gruff. "And I don't want any for doing you a friendly turn that doesn't begin to show you how I feel either. So that's a stand-off."

The telephone hummed softly at his elbow. He lifted the receiver with an air of relief at the interruption.

"It's for you, Howard." He handed the instrument to Wade. "Judy."

Wade's sympathy stirred at the look with which he waited. It must be sort of hard to feel that somebody was deeper in your daughter's confidence than you were.

"I'm at the club, Howdie, and I wish you'd be an angel and come after me. Timmy's supposed to bring me home, but somebody's been feeding him applejack and ——"

"I'll be right over. You wait for me now—understand?"

He saw envy in Dennett's face—envy of the undisguised command in his voice.

"She wants me to bring her home," he explained. "I'd better go right along."

"Good! I've been worrying all evening about her." Dennett's face cleared. "One of these days Timmy Wooster's bound to climb a tree with that eighty-horse-power toy his fool mother's given him, but Judy won't let me even hint that he isn't the world's best little driver. Run along. I was going to turn in early anyway, so if you want to stay and dance awhile, do it. Never mind me."

The tires sang blithely under Howard Wade's triumphant passage through cool, starry darkness. The consciousness of power, of dominance, thrilled through him. Abruptly, masterfully, he overruled Judy's suggestion that they stay for a little more of the dancing.

"Absolutely not. You've had enough. Come on."

Her instant, undebating submission was another testimonial to his resistless force. Almost meekly she suffered the demeaning indignity of envelopment, like a child, in the big fur coat he had brought along for her. It seemed to Howard Wade that the power which wafted the car over the drumming concrete emanated not from prosaic, material combustion of sordid gas in metal cylinders, but from the flooding reservoirs of spiritual energy within himself.

"You're sore," said Judy timidly, from the recesses of the coat. "I know I'm a tiresome nuisance, dragging you out when you're tired and ——"

"You keep right on being this kind of a nuisance," he commanded. "You've had your last ride in Timmy Wooster's fiery chariot, see? He's scratched. The next time he's caught trying to talk to you he'll be given one minute to get out of the ward, and you'll give it to him—understand? That's all settled."

Even in the exalted confidence of the moment, he was dimly startled by Judy's unprotesting acquiescence.

"I'd just as soon, if you think I'd better." She laughed a little ruefully, cuddling more deeply into the fur. "I'd have to, anyway, if you've made up your mind to make me. I've found that out, Howdie—there's no use in trying to fight you. You're just too marvelous."

Winelike, the words effervesced in Howard Wade's consciousness. The real thrill of power, he discovered, lay in its recognition by somebody else; again he realized Judy's amazing degree of insight. Of all the people who drifted passively in the resistless current of his will, only Judy had perceived the truth about him.

"I suppose I do have a sort of influence over people," he admitted. "It would be funny if I didn't. It's just my regular job, when you come right down to the facts. I'd starve to death if I couldn't do it."

"It's weird," she said. "Sometimes it frightens me, it's so—so uncanny. Like witchcraft and black art and everything."

He laughed gently. "There's no magic about it. It's just practical psychology. Anybody can do it if he knows how."

"That's silly," she declared. "As if Timmy Wooster could manage you just by taking some lessons in—in mental jujitsu!"

"Well, he probably couldn't learn," admitted Wade. "But it's true, all the same. It's really simple too. Just understanding the elements of everyday psychology and knowing how to use your knowledge in little, trivial ways that nobody thinks are important. For instance, you don't bore a customer by talking about your own affairs; you try to get him to tell you about himself and his business and you listen as if you thought wisdom was going to die with him. Pretty soon the impression fixes itself on his subconscious that you're clever and sensible, as well as first-rate company. That's just one little thing, but ——"

"Oh!" She seemed suddenly alert. "And all the time you've been asking father about his everlasting old bonds and net ex-dividends and everything, you've been just ——"

He saw, too late, the peril of letting those blue-green eyes see behind the scenes.

"Oh, no, Judy! I honestly wanted to know. It's really—why, I've just made almost two thousand out of one little suggestion of his. I ——"

"Yes, of course. You told me about that—that trick too. You can't make people like you by doing favors for them, but if you can jolly them into doing favors for you—little ones, that aren't too much trouble—you can thank them till they just swell up and burst! Oh ——"

"Now, Judy, you listen ——"

But she was, for the moment, immune from dominance.

"Of course! I might have known you'd never have bothered with me except to get on the soft side of my father! All summer, while you've been pretending to like me, you've just been laughing in your sleeve! The only reason you came after me tonight was ——"

Both of Howard Wade's hands, in the bleak crudity of a resort to primitive, brutal

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(Continued from Page 135)

force, fumbled savagely with the shapeless husk of fur. Utterly undominated, the car swerved to keep Timmy Wooster's tryst with the staunch pole that waited patiently, expectantly, beside the concrete ribbon.

There was a crash, drowned, somehow, in the louder tumult within Howard Wade's being, a bodily pang scarcely perceptible for the sudden pain and panic of his spirit. He was standing, somehow, in deep weeds, his hands concerned only with their clutch upon that furry husk, his thought and speech aware of catastrophe only as a trivial, irritating intrusion upon affairs of moment.

"You shut up and listen to me—understand?" It was somebody else who was shouting—somebody else whose hands were shaking the fur coat. Dimly, unthroned and unheeded, Howard Wade's familiar being stared and listened in stunned amaze at the usurper who spoke through his set teeth. "Think I care two whoops whether Myron Dennett ever has a decent adding machine in his dinky bank? Think I'd waste a whole summer trying to sell him a machine he couldn't appreciate if he had it? Think I'm a dog-gone peddler? I'll show you! It's about time you found out what I want around here!" Again, savagely, the coat was shaken. "You, that's what! And I've got you, see? Made up my mind the first minute I saw you. Nice thing—a girl like you running around without anybody to look after her! Suppose you'd been with Timmy Wooster when you hit that pole, hey? Might have been hurt! . . . No, I don't want any argument. It's all settled. It's been settled since that first time I saw you in the bank."

"I wasn't going to argue," said a singularly small voice. "I know it wouldn't be any use. If you've made up your mind you want me, that's all there is to it, Howdie."

"You're just too marvelous, Howdie." Judy breathed reverently as Myron Dennett's slippered footsteps retreated on the stairs. "It's simply weird, the way you can manage everybody." She laughed softly, her cheek against his sleeve. "Isn't father too delicious, though! The idea of his thinking he planned it all out himself!"

Howard Wade's unoccupied arm moved in a careless gesture.

"Oh, I made him think so, of course. Life's just a business, when you come right down to it, Judy. In a way, I had to sort of sell him the idea that I'm the right man to take care of you. And I guess it's second nature, by this time, for me to sell anything more or less scientifically. You know what Polson says—'the master salesman does not sell; he provides those stimuli which impel each prospect to sell himself.' Well, that's sound, of course, but I always go a little further, and make sure that my customer believes that he did all the selling."

His arm contracted slightly. "Look out, Judy. I'm perfectly capable of convincing you that you went out after me and got me all by yourself!"

Judy's little whispering laugh dismissed the fantastic thought, and her eyelids flickered twice in token of extraordinary amusement.

There was, however, in his momentary glimpse of the baffling blue-greenness behind them, something which silenced Howard Wade's own chuckle on his lips; Judy's hand, absurdly minute and fragile, drew and held his fascinated gaze. Slowly, inexorably, Judy's fingers curved and closed about something that was prisoned, helpless, and forever in their hollow.

For just an instant Howard Wade was startled to something like anger. Then, as enlightenment swept in upon him, he felt a shivering thrill of power. Here, he saw, was the ultimate achievement of the master salesman—the final, unanswerable testimony of utter dominance.

Judy actually believed that it had all been planned and accomplished, not by Howard Wade, but by herself.

Deeply, slowly, he drew in his breath. His arm, possessive and protecting, tightened a little, and in their turn, his fingers, reverently and happily, closed upon their palm.

"Like that!" he thought. "Just like that!"

OUR FOREIGN IMITATORS

(Continued from Page 7)

some $165,000,000 of loans made in America, only $16,000,000 went to Latin America, only $22,000,000 to Canada, $5,000,000 in the territorial possessions of the United States, but $130,000,000 flowed to Europe."

A French banker said to me: "It is not a matter for any astonishment that with such a flow of credits there should be dragged along increasing interest in American methods, American manners, customs and habits of thought. It was once said that the spirit of a people followed their flag to foreign soils; now it may be said that the spirit and flavor of a people follows to a certain extent their dollars."

It is doubtful whether credit giving increases popularity. Those who wish to borrow may find that it is comforting to find a lender and most expediently polite to express toward the lender a solicitous and affectionate attitude, but at the bottom, under the surface, there is fertile soil for irritation.

This irritation pops out from strange mouths. One of them was an industrialist of Germany who said to me: "Oh, well, we have to go to New York. Germany has some $280,000,000, now, of American credits. Perhaps I speak against my own interest when I say that your investors seem to forget that Europe is now alive with American bankers ready to float loans in America, make their commission and go on to the next commission. Some of them are conscientious, but what a temptation it must be to others to take back, for sale to your Americans at home, a security they would not hold themselves. It is this factor that has turned the European field from one where we were mad to borrow to a scene where you are crazy to lend."

The Brand of Invisible Exports

One finds, more and more, the vague impression abroad that it is not merely imitation and voluntary adoption of American ways and foibles and turn of mind by other peoples, but that somehow these invisible exports of credits, investments and tourist expenditures are imposing, mysteriously and subtly, the American brand on new generations of foreign peoples much more than exported goods ever could.

Most Americans fail to realize the extent of American travel. In 1926 more than a third of a million Americans were traveling beyond the North American continent—most of them in Europe. The number increases constantly. The foreign government offices tell me that the amount each American tourist spends has gone up noticeably. The Department of Commerce fixes the estimated expense per tourist as $1250 and the total spent in one year—1926—at $465,000,000. This is more than our excess of exports of merchandise over imports for that year. It is growing to be nearly one-half of our annual export in foreign loans and investments.

An Italian official has produced a quotation from Secretary Hoover which reads: "The year 1926 seems to have set new high records in all three of our largest invisible items of trade—private investment abroad, tourist expenditure, and the yield of our previous foreign investments. Our foreign trade is now in an era of big invisibles. The time when our international trade situation could be judged approximately by the balance of merchandise trade and the gold movement is quite past. All three of the invisible items just mentioned were, last year, much larger than the balance of our merchandise trade, and several other invisible items were of comparable importance. Our favorable merchandise balance was $377,000,000. Our gifts to foreigners in immigrant remittances and charities were nearly equal to that sum; our payments to them for services to our tourists were twice as large, and our new loans to foreigners and other foreign investments were three times that sum. In no other year of the present century has our merchandise balance been so completely outranked by other items."

And these invisible items, even more than goods and wares, carry with them the gladly welcomed or sadly regretted, the happily accepted or dismally received, contagion of Americanization. They have in them those germs which some foreign diagnosticians will say are the germs of social imperialism.

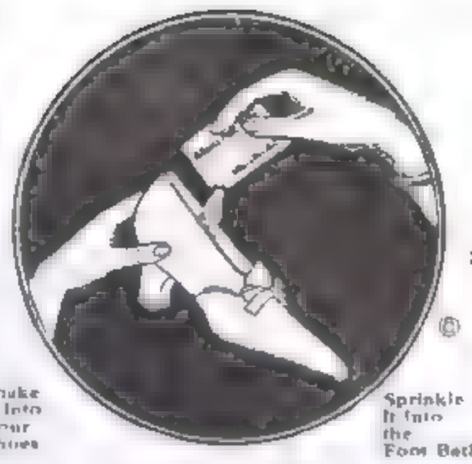
This so-called social imperialism, this contagion of Americanization, is aided especially by the personal and human quality attaching to that money which goes with the tourist and that money which goes out in the form of remittances to the Old World made by the immigrants who have settled in the New World. The tourist's expenditure is made by the tourist's own hand, and he is present always, with his language, his voice, his manners and customs—his own American ways, many of which are imitated or adopted. So also the immigrant who sends money back home also writes letters, sends presents and perhaps later returns to live in his own country again, carrying the aromas and mysteries of America to his village and spinning yarns of his experiences year after year around the village fountain.

The American Delegation

Today, for instance, in Italy, there are few towns where an American fails to find genial natives who have been in and out of the port of New York. One of the diversions of an American ambassador in these towns is to receive the American delegation of natives, sometimes a long handshaking line of men and women who want to know what chances the New York Giants will have next season and whether it has been a windy winter in Chicago. It is not easy to overestimate the social effect of these third of a million tourists, with their expenditures of nearly $500,000,000 a year, or that of these immigrants who send back nearly a third of a billion more, and then often follow their money to the old soil.

They are followed, one must remember, by magazines and papers, by fashions in amusements and fashions in dress, by habits and customs, by new demands and new dances, by the clamor for porcelain bathtubs, and hot water, and heat in radiators, and slang. They are followed by changes in social customs.

"Even the attitude of Continental women has changed," says a woman prominent in the Latin world, and the author of many books. "The typical wife in our Latin countries only a few years ago may have been a sparkling duchess or the gray, black and brown attired wife of a middle-class shopkeeper or workman, but in either case her career was to be an auxiliary to her husband. She had part control of their affairs of money, social group and business undertakings, but she was quite supine and even furtive as to her personal relationship with her husband and other men. Now you will hear French and Italian, Rumanian and even Latin-American husbands complaining that their women have been Americanized. It really has made a great deal of unnecessary stir and unhappiness, I believe, and I believe it because Europe has gained nothing much by importing a doctrine of discontent which, after all, is made



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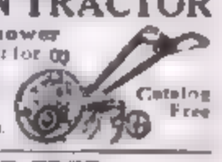

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When people look at you, they look primarily at your face. Your face is YOU.

—and your Collar is a frame to the picture. Does it help—or harm?

Where appearance counts most—at the office—over the conference table—at the club—a game of bridge—wear a *Starched* Collar.

Notice the difference—in your own mirror and in the impression you make on others.

They won't even know it is your *Collar.* Its effect is subconscious.

They "see" only the picture, not the frame—but the frame helps.

ARROW *Starched* COLLARS

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ARROW SHIRTS, COLLARS, UNDERWEAR, HANDKERCHIEFS

up of nine parts of complaint and revolt, and very little in actual creative result."

Language itself has a tremendous influence on our contagiousness. There is little doubt that French is disappearing and that English is becoming universal around the world. A famous globe-trotter, who has just spent six years going around the world with a prophet's beard, a staff and a great deal of philosophical learning and intelligence as his companions, has just said to me that even in these six years he is certain that English-speaking peoples in the world have increased by hundreds of thousands. The war gave English an impetus. The importance of Great Britain, and now of America, in finance and commerce, and endless facility for travel have spread the language even into isolated corners. The globe-trotter is a native Austrian, speaking German, Italian, French and a smattering of Oriental tongues, but says he: "Today English will take you everywhere and tomorrow it will take you even farther." That is surely a fact which contributes immensely to that Americanization which foreigners are now welcoming or resenting openly, and of which we are as yet barely conscious.

Without any motive other than our national instinct to succor the needy, correct the unenlightened and do some preaching, we have poured a great deal of money over seas, and a large part of that money has gone to pay the traveling expenses and salaries of men and women who can be nothing but Americanizing agents, even though they seek not to be. The official estimate of our invisible export in missions, relief and charities for the past five years reaches a total of nearly a third of a billion dollars! Of that money, whether aimed at relief, missions or charities, there is no question that a considerable fraction, regardless of any intent on the part of anyone, goes toward spreading our language, our manners and customs, our habits of thought, and what the foreigner calls, "your American ways."

A Spreading Curiosity

That our language and the interest and curiosity about us are spreading is evidenced on foreign soils by the multiplication of printing in English about America and Americans. Little American papers spring up here and there, and an ever-increasing amount of American advertising and of American periodical journals printed in America appear on the streets of foreign cities.

Our export in terms of foreign subscriptions to our magazines and periodicals is estimated at more than $5,000,000, and no one can estimate the sales of these on foreign newsstands. As for advertising, there is no way to arrive at a total, because most of our advertising abroad is done by foreign representatives. That which is placed directly is estimated by foreign advertising agencies to be at least $10,000,000 a year, and increasing. The walls in one European country today are covered with the advertisements of a famous American bottled drink.

The concern of foreign countries about the supposed fact that American culture is swamping peoples is often amusing. The English—especially bishops and curates who write letters to the London Times—as I have said, are talking of "the American invasion of Canada." They talk about Canada the way old people used to talk about a pretty daughter who was about to become a bartender's bride! One French journalist takes a marvelous delight in preaching to the British that American books and magazines, motion pictures, amusements and summer tourists are wheedling Canada out of British culture into American culture.

"The British Colonial possessions in North America," says he, "are much more affected because of proximity than are the French, the Italians, the resistant Germans, and, in fact, any nations overseas, by this Juggernaut of Americanization, this chariot of a new, invading culture."

While the British filled their newspapers last winter with discussions of what might be done to attract American tourists to the British Isles so that these might share in our annual expenditure of nearly $500,000,000 for travel, one of the oldest and most conservative of British periodicals printed an article headed Canada Today—the American Invasion, in which it was said: "The first impression of a visitor to Canada in the summer months is the ubiquity of the American. Wherever he may turn, Americans are present. The huge hotels which form a chain from ocean to ocean are thronged with American tourists, coming and going by the hundreds every day. The roads and camps are crowded with American motor cars displaying the emblem Guest to Canada, with the Union Jack at the one end and the Stars and Stripes at the other. On trains and pleasure steamers Americans form a large proportion of the travelers. Shops have their wares attractively displayed in the windows to catch the eye of the American buyer with abundance of money to spend."

American or Modern?

"The invasion of the American tourist is but the outward symbol of the invasion of Canada by American capital. St. James Street, Montreal, the financial center of the Dominion, which in days before the war used to concentrate its attention on London as its chief backer and supporter, has now turned its eyes in the direction of Wall Street. This 'peaceful penetration' of Canada by Americans is not, indeed, entirely new, and it would be useless and absurd to think that Americans could be prevented from taking a share in the development of Canada, and a very large share, too, as long as they have the money. Nevertheless, it may be asked whether the loyalty of Canada toward the Empire and her love of Britain can last in the face of the reality of American penetration."

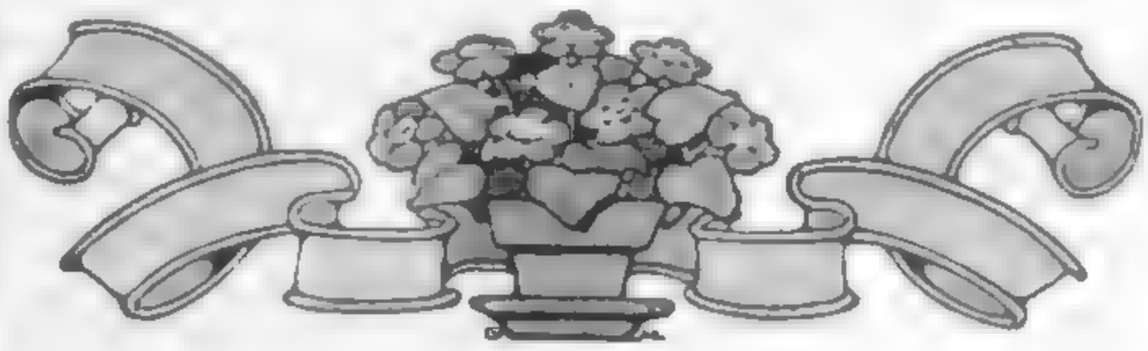
Every declining generation resents and fears the innovations of the next generation. This is pointed out by an Austrian publicist who has said to me: "It is easy for old men and old women in a chimney corner to shake their heads and scowl at new ways of doing things. It is easy for them, perhaps, at this moment, to blame America for new ways of doing things, from dancing to haircuts, apartment houses to boxing and baseball. And yet this so-called American culture may not be essentially American. It may only be modern."

"But it has the American brand on it," replied a Parisian business woman. "There is no doubt of it."

And she pointed out that not only has the American language penetrated the far corners of the earth but that its vocabulary has been inserted into and adopted by foreign languages.

"There was a time when French phrases larded foreign languages," said she, who not only has acquired a fortune but is also a

(Continued on Page 141)



THE "FIFTH AVENUE" *it ought to be Yours*

Tapered crown, narrower brim, correct compactness—there you have the best of the latest style trends in good hats; and there you have a description of the new Knox "Fifth Avenue" as pictured above. This hat costs $8. Others $10, $15 and up to $40.

IMPORTANT departures in men's hat styles are as rare as rebates on income taxes. Consequently the style of the new Knox "Fifth Avenue" is the most important hat event in years. Its higher tapering crown, narrower rolling brim and compact shape are all new as tomorrow. See the "Fifth Avenue" today at any Knox Agency, the land over. It costs $8—it ought to be yours.

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A woman said, "Put at the top of the page: . . . There's a confidence in the maker"

WE discussed for a long time the best way to tell women how fine and soft and absorbent is Modess—the new disposable napkin. There are so many reasons for thinking it better than any other sanitary pad that it was hard to decide which are the most important.

Modess has gently rounded sides that cannot chafe the skin, making it more comfortable than other sanitary conveniences. So we decided that *comfort* must be reason number one.

The filler of Modess is as soft and yielding as cotton, although it will disintegrate in water, as cotton will not. The gauze is specially softened by a method possible only to Johnson & Johnson. So we thought *softness* should be reason number two.

Then there's the non-absorbent back that repels moisture and makes protection doubly sure. *Freedom from worry* and *safety* for perishable frocks must be reason number three.

And Modess is disposable without cutting. The fact that it can be *flushed away* is reason number four.

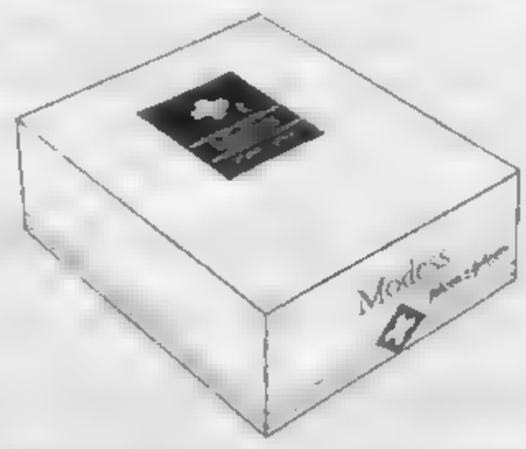
But when we had decided that these four points were the most important things about Modess, along came a woman and told us we were wrong.

"You've forgotten," she said, "the first reason why women will want Modess."

We asked her why.

"All women know the name Johnson & Johnson. They've trusted their children to it from the baby powder time to the bandaging of hurt fingers. They've learned that the name somehow means comfort and healing in every part of the world. In the minds and hearts of women *there's a confidence in Johnson & Johnson. Why not put that at the top of the page?*"

So we bow to a woman's judgment and give as the first reason for buying Modess:



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Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

There's a confidence in the maker

(Continued from Page 138)

literary critic and observer of distinction. "You Americans liked to flip off a phrase of French or two. Now today pick up one of our daily papers, or one in Berlin or Rome, and see how many American phrases you find."

I did this, with an interesting result. In two copies of an Italian daily I found: Knock-out, globe-trotter, dance the varsity drag, sport bar, film, movie, efficiency, cruise, bull, bear, wet, dry, Cal, filibuster, up-to-date, honey, gilt edge, hop-off.

Unfortunately the feeling that the American contagion, as they call it, is imposed is growing every day.

Export of the Yellow Press

One middle European politician, speaking frankly in confidence, says: "It is American wealth which first allowed you to introduce into our lives an impractical peace and an untrained and unprepared idealism as to how we should work out our problems. The doctrines of self-determination, of peace by parchments, of new unrealizable dreams manufactured far away and without experience, gave us a fearful indigestion. We owed you money and wanted to borrow more. You were powerful and rich, and so we listened. At least that was a larger part of our reason for listening. The result has been discontent and revolt on the part of peoples in China, in India—here, there and everywhere—who are proving themselves much more fit for discontent than for revolt or self-reconstruction. Self-determination has done more in ten years for self-destruction than for any other result.

"We Balkanized the map of Europe and entered into a period of intoxication, with program, plan, project and prospectus and neatly drawn documentation which failed accurately to express the realities. And we gained nothing or little. Then, we now are asked to face a new economic monster in competition in world trade. And now comes this influx of Americanization—this flood of manners and styles, habits and gestures, words and music, tangibles and intangibles—all that may be described as American culture. There is a protest. One will find it constantly and increasingly. You will find it in Europe. You will find it in South America. Do not doubt it; do not be astonished by it. We may be to blame for accepting this culture; you may be proud of some of it; but the best of us will be ashamed of some of it. Examine the Americanization going on so rapidly and see what you find good in it or what you find bad in it."

This kind of protest is quite typical. Says the Corriere della Sera, commenting on the Kellogg-Briand discussions concerning the outlawry of war. What is noticeable is that the attack is made not only upon political invasion but upon what is called the "American way of living":

"The democracy of the United States of America, plutocratic, possessive and all-conquering, initiates its new offensive against the political traditions of Europe. The puritanical, abstract ideas which conceal coalition of interests and imperialistic ambitions assail European realism, unfortunately weakened by the dissensions and injustices in the Old World. In no other way is it possible to interpret the proposal made by the State Department at Washington to the French government for the outlawry of war.

"The United States is undoubtedly a great nation not only because it has known how to exploit with tenacity and skill the infinite resources with which nature has endowed its huge territory but because it has, above all else, sought a vision of its own, a personal way of viewing the world's affairs, a special American way of living. Condemned to miss true originality in every single walk of life, this nation of immigrants and imitators has created for itself a material and spiritual world full of contradictions. Today, with the exuberance born of youth and strength, it tends to spread this mentality, to impose it on other nations and to make of it a legitimate means of emancipation, an instrument for dominating the rest of the world.

"Pacifism, or rather that American method of conceiving peace which Wilson taught us and which today confronts us again in Kellogg's note, is but one of the many 'exportable' products which the United States seeks to impose on other nations by fair means or foul. To impose peace by force of arms, which implies the menace of another war, is a paradox which appeals to the American mind; it is a pleasant way of affirming a political principle which it might be difficult to demonstrate by accustomed means."

Another Continental newspaper protests hysterically against the importation of our life of sensations. Passages from a series of articles are lively enough and disclose the growing discontent with the kind of American news which is reaching foreign lands in ever greater volume:

"Not satisfied with lording it over us in our cinema and in tying our hands and our feet with millions of meters of films, America seeks to enter our homes by means of the press. All the garbage which can be collected from the American so-called yellow press—idiotic news, false information, scandals, false scandals, reminiscences of prostitutes and amateur detectives, prescriptions for permanently blacking the eyes, the extravagances of multimillionaires, and so on—all this garbage material is transmitted to us by wire, and special agents make of it a paying business.

"We are still in the infancy of this business, but it is necessary, nevertheless, to make a few remarks in this connection. We believe that our national taste, our mentality and our very morals are in danger. If this obscene business should gain ground, good-by to moral education for the new generations; we will have become but a New York sewer, a nursery of brazen-faced women and backboneless men. Our soil takes badly the cultivation of political, erotic or financial scandal; ours is not the country where ballet dancers bathe in old wine, and for half a century our unfortunate country has not invented a dance! . . . But are we not, perhaps, being confronted by a case of colossal spiritual-export dumping?"

Sensational Importations

Another journal in the north of Europe says:

"These Americans have turned the flow of culture back eastward. After many generations of acknowledged gratitude for our art, our literature, our classical music, the tide now flows the other way. And what is this American culture? It is of two kinds. One is a saintly holier-than-thou, schoolteacher impracticality, and the other is a flood of vulgarity in news, in printing, in still and moving pictures, in receipts for alcoholic drinks, and in forms of decadent drama and exciting rather than recreative amusements. We gave America art treasures, she returns jazz; literature, and she returns slang."

Of such outpourings as these a French banker has this to say: "Of course we are not getting the contagion of real America. I wish we were. The peoples abroad have no adequate picture of your country. It stops with the idea of a people with plenty of money who want to interfere in our affairs, to dictate to our political and international consciences, to meddle and then somehow cover us with this bath of sensational, vulgar lithographs advertising entertainment, vulgar news of bandits and violence, of flaming youth and its follies, with barbarian music and barbaric dances. No one can accuse America of any conscious propaganda in these exports; no sane nation would plan that type of social imperialism."

Probably not. However, with the flood of films which caused protective measures to pass the British parliament last winter, which has brought home subsidies in Germany and agitation everywhere in favor

Ever notice the "four-fold" package?

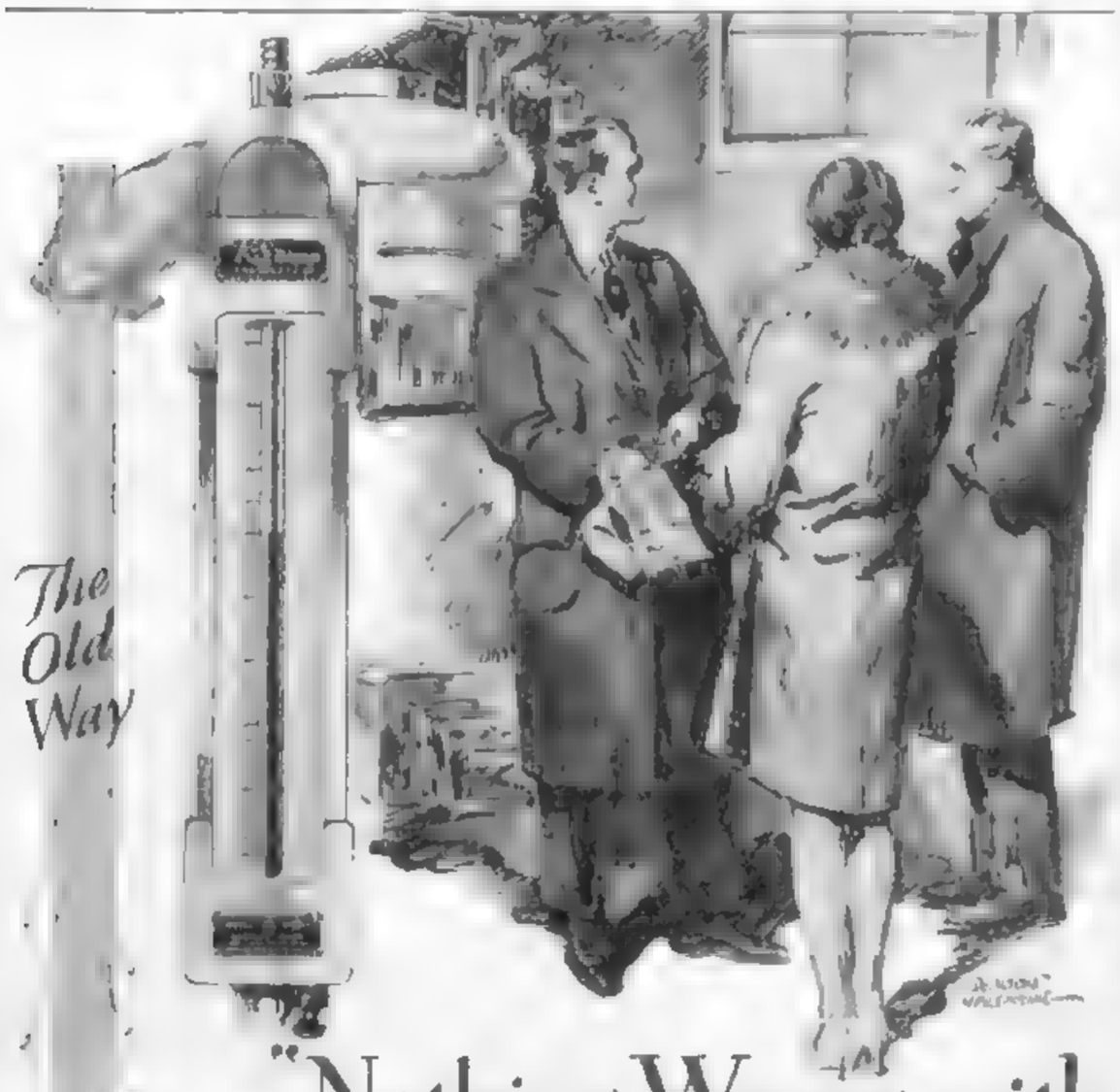
1 An inner wrapper of waxed paper
2 Heavy tin foil
3 The purple paper wrapper
4 An extra wrapper of air-tight glassine

. . . and that's why Granger keeps factory-fresh indefinitely!

Liggett & Myers Tobacco Co.

GRANGER ROUGH CUT IN THE NEW FOIL PACKAGE IS 10 CENTS

THE HYDROSTATIC FUEL OIL GAUGE



"Nothing Wrong with Your Oil Burner

—The fuel tank's empty—

You ought to have a Telegage!"

PERHAPS you would never make such a mistake as this, but service men say that there are a surprising number of cases where they are called on to look into oil burner trouble, where the sole difficulty lies in an empty fuel tank.

In such an important matter as your fuel supply, it's far better to be safe than sorry. With the Telegage on guard, you can enjoy the comfort and security of knowing always, at a glance, the amount of fuel in the tank. The Red Line of Safety checks your fuel supply inch for inch—warns you when to get more fuel—and how much to order.

The Fuel Oil Telegage is based on the same principle as the famous K-S Gasoline Telegage, built by the world's largest makers of distant reading gauges.

Other Fields Served by the Telegage

In addition to its use with domestic and industrial oil burners, other models of the Telegage are designed for the measurement of other fluids, such as water, oils, chemicals, milk, etc., always with the same dependable accuracy.

Order through your oil burner dealer, or write us, giving the Baume or Specific Gravity of your fuel, depth of tank, and distance from tank to gauge. The Fuel Oil Telegage will be sent complete with instructions for installing, on receipt of full information and price. Descriptive circular on request.

KING-SEELEY CORPORATION
294 SECOND STREET ANN ARBOR, MICHIGAN

Makers of Distant-Reading Gauges for Automotive, Domestic and Industrial Purposes

Chicago Branch: . . . . . 2450 Michigan Boulevard
British Representatives: . . . . H. M. Hobson, Ltd., London
French Representatives: Societe Des Accessoires Veritas, Seine, France

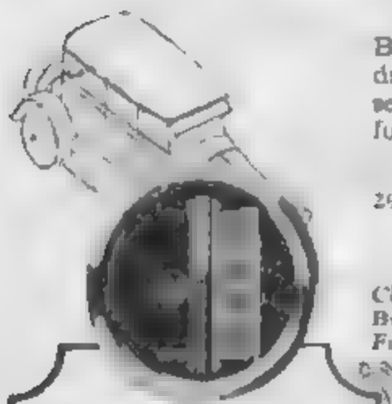
For tanks

Up to 32" deep
Model A $26.50
Up to 66" deep
Model B $32.00
Up to 132" deep
Model C $42.00

Other models for deeper tanks

Complete with 30 feet of gauge line for connecting to tank. Longer line at small added cost.

All Prices
F. O. B. Ann Arbor, Mich.



The K-S GASOLINE Telegage
NEW PRICE!
$5.75 for Chevrolet and Ford "T"
$6.75 for Dodge and Other Cars

The K-S FUEL OIL Telegage

BE CERTAIN WITH THE K-S TELEGAGE

of native expression rather than American scenarios, there comes also, for instance, the helpful importation of American business methods, American labor solutions, the art and need of power development for industry, the example of community spirit and of the willingness to serve of our citizenship in all civic affairs. There comes the mass-production science we have applied to charities and research in medicine, and the arts we have developed to make life comfortable and safe at low cost. There comes our universal democratized education, our national sense of kindness, and even the desire to idealize the relations of nation with nation which will be valued more highly when we have learned to make it either a little more brave when it is wise, or a great deal more wise and practical when it is too noisily brave. Perhaps, above all, we have good sports, not only as spectacles but as institutions and as practices of a whole race finding in the ethics of sport an innate foundation for fair play and a wholesome outlet for man's instinct for some kind of conflict.

No American can be wholly satisfied with our Americanization of the world. If we force that Americanization too hard we shall be considered as a people who wish to follow power and money with an American culture pompously spelled with capital letters and reminiscent of another culture once spelled with a K. We will not.

If foreign peoples are foolish enough to select from all that we have to offer in contagion, only that which they will pronounce vulgar and harmful, the fault is with them and not solely with us. We have things to offer other than divorce and banditry, the whine of the saxophone, patented soda pop, sewer news and the absurdities of love shrieking in a cracked voice.

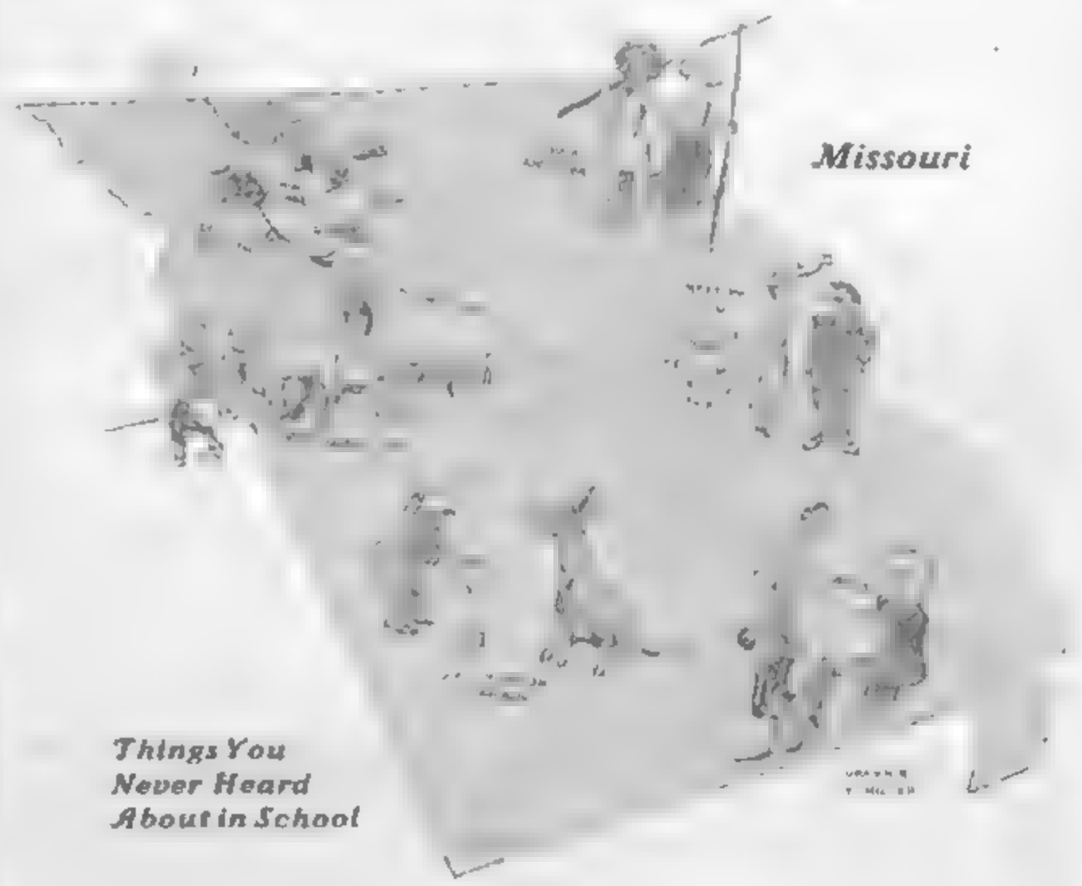
Europe and South America, too, are protesting against the quality of our Americanization. We may not know this at home, but that is the fact. We are not solely to blame that they do not know something of the real stability of our social fabric which sleeps under blankets in infinite homes while an imperceptible fraction of us blink eyes at the wonders of a noisy, tinsel, crossbred, imitation Gomorrah.

The demand is quite as much, and more, at fault in any Americanization or social imperialism as is the supply.

As the day grows dim in the Sardinian dusk, as the barefoot country maiden sees in an American film the style of clothing which she will put on tomorrow, instead of her embroidered bodice and her gay skirt, as the lights spring up in primitive show windows filled with American cosmetics, as the sounds of Hallelujah rise again from the throat of a passing boy, there is an odor in the air, strangely familiar. It is all over the town—in little cafés, in the inn, in private homes.

It is the odor of an American spray before which the persistent fly and the deadly Anopheles mosquito curl up their legs and go where the woodbine twineth.

A Vest-Pocket Geography



MISSOURI is the home of the houn' dawg, the Missouri meerschaum and the famous leather-lunged canary. The last refers to that long-eared cross between a steam tractor and a stick of dynamite, cursed in war and cursed in peace—the Missouri mule. It is conversant with two languages—English and profane—but heeds only the latter.

The state also is noted as the home of General Pershing, Joe Bowers, Admiral Coontz and Mark Twain. Mr. Twain will be remembered as the originator of the statement that the report of his death seemed greatly exaggerated. Now nobody can be reported dead erroneously without quoting him.

St. Louis, the state's largest city, once was Spanish, then French, and now is German-American. Among other things it is strong for Senator Jim Reed. Kansas City is the second city. It is noted for its rabbits, its goats, and as the jumping-off place of the Oregon Trail. Independence, a few miles east of Kansas City, was the starting place of the Santa Fé Trail. St. Joseph, the state's third city, was the starting place of the Pony Express. And the Missouri-Kansas border was the unofficial starting place of the Civil War; bands from the two states battling over the slavery question long before the secession.

Missouri is a great fruit state, and produces much lead and zinc, chiefly in the Ozark region. Other of the state's noted products were the James Boys and Vest's eulogy of the dog.

WM. P. ROWLEY.

HARMONY~*true harmony* goes deeper than color or design

There is something deeper and more vital than rich colors alone, or graceful foreign lines, or smooth, pliant power to distinguish the Gardner Eight-in-line from other fine cars. And that is—the true harmony that goes deeper than exterior color, interior artistry, equipment or design.

When you stop to think of it, you can actually *see* very little of what makes a fine car fine. But it is this invisible something—this unseen depth wherein accuracy and sincere workmanship play major rôles—that makes the Gardner Eight-in-line so distinctively different.

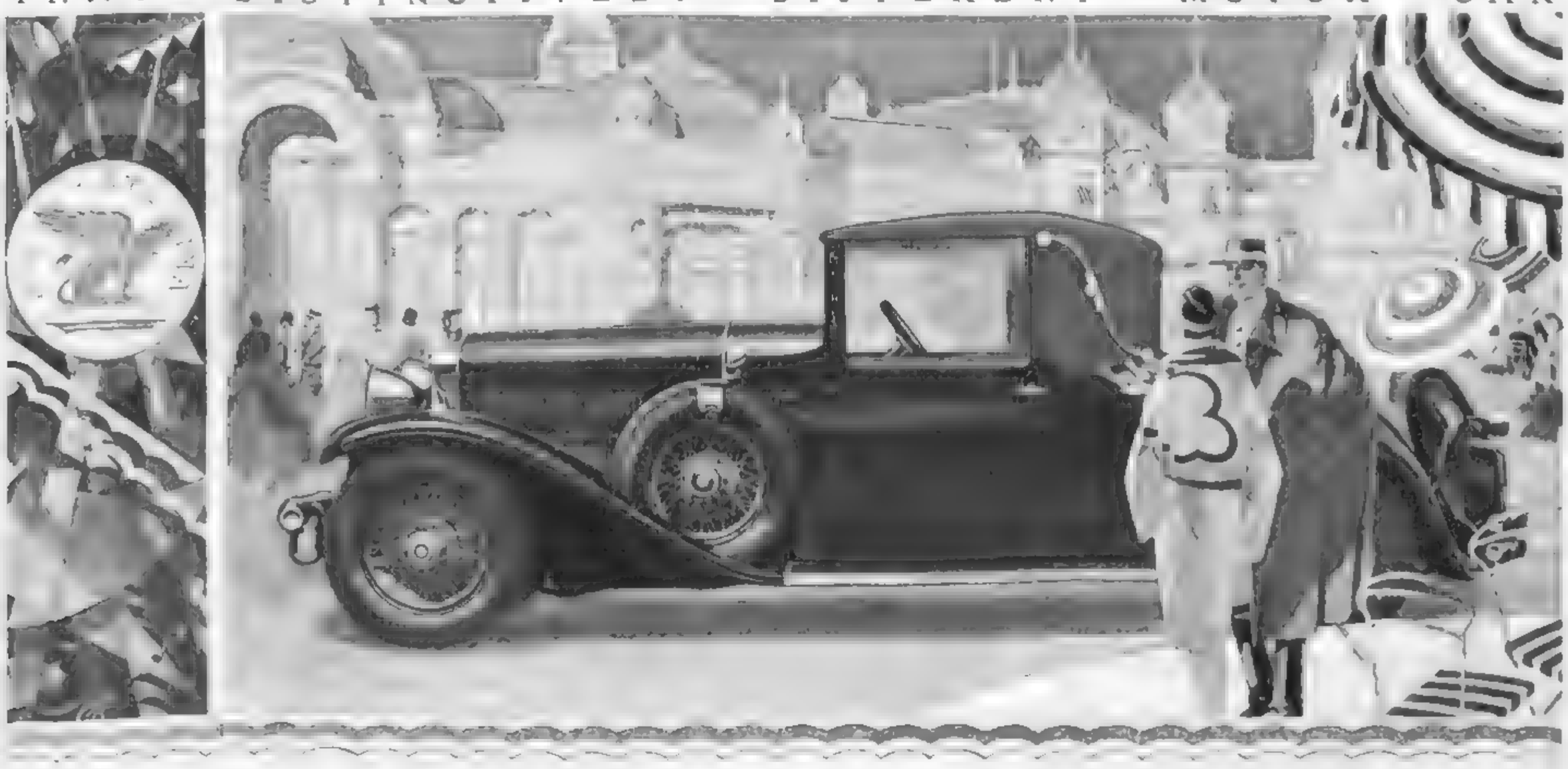
Gardner engineering embodies a subtle skill—a devoted touch, striving for perfect balance of every weight and every mass, plus equal distribution of power and strength. Thus Gardner achieves a unity of hidden structure with obvious charm which is *true harmony*.

And because of this, the Gardner Eight-in-line brings to its owners a difference they recognize, a distinction they delight in. Often they can't define what it is. But they know what it is—they feel it. And they express it when they say: "There is nothing quite like it—it certainly is a distinctively different motor car."

THE GARDNER MOTOR CO., Inc., ST. LOUIS, U S A

Three Series of Eights-in-line
75—122" wheelbase—$1195 to $1595
85—124" wheelbase—$1695 to $2095
95—130" wheelbase—$2095 to $2495
All prices f. o. b. St. Louis

THAT DISTINCTIVELY DIFFERENT MOTOR CAR



GARDNER

Eight-in-Line

THE WALLOPS

[No. 15 of a series. No. 16 will appear April 21]

All the women in Flickerwood—but one!

AFTER a tremendous Sunday dinner of roast beef, ice cream and chocolate sauce, George and Clara Wallop took Cousin Malcolm and Cousin Nettie for a little air.

"Now there's a handsome house," George pointed. "Mrs. Willis lives there, nice woman and well built—the house, that is. I tell you, Malcolm, these houses are as fine as money can buy; copper gutters, tiled bathrooms, brass pipe—"

"Brass pipe, eh?" said Cousin Malcolm. "Think you need it round here?"

"You bet we do. Water's good and all that, but it rusts the dickens out of cheap pipes. Fills 'em up with rust, so if the cook runs the hot water you can't get a drop upstairs. I know."

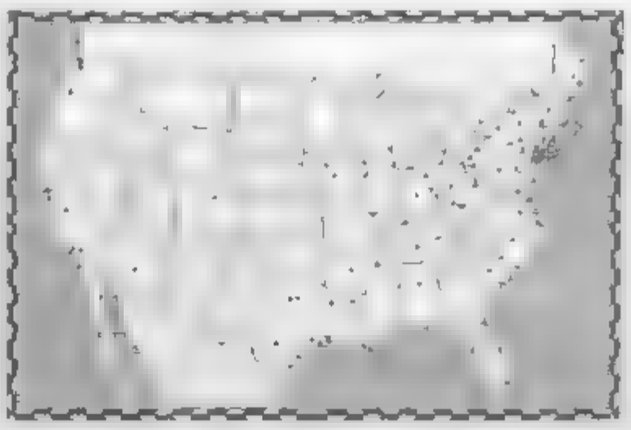
"Well," observed Cousin Malcolm. "We use brass in my town—use that Alpha Brass Pipe. Ever hear of it?"

"Yes, the people next door to us had it put in. Pretty good pipe?"

"Yes," said Cousin Malcolm, "you know it's got more copper in it than other pipes, and my plumber told me he liked to use it because it was easier to thread and it was guaranteed by the manufacturers."

"Guaranteed? That so? Well, that sorta makes you feel safe, doesn't it? Don't have any trouble getting it out West where you live, do you?"

"Oh, no, not a bit. I said to my plumber, 'Now, Fred,' I said, 'don't get that Alpha Brass Pipe if it's some special thing that takes months to get.' And he said, 'Don't you worry about that, Mr. Donaldson; I can get Alpha Brass Pipe easy. Most jobbers keep it in stock*.'"



*STOCKS OF ALPHA BRASS PIPE

Each dot, on this map, represents a city where Alpha is carried in stock by one or more jobbers. (In New York, for instance, by 96 jobbers.) Your plumber can easily get it from these distributors.

PLUMBERS—*Your own jobber probably stocks Alpha. If he doesn't, we can tell you one near you who does.*

"Alpha. I'll have to remember that name," said George Wallop. "We'll have to replace our rusty pipe sometime and this Alpha thing sounds pretty good. You know 'most everybody here in Flickerwood has brass pipe. The women all say that rusty water ruins their washing, and they make their husbands put in brass."

* * *

All but one. If you look carefully at the picture above you will see that Lily has stopped for a moment to hear some bad news from Mrs. Bronson.

"Straight down through my living room ceiling," wailed Mrs. Bronson. "It's just pouring down, and flooding everything. We've telephoned the plumber, but everything is ruined. Oh, why did we put in cheap pipe—why didn't we use brass pipe? It would have cost us only about $100 more than the cheapest iron or steel pipe."

* * *

How about yourself? How's the water pressure in your house? How about red water flaked with rust? Why not ask your plumber to give you an estimate on replacing your worn-out water pipes? Or, replace little by little, the worst one first... And remember Alpha *Brass Pipe—it* really *is different!*

ALPHA BRASS PIPE *made from a special kind of* CHASE BRASS

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Incorporated, Waterbury, Conn.

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EXPORTING AMERICAN BRAINS

(Continued from Page 27)

afford to come back to America now or next year or the year after. The temptation to come back is a strong one. Therefore the counter resistant must be strong if it is to stand in the way of a force so strong as homesickness.

"These men who represent American industry abroad are working under conditions that make their tasks, at every turn, more difficult. New customs, new laws, new commercial practices confront them. They are subjected to all the checks and handicaps that are a part of any pioneering enterprise."

There is an American couple out in one of the steamy, insect-ridden centers of tropical Asia—that is, they were a couple until recently, when they became a trio. The husband is a key man in the export organization of an American automobile company. Many thousands of dollars had been spent in getting him established comfortably in a house which was a truly functioning piece of the United States, from the electrical refrigerator in the kitchen to the automatic piano in the living room. The very condition that had led to this man's selection for the important post in the Far East was the thing that nearly caused him to desert it. He was chosen because he was married and it was believed he was more likely to stay put.

Then, some months ago, the head of the organization received a letter from the Far Eastern managing director that was less a business communication than it was a frightened plaint of a little boy. They were expecting a baby; in fact, they had been expecting a baby for rather longer than is customary among humankind. The day the letter was received in New York a long cablegram came from the, so to speak, overdue father. It was a frantic message. Oriental doctors were unsatisfactory, this set forth at fifty cents a word, and there was a request for help.

"We discussed that situation," said the executive who told me about this incident, "with as much solemnity and concern as if our conference had been in one of the royal chancelleries in Europe instead of here in republican America. We knew we had to send prompt help to the young couple or else risk their leaving that post. That would be a defeat for me, for it is my job to keep those distant places constantly manned with the best human material. I composed as soothing a message as I could contrive and then went to call on a man my family physician recommended as the leading obstetrician in New York.

"'What do you want me to do?' ironically demanded that specialist. 'Cross the Pacific?'

"'I want you to help me quiet the fears of this couple,' I retorted."

The Court of Last Resort

"The result of that consultation was that he wrote out a number of questions which I duly cabled in his name. I sent a supplementary message, too, you may be sure, in which I quoted everything bearing on the eminence of the specialist that my secretary was able to dig out of available reference works. When the cabled answers to his questions were laid on my desk I read them over the telephone to the specialist and he dictated a reply in which he staked his reputation on a positive assertion that there was not the slightest excuse for alarm.

"The essence of that New York doctor's message was that there had been a miscalculation, which was precisely the diagnosis of the physicians of that Far Eastern community, but there was a difference: The young couple had faith only in American doctors. Our first effort nearly satisfied them, but not quite. In a few days I received another cablegram requesting that I submit all the information I then had to a doctor in a town of the Middle West. He had been the family physician of the young wife before she had married into the export trade. I was a little impatient by that time, but I had my secretary put in a long-distance telephone call for the family physician, duly recited all the facts to him and wrote down his judgment, which agreed with the diagnosis of the specialist. Three days after that cable was dispatched I received an ecstatic cablegram from our man in the Orient informing me that he was a father."

It did not seem to me to be irrelevant when the executive mentioned in the next breath that the annual bill of his company for cable messages and other forms of international communications exceeded $400,000.

The tender regard for the well-being of those employes overseas, the solemnity with which even their whims are considered by the heads of American companies that have been outstandingly successful in their export trade, is simply the result of experience. Only men who know their jobs thoroughly can keep goods and money flowing in exchange past 100 frontiers with the same constancy of result that marks the efforts of those enterprises within the borders of the United States. The big export companies all have learned that at least 50 per cent of their difficulties with personnel abroad grow out of the unhappiness of the families of those workers.

American Men and Factories

These employes resident abroad are tempted to take the view that the years they spend away from America are so many years wasted. It is as if they had gone to endure the hardships of a gold rush. They see themselves isolated from their circle of friends and relatives. Sometimes they really are jeopardizing the health and happiness of themselves and their families by residence in new and often unfavorable climates. They see the education of their children interrupted and retarded and watch uncomfortably as those children grow up against an alien background. Knowing this, the executives in the home offices are becoming increasingly careful to heed the complaints of their pay-roll exiles.

"They do take a certain amount of looking after," recently confessed the chairman of the board of one American company engaged in export trade; "but they are worth it, for they are the people who have within ten years advanced the United States from third or fourth to the leading place among the nations competing for foreign trade."

Lately there has been increasing evidence of a disposition to export American factories instead of merely to send abroad the products of American factories. The ships that sail from our shores freighted with the tools, conveyor belts, blue prints and office furniture of a complete plant for the assembly of automobiles represent one Yankee way of getting American goods past fairly tight tariff barriers. In many countries the duty on parts for assembly is considerably less than the duty on the assembled car, because the lawmakers of those countries recognize that such plants provide employment for native workers; and although tariff laws are not regarded as a major determining factor in decisions to set up these overseas plants, they are considered.

This tendency to export American factories is best illustrated by the larger American automobile companies, and they have been stimulated by competition with one another in foreign fields. Shipping costs, the advantages of carrying increased stocks close to the markets, and the further advantages of having thoroughly reliable and loyal merchandising organizations in the foreign fields to promote sales and to provide financing that independent-dealer organizations cannot give have been the main factors upon which these decisions have hinged.

The Hinge of this ring book.... is *metal...and unbreakable*

The moment you see and examine this book—you'll want it

UNBREAKABLE hinge of nickeled steel—cover of rich brown leather—steel rings that open *wide* so you can slip many sheets in or out at a single operation.

Ball bearings, operated by booster levers, make these rings open wider and lock tighter. Rings are flatted on the inside, and less apt to tear punched sheets than the round kind.

Fingertips won't soil that celluloid-tabbed index; and the alternate red and black initials are smart-looking. The pocket in the back cover makes a handy place for clippings, memos, etc., to be later incorporated into the pages.

National Ring Books are used by salesmen, buyers, office men, purchasing agents, executives—in fact, by all sorts of people who need to keep their data in handy, convenient, flexible form.

See this National steel-hinged ring book at your stationer's. It comes in sizes to meet your purpose, and it costs but little more than the ordinary ring book without its advantages.

If your stationer hasn't it, write us.

National Blank Book Company
123 Riverside Holyoke, Mass.

For help to better business records consult your stationer

National

Loose Leaf *and* Bound Books

Simplify business control

© 1928, N. B. B. Co.

Do you know this man?

A moment ago he was hurrying homeward. A misstep—a gasp from the crowd—and there he lies, a lifeless form. Who is this man? Just one of the 87,000 people killed every year in traffic accidents alone. Think of it! One person accidentally killed on the streets every six minutes—240 killed every day.

What if this happened to you? Would your family's grief have with it the desperation that lack of ready money inevitably brings at such a time?

Do you carry sufficient health and accident insurance? Do you realize what this means to your family? Do you know how little it costs to provide for the quick cash relief, *in case of sickness* or *accident*, that spares your loved ones the humiliation of being destitute?

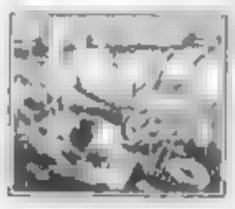
Here is an Amazing Insurance Offer

from the oldest and largest exclusive Health and Accident insurance company in America

$5.00 pays for HEALTH & ACCIDENT INSURANCE for a whole year

Cash benefits up to $5,000.00

Special Anniversary Appreciation Offer



The North American Accident Insurance Company is offering this special Anniversary Appreciation Policy in celebration of its 42nd year of growth and to make additional thousands of people realize the benefits of sound health and accident insurance. The Company is the oldest and largest in America writing health and accident insurance exclusively

No matter how much insurance you carry, you cannot afford to pass up this bargain health and accident insurance offer

For less than 1½c a day this special Anniversary Appreciation Policy covering sickness and accidents, as stated, is available to anyone between the ages of 16 and 70 years—*with no physical examination necessary*

The sickness benefits alone are worth this small cost

This Anniversary Appreciation Policy provides large cash indemnity in case of death or disability resulting from a large number of common everyday accidents including those met in traveling (*automobiles included*)

It includes substantial weekly cash payments if you are confined by sickness, or disabled by accident, as stated in the policy, with special provision for hospital benefits, and a special benefit that covers loss of life *from any accident whatsoever*.

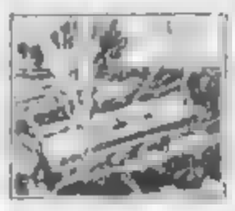
As high as $5,000 in cash will be paid your heirs in case of accidental death

This broad, liberal policy costs so little that any man or woman can afford to buy one for himself and for every member of his family between the ages of 16 and 70

One of these policies, good for a whole year, costs only $5.00

Added Yearly Benefits at No Extra Cost

Each year, if you renew the policy, you receive additional cash benefits. In case of death or disablement from a specified accident your heirs may receive as much as $7,500.00



Mail Coupon for Full Information

No matter how much insurance you carry you will welcome the added benefits from this liberal Anniversary Appreciation Policy. Accidents and sickness come when least expected. Only 1½c per day protects you. Take advantage at once of this remarkable opportunity. Mail coupon today. Remember there is *no health examination required*, everyone from 16 to 70 years included.

Why You Need Protection—

Every 1,000,000 persons [illegible]

10 Days Free Inspection

On receipt of $5.00 and application, this policy will be sent to you subject to your inspection and approval. If not satisfied you can return it within 10 days and your money will be refunded. *And during the 10 days you will have full protection.*

How This Company Protects You—

It is America's oldest and largest exclusive insurance exclusively. It has a record of 42 years successful [illegible] It has over $3,000,000 reserved for protection of policy holders.

Licensed in 47 states

Agents Wanted—Write for Full Details

NORTH AMERICAN ACCIDENT INSURANCE CO.
209 South La Salle Street . . . Chicago, Illinois

Mail This Coupon

ANNIVERSARY APPRECIATION DEPT. 1-1318
North American Accident Insurance Co
Box 1157 209 South La Salle Street
Chicago, Illinois

Enclosed find $5.00 for which please send me formal application for one Anniversary Appreciation Sickness and Accident Policy. It is understood my money will be refunded if I am not entirely satisfied after 10 days' inspection.

Name

Address

(City) (State)

Age Occupation

If you wish to include other members of the family give information concerning them and enclose $5.00 for each policy wanted

Shipping costs are a vital factor and explain the presence of many American plants in the Far East, South Africa, Australia and South America. A car that costs about $500 in Detroit costs slightly more than $1000 delivered in Shanghai, largely because of the physical costs of transportation. Such a tremendous margin has great weight with a manufacturer who has been persuaded by market surveys that there are swarms of potential customers in one of those far-off lands.

Executives in the United States explain the big saving in shipping costs that attend the exportation of parts instead of assembled cars by a succinct statement that when parts are shipped no air is boxed; but to the natives of countries where mass production is just an American phrase, the amazing things that occur when those parts are unpacked and fed to conveyor lines must seem to be something more than the resumption of an interrupted factory process. For them it must be an occurrence as mystifying as the escape of the genie from the bottle opened by a fisherman whose adventure is related in the Arabian Nights Entertainment; only this is a genie that cannot be induced by any kind of trickery to reënter the prison; a friendly genie, however, who brings higher wages, swift and luxurious transportation and additional benefits.

"We heard a lot of talk before and after we came out here," wrote the manager of an assembly plant in the Dutch East Indies in a letter to his home office, "to the effect that you could not hurry the East. So far I am inclined to put it down as about 80 per cent bunk. I have not seen any evidence of anybody ever having tried to hurry these people before we arrived. I believe Kipling wrote a facetious epitaph once that said 'Here lies a man, the poor deceased, a man who tried to hurry the East,' and everybody since then has accepted the don't-hurry doctrine as gospel.

"The white man in this part of the world builds for himself large, airy bungalows and hotels and lets the native work out in the sun. There is something amusing in a white man sitting on a veranda sipping iced whisky and soda and talking about how lazy and good for nothing the natives are, while all the time natives are passing by in the hot sun carrying loads that the average white man could not lift no matter how he tried."

Men With Four Hands

That American plant out in Java, in sharp contrast with non-American plants, has walls designed to admit as much air as possible, a roof especially protected against a torrid sun and tropical rains. As the length of the day varies only twenty minutes from one end of the year to the other, there is no illumination problem except that it has been found necessary to soften the glare of the sunlight. The result of this unusual attention to the comfort of employes has been a most satisfactory showing for the conveyor lines once operations were started, and one Dyak worker operates at a speed which is regarded as a world's record for the type of work he is doing. He cuts fabrics according to an unchanging pattern, using an electric knife, while perching tailor fashion on the table where his material is laid out. His extraordinary speed, however, is due to the fact that he works in his bare feet and uses them as hands. One foot serves him as an extra hand to hold the material flat while his motor-driven knife is cutting, and when a piece has been cut, with prehensile toes he lifts it from the table and tosses it onto the pile of his completed work. This brown man is a living refutation of the doctrine that the East cannot be hurried.

Those people of the East can be hurried if their prejudices are treated with consideration as well as their physical comfort. Before they began work in that American factory with its electricity-driven machinery, the Javanese asked to be allowed to consecrate it and drive out the devils. This was done by sacrificing a water buffalo, sprinkling its blood on the floors of every department in the factory and carrying its head with gilded horns in a procession that visited all parts of the plant. Masked figures in gayly colored sarongs, dancing girls and native dignitaries moved to the cadences of a strange, squeaky music, and presumably the devils fled before them. How much of the credit is due to this sympathetic treatment of native beliefs may not be determined positively; but certainly the factory in question, using Dyak workers, is making a production record that can stand comparison with that of similar plants in Michigan and Wisconsin.

The managers of those distant factories are entitled to regard themselves as accomplished acrobats because of their constant performing on the horns of a dilemma, one prong of which is the troubles that grow out of assembly shortages and the other a stern necessity for keeping down their inventory investment.

It is calamitous after a shipload of automobile parts arrives in an Australian port, a long, long way from Michigan, and the discovery is made that those parts cannot be turned into marketable cars because left-hand drive steering assemblies have been sent. Australia has taken her driving habits from England and the rule of the road is keep to the left. It is equally calamitous if another shipload of parts arrives in the Argentine and it is discovered that no clutch throw-out bearings have been included.

Keeping Error Out of Exports

Bitter experiences established that workmen could not be relied on to count accurately parts being packed for shipment. Though it was only an annoyance in the United States, when the errors could be corrected after a few frantic days of telegraphing, such errors uncovered on the other side of the world meant serious losses. Consequently the men who pack the myriad pieces of an automobile for transocean shipment nowadays use jigs, frames into which they fit the required parts, as children while undergoing intelligence tests might fit geometric forms into the matrix of those forms. A certain device may require four lefts and four rights. With jig counters formed to fit a given part, and only that part, the packers cannot devise any form of carelessness whereby they can stow away eight rights and no lefts.

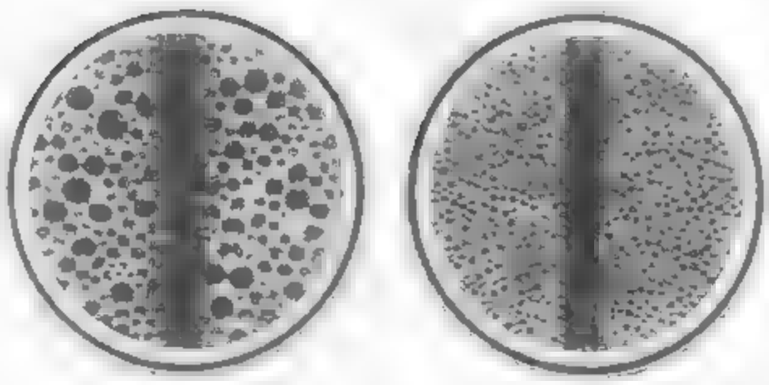
If assembly shortages are calamitous, excessive inventory investment may be ruinous. There is about as much similarity in the problems involved in control of inventory in domestic operations, and in such control in foreign assembly, as there is in the control of one elderly and gentle horse and one arena full of lions, tigers and leopards.

When an automobile is sold in Buenos Aires it should have a number of understudies coming along to take its place in stock. Too many understudies in transit, though, mean a swollen inventory, which in turn means reduced profits. Simply stated, it is a matter of properly arranging and providing for certain time elements. A number of days must be allowed for getting a shipment from the hinterland of the United States to the seaboard; more time is necessary for getting it into the hold of a ship; then there is the length of the ocean haul; next the days necessary for discharging it from the steamer and clearing it through customs; then delivery to the foreign plant where the final manufacturing processes occur, and then, finally, delivery to a dealer.

Strikes of stevedores, storms at sea, train wrecks and other troubles more or less dramatic inevitably become factors in the problem, and the sum of all the possible adventures that may befall the materials during the interruption of weeks or months before the final processes of mass production occur—this is what is meant by inventory control.

Last year one American concern undertook to reduce the length of time for each

(Continued on Page 149)



ORDINARY LATHER

Photomicrograph of lather of an ordinary shaving cream surrounding single hair. Large dark spots are air—white areas are water. Note how the large bubbles hold air instead of water close up against the beard.

COLGATE LATHER

Photomicrograph prepared under identical conditions shows fine, closely knit texture of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream lather. Note how the small bubbles hold water instead of air close against the beard.

Whiskers Soften Come Off Quick!

...no razor pull, sting or smart

Here's some good news, men, if you shave yourself. It's the story of a new way . . . an easy way . . . a quick and scientific way to get your whiskers off. Please don't overlook unique seven-day test now offered in coupon below

YOU can thank science for this, men! It's a quick, new-type lather . . perfected for you by Colgate chemists.

Just think of it. No rubbing. No sting or smart. Off come whiskers clean and smooth, when your beard is softened this easy way.

Small bubbles, that's the theory of it. Squeeze a little of this new-type cream on your brush . . . Lather up. Then note the difference.

See how the razor glides across your face. Note the smoothness. The fresh, invigorated feeling of your skin. It's a big shaving improvement, you'll agree.

And now, to spread the good news among shavers everywhere, a simple test is offered. A test that thousands of men have made with surprising results. See "no cost" offer in coupon below.

No other like it!

No other shaving cream is like Colgate's. No other can offer you such unique results.

It is, we believe, the ultimate attainment in the science of beard-softening. A shaving cream based on the now proven principle that water, and not soap, is the real softener of your beard.

Thus Colgate lather is designed to absorb more water . . . to scientifically drench your beard with moisture right at the base, where the razor work is done.

Arrow shows where small bubbles take razor-pull out of shaving. You'll discover the difference the minute you try it. The razor simply glides across your face; no catching or dragging.

It's a "small-bubble" lather. For small bubbles hold more water. They carry it closer to the base of your beard.

A glance at the photographs in the circles proves this better than words.

Note how the tiny Colgate bubbles hold water close against the whisker. Now contrast that with the large *air-filled* bubbles of ordinary shaving lather.

Good-by, razor-pull!

That's the principle, men. Now here's what it does for you:

The minute you lather up with Colgate's, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up the oil film that covers each hair . . . floats it quickly away.

2. Then billions of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles seep down through your beard . . . crowd around each whisker . . . soak it soft with water.

Instantly your beard gets moist and pliable . . . limp and lifeless . . . scientifically softened right down at the base, where the cutting takes place.

Thus your whiskers come off clean and smooth. No razor-pull. No stinging and smarting. Twice-over shaves aren't needed now. Your face feels clean, fresh, smooth, invigorated.

You've never had a shave like this before. You've never known such comfort.

Please make this seven-day test

Now that we've told you the Colgate "small-bubble" story, we urge you to make a test.

Let us send you a free tube to try. It will last you seven days. Ample to prove what an amazing difference this new-type shaving cream makes.

In return we ask only one small courtesy. Please pass on the news to your friends.

Mail the coupon today. But remember, *send no money*. We stand the entire expense. Colgate & Co., 595 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Cold water, too! Doesn't he look happy?

MAIL COUPON, MEN

Postman will bring you a little package . . . with seven wonderful shaves just like the one you read about in this advertisement

COLGATE & COMPANY
Dept. 502 F, 595 Fifth Ave., New York

FREE OFFER, *MEN!*

Please send me FREE sample of Colgate's Rapid Shave Cream. Also sample of Colgate's Talc for Men.

Name

Address

HAVE you ever wished that you were a magician so you could simply say "Presto change" and transform your kitchen into the most modern and convenient room in your house?

—without worrying through complicated blue prints—without bothering with carpenters and saws and hammers. Then, here is the answer. Start with a Hoosier Cabinet as the center of operations. It brings you a score of new kitchen conveniences. In fact, it is a new kitchen system built around a big snow-white porcelain table. There are extra units to take care of everything, no matter how big your kitchen, or how much space you desire. Everything is at your fingers' ends, and the kitchen takes on a new atmosphere of cheerfulness. New colors in Hoosier Equipment are carried out in new breakfast sets, including chairs and tables. You will be surprised at the delightful spot of color the new Hoosier will make in your kitchen.

Hoosier Equipment is sold on terms so convenient you never miss the money.

© H. M. C. 1928

Send for New Free Booklet about Modern Kitchen Planning

HOOSIER

328-A Sidney Street, Newcastle, Ind. Use margin below for your name and address.

(Continued from Page 146)

stage of that journey from the American shipping room to the overseas customers. The principal reductions were made through a careful study and comparison of available transportation services and by speeding up the movement of cars through customs. In certain instances steamship companies were induced to establish faster services. Instead of 217 days, the replenishment period now is 180 days, and efforts are being made to reduce this even more. Because of the tremendous volume of this concern's business, every day saved represents a considerable reduction in inventory investment, as well as a lessened hazard from the consequence of price changes.

Ships, in the reckoning of the American exporters who are completing their factory processes in far-off lands, are regarded nowadays pretty much as freight cars were before an agency was devised to deal with freight-car famines. There was the happening that resulted when the representative of one American automobile company who is stationed in a country of Europe cabled a rush order for 530 automobiles, covering all his commitments. He had learned that the prevailing duties on imported cars were to be advanced to a figure almost triple the sum of the original tariff. The difference between the old and the new duties on 530 cars was slightly more than $250,000.

The rival American automobile representatives were just about as alert, with the result that when those 530 cars were placed on the pier in New York alongside the Mary K, the only ship for which any hope might be entertained of its steaming to the European country before the heavy duties became effective, there were about 1000 other automobiles already there. The capacity of the ship was 535 cars, and practically all its cargo space was already filled with the huge crates of rival companies.

This might have been chalked up as a defeat then and there but for an especial group of employes whose job it is to deal with shipping emergencies. Sometimes those emergencies crop up in the Thames; again they may be due to freight congestion in the ship lanes of the Caribbean. These men know the ways of the sea and, what is equally important, of stevedores. Two of them are former sea captains. It was growing dark when those two, wearing the visored caps that were appropriate enough when they had been skippers of merchant vessels, strode past the watchman and onto the pier where the cars of their company were stacked in shadowy, pyramidal masses.

Poetic Justice

One of them crossed the gangplank onto the iron deck of the loaded Mary K, which was scheduled to go out at midnight with the flood tide.

There he extended an invitation to the captain and chief officer of the ship to be his guests ashore for the evening, and it was accepted. It is possible he explained the motive behind his hospitality.

The other former sea captain saw them go and then approached the foreman of a gang of stevedores who was hanging around a water-front speak-easy waiting for the pay due for their work in loading crated automobiles into that ship which was just getting steam into her boilers.

"Come on, boys!" roared the captain. "Here's some night work for you at double time! We've loaded the wrong cargo. Every stick of it must be shifted out of that hold and the new one stowed before midnight. There will be extra money for every man if the ship sails on time."

All that evening the pier and ship were held out of the blackness of the surrounding night by great cones of yellow light thrown on the rattling winches, the varnished cargo booms, the cavernous hatchways and the swarm of perspiring workmen. As fast as a hold was emptied by one gang, another went to work loading it from keelson to hatch covers with a snug masonry of boxed automobiles.

The Mary K dropped down the river soon after midnight. Other brains of the organization on both sides of the Atlantic were worrying during the next five days over the possibility that the twelve-knot steaming pace of the ship would be too slow to get it to the port for which it was destined within the legal dead line that had been fixed for the imposition of the new schedule of duty rates. By the end of a week that worry had changed to despair. It had become apparent that the blunt hull of the cargo boat was going to lose the race.

Someone in the organization then discovered that under the laws of the country to which the ship was bound a cargo was legally in the country when her manifest had been registered in any of that country's ports. He asked the home office to have the ship's owners wireless her commander to change his course and steam directly for a small and little-used harbor of the country—a port that happens to be twenty hours nearer New York than the port for which she had cleared. This was done and the Mary K won the race for—apparently—a purse of $250,000.

But the fate that governs the destinies of ships and export traders gave a sardonic twist to the finish of that race, because the day the manifest was registered in that tiny harbor it was announced abroad that the prohibitive schedule of tariffs on imported automobiles had been canceled. There had been too loud a squawk from the native users of such vehicles, in addition to some rather effective work by agencies of the Government of the United States.

Democratic Inventions

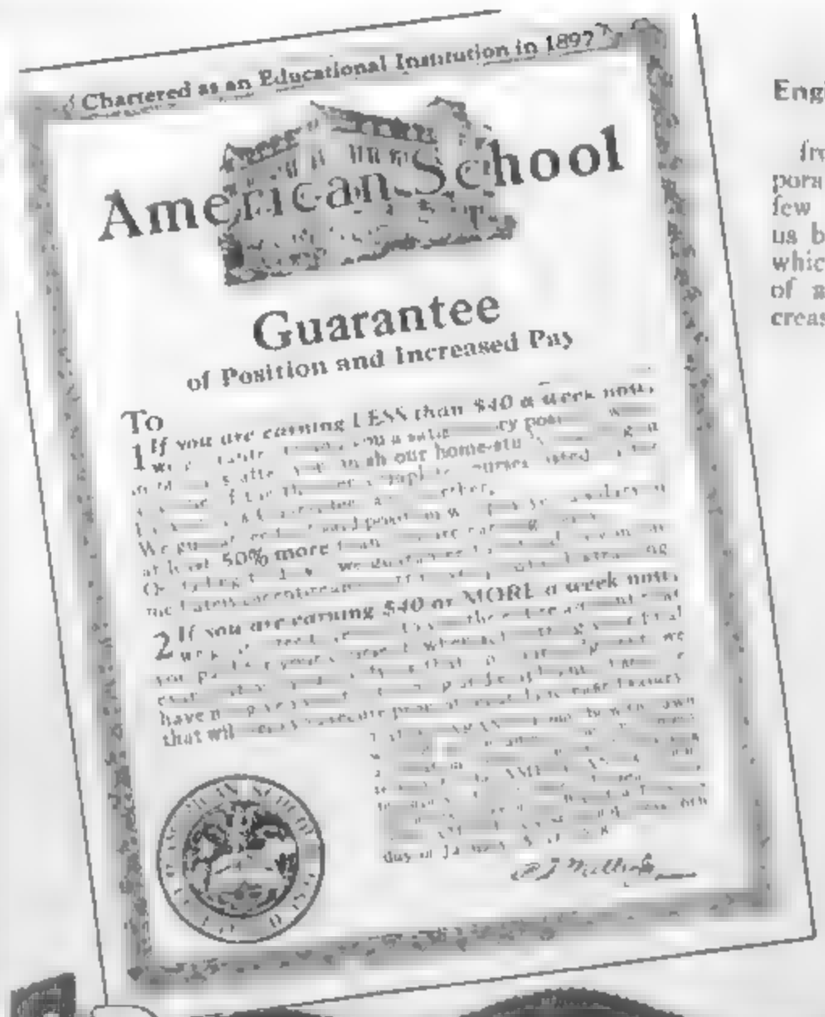
Just what proportion of our comfortable state of prosperity would vanish if we lost our foreign trade is a subject ripe for the guesses of statisticians; but one does not need to be a thirty-second-degree economist to understand that the greatest change that has taken place in the character of our foreign trade has been the switch from the export of raw materials to the export of manufactured goods. Instead of cotton, cloth is being shipped abroad; instead of copper, we are shipping every conceivable thing that American hands and American machines have been able to fashion out of copper; boiled down to its essence, the thing we are exporting is a surplusage of American labor and American brains. This trend has led naturally into the business of exporting entire factories.

Since every one of those exported factories is a training school for the foreigners who work in them, there is legitimate excuse for wondering how long it will be before the character of all industry in those countries is patterned after that of the United States. The higher wage scales and installment-buying plans that are being exported along with these factories may be expected to transform the countries which they invade as they have changed America.

There is one factor in the American scheme, though, which other nations may not copy so easily. It is the exportation of American inventions.

America's export crop of inventions is the real force at the bottom of the economic quake that is shaking old customs out of their ancient grooves. This is because American inventions are essentially democratic in purpose. They are directed at labor saving in everyday life as well as labor saving in factories. They constitute aids to the housewife as well as aids to the farmer. They are aids to transportation and communications. They are inventions for the benefit of millions rather than inventions for the few. If the Japanese ricksha coolie is now riding behind the wheel of an American-made taxicab, his wife is quite likely to be using an American washing machine and an electric-powered sewing machine; and their country cousins are released from those irrigation treadmill water wheels in the rice paddies by tiny gas engines that come from Chicago.

According to Lawrence Langner, adviser on foreign patents and trade-marks to the


Chartered as an Educational Institution in 1897
American School
Guarantee
of Position and Increased Pay
To
1 If you are earning LESS than $40 a week now
We guarantee at least 50% more
2 If you are earning $40 or MORE a week now
that will

A Better JOB and more PAY

Guaranteed!

IT will pay you to read this remarkable guarantee. For it opens wide the way to advancement for men occupying poorly-paid positions in factories, offices and stores. It tells you that if you are earning less than $40 a week, we will *prepare* you for a position paying 50% more and then *get it for you*, or the small amount charged will be refunded to you.

Of course you want a better-paid job, for that brings the other things you want within your reach. But perhaps you don't know exactly how to get it. You know your employer can't keep on raising and raising your pay for the *same* work. And you can't demand promotion without proving you have the KNOWLEDGE and the EXPERIENCE required in the job ahead.

But do you know that you can get this training AT HOME—in your spare time? In simple, understandable form? At a price you can afford—and backed with a daring guarantee of a job and a raise?

Men Earning $40 and Up

You men who are now making $40 a week and more, who are looking ahead to still better positions and know that training is the quick way to get them—are completely protected by our guarantee. Read in paragraph 2 how we leave the matter of your satisfaction to your own judgment. *You* have the right to say if your tuition shall be refunded, or not. Here then, is your big opportunity to test the pay-raising benefits of American School training WITHOUT RISK!

There's no other way!

"Learning from the job" by practical experience is too slow and uncertain. Going back to school may be out of the question for you. And no sensible man will risk his future by relying on "pull" or waiting for a "lucky break." *The way to get ahead is by a systematic program of self-improvement.* Mail the coupon and I'll send you the actual record of hundreds of men JUST LIKE YOU who have increased their earnings from 50% to 100% through our training.

The American School
Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Dept. D-287
Chicago, Illinois

Real Protection

Our guarantee means *training without risk.* It proves the efficiency of our instruction. It assures you of definite benefits in position and salary. And it brings you an amazing opportunity to get ahead which you will be wise indeed to look into.

"The American School has made an agreement like the above with 30,000 men in the past 3 years. We'll be glad to do the same with you. Just tell me in the coupon below the kind of job you'd like to get, and put the problem of getting it for you up to me."

O. C. Miller
Director Extension Work

200

Engineers—Executives
Employers—Educators

from America's leading Corporations and Universities (a few listed below) have helped us build the kind of Training which justifies this Guarantee of a better position and increased salary:

Westinghouse Electric Co.
Allis Chalmers Co.
General Electric Co.
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Guaranteed Courses

O. C. Miller, Director Extension Work
AMERICAN SCHOOL, Dept. D-287
Drexel Avenue and 58th Street, Chicago, Ill.

I would like position indicated by X below. Without cost or obligation prove to me that you can prepare me for it, and then get it for me.

☐ Architecture
☐ Contracting, Building
☐ Civil Engineering
☐ Drafting and Design
☐ Electrical Engineering
☐ [illegible]
☐ Automotive Engineering
☐ High School
☐ Business Management
☐ Accounting, Auditing

Name .....
Address .....
Age ..... Occupation .....

Monito

MO-KNIT-TOE

SOCKS

STYLE! "SPRING 1928"

You can't mistake the season or the year when you see the new Monito Socks. They are as "1928" as the new models of fine cars, and every bit as colorful and dashing. There is a certain Spring freshness about the patterns and color combinations that fairly grips your fancy.

Ask to see Monito Socks in their smart tones and colorings. You will like the vigorous masculinity of their style.

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
HARRISBURG, PA.

Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively

Look for the Golden Moor's Head on Each Pair

© M. K. Co., 1928

American Manufacturers Export Association, between two and four million is being spent annually in patenting American inventions in foreign countries. Through this expenditure, which is parceled out among the ninety countries in which there are patent laws that enable an American to protect his inventions, America has done more than in any other way to fortify her position in export trade against encroachments.

One of the ways in which this invisible export of brains shows an enormous direct profit is in royalties paid by foreign countries to Americans for the use of their inventions abroad. As an example, the originator of a successful glass-bottle-making machine received some $3,000,000 for the sale of its European patent rights. An American tube-manufacturing company more recently received $250,000 from the sale of British patent rights.

American inventions are being used as the basis of manufacturing concerns established abroad which are foreign in structure, personnel and in almost every other way except in actual ownership and profits. In the electrical and chemical fields, this development has been outstanding. But there is a third method by which American inventions are serving to keep us in the export field, as in South America, where citizens of the United States are selling $100,000,000 worth of goods a year more than are France, Germany and England combined. This is through using foreign patent rights to protect what amounts practically to a world monoply, as in such special machinery as typewriters, calculating machines and cash registers.

American office machinery has been used around the world for more than a generation; but only in recent times have European factories begun to adopt the powered tools of American factories. So great is the demand for American factory inventions in England today that there are three firms of American efficiency experts in London who are kept busy installing in British industries factory tools and methods imported from the United States.

Why is it that America has been so productive of important inventions? It may not be successfully contended that it is because it is a natural characteristic of men born in the United States to be more resourceful than the rest of mankind. The American patent system is undoubtedly responsible for the bulk of the inventions that are found worthy of patent rights, because it was designed to encourage manufacturers to spend money on inventions, whereas in other countries, notably in Europe, a patent once granted is hedged with restrictions, not the least irksome of which is a tax burden annually inflicted.

An Enterprising Business Man

Sometimes the basic asset of an American branch firm overseas is not a patent but a trade-mark.

A few of the most successful companies engaged in exporting have made it a practice for years to recruit their foreign organizations with foreigners. One or two that formerly did so now have an inflexible policy of having only native Americans in charge of their overseas offices and plants, even though the rest of the staff may be composed entirely of people who continue to think of Americans as Yankees. One such concern is the maker of a soft drink, the name of which probably is worth nearly as much as the company's physical plant. Some years ago they gave the exclusive agency for the sale of their product in one of the largest South American republics to a native.

Some time afterward, when he had a fairly thorough knowledge of their business, understood the intricacies of bottling and distribution, he found an excuse to break with his principals. The company hastily made arrangements for the handling of their product through another agent, but was stopped by legal process in short order The original agent had registered in his own name the widely advertised trade-mark of the drink he had been selling. Today he is making a drink of like color, which is a third cousin to it in flavor, and industriously sells it everywhere within the borders of his country. His advertising man, incidentally, merely searches through American publications for advertisements of the plundered company, has them translated into the language of the country, cuts out with shears the pretty-girl illustrations and then has them published. One of the Chicago packing companies had a somewhat similar experience and is to this day unable to use its trade-mark in a Latin-American country where it has its own packing houses Its products are sold there under a different label from the one used in Chicago.

An enterprising trade-mark pirate, noticing that an American trade-mark is not registered, is quick to register it himself at the trade-marks office of his country. This makes him the legal owner of the trade-mark, and thereafter not only can he prevent the American owner of the trade-mark from selling the goods in his country but he can actually confiscate the goods.

A Happy Medium

It is estimated that between six and seven hundred cases of trade-mark piracy occur each year with Americans in the rôles of victims. Still, it is a matter of pride with some American companies that their offices and factory plants in foreign countries are manned exclusively with the citizens of those countries. There are hundreds of thousands of these pay-roll Americans whose economic allegiance belongs here, regardless of what flag they may follow in time of war.

The managing director of one large American plant and selling organization in England is an Englishman, and there is not a single American on his pay rolls, which makes it possible for him to indulge in a graceful gesture when there is talk of American trade taking bread out of the mouths of Englishmen. He may, in such circumstances, point to that pay roll of hundreds of names and say that each name on it represents an English mouth into which bread is being placed by American trade.

After five years of continuous service in the British Army, that man was demobilized, jobless, weakened by fever and pretty nearly hopeless of discovering a way to earn a decent living. At the end of six months, when his prospects were most dismal, he saw a blind advertisement in the London Times and answered it. Upon receiving a letter from a firm of which he had never before heard, he presented himself at the address given, was interviewed by the treasurer and controller and given employment as a junior clerk at the equivalent of about twelve dollars a week. In two years he was assistant to the treasurer; in two more he was assistant controller; in the next year he became general sales manager and soon thereafter he took complete charge, with the title of managing director. The labor policy of his organization is dictated from America. His instructions are to pay his hundreds of British workers on a scale slightly in advance of the prevailing scale. Were it not for the fear of incurring the hostility of other British employers, that American company's wage scale would be higher

"When we are preparing to establish a plant abroad," said an executive of one of these corporations which has been a leader in the newer kind of export which ships American factories as well as factory outputs, "a study is made of the local wage rates. We aim to pay a little more than the average in order to attract high-grade labor as well as to dispel any notion that we are stingily trying to take advantage of favorable exchange rates; we also try not to be too lavish so as to avoid creating the impression that we are throwing money about in the lavish way commonly attributed to American tourists."

And this is additional proof that we are now engaged in exporting brains.

Is yours a WOLF in SHEEP'S CLOTHING?

The health of your family is helped or SERIOUSLY MENACED by your toilet

IN the last ten years, science has made tremendous advances in the prevention of disease.

A new code of hygiene has been established which abhors poisonous accumulations and demands both inward and outward cleanliness. This code places the toilet in first importance to health and finds the toilet of yesterday utterly unfit—a menace to health.

The ordinary toilet has a small seat, with a small opening. Such a seat is not only frequently unsanitary but causes discomfort and discourages the formation of regular habits which doctors say are so important.

A toilet seat that is too small requires constant cleaning. An ill-designed toilet bowl presents dry surfaces to which poisonous waste adheres. Rough, cracked bowl surfaces are impossible to clean. That ever-present odor, noticeable about some toilets, is a sure indication of absorption and uncleanliness. Thus bacteria lodge and multiply in the old-type water closet and the ordinary water closet of today, and imperil every member of the family.

Ordinary seat—small opening.

Dangers averted by Scientific Construction

These are the reasons why a multitude of fastidious, well-informed home owners have welcomed Maddock's Improved Madera, a toilet of the most advanced construction.

Improved Madera seat—large opening.

The seat of the Improved Madera is long, well-shaped and comfortable, inviting regular habits.

The seat opening is fully 3 inches longer than that of the ordinary toilet to insure cleanliness and provide mental comfort.

The water surface of the Improved Madera is very large, completely covering the area beneath the seat opening, and eliminating the soiling of dry surfaces.

The trap opening is unusually large, and the flushing action is made complete and positive by means of powerful twin jets. *Yet flushing is extremely quiet—not audible beyond the bathroom door.*

Because of its positive siphon jet action and large trapway, the Improved Madera is not stopped up by the modern sanitary pads when disposed of according to directions.

Every fitting provided in the Improved Madera is the finest that money can buy. Flushing troubles, water leakage and other aggravations so commonly experienced in ordinary toilets are done away with completely and permanently.

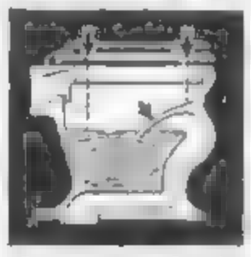
The bowl and tank of the Improved Madera are made of Durock, a supreme grade of vitreous china produced exclusively by Maddock.

Durock is the hardest material ever developed for this purpose. Its surface is pure, gleaming, transparent glass, fused under terrific heat into the very structure of the underbody. It will neither chip, crack nor scratch. You cannot stain it, even with iodine. It absorbs nothing, and can be wiped perfectly clean with a damp cloth And always the snowy-white body is beautifully evident through the glistening, transparent surface.

Maddock's Improved Madera is scientifically designed to protect your health

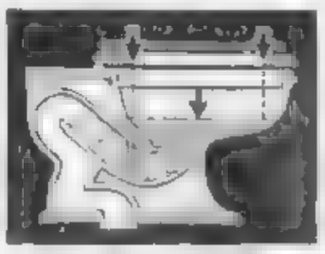
See the Madera at Your Plumber's

No more beautiful piece of china has ever come from the potter's hands than the exquisitely-wrought, perfectly-fired Improved Madera toilet. Its graceful lines and glimmering whiteness are the very embodiment of the charm that people of taste are building into their bathrooms today. Yet its price is only $85. It comes completely equipped with all fittings, and the cost of labor, piping, etc., is no more than for an ordinary toilet.



Cross section of ordinary toilet. Note small water area and large dry surface under seat opening.

Thus the total first cost of the Improved Madera, installed, is very little more than the cost of the ordinary toilet—and because the Madera does not call for service and repairs, its final cost is actually less!

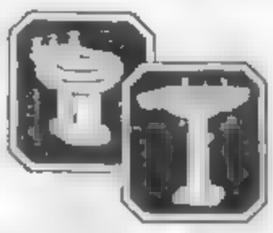


Cross section of Improved Madera toilet. Note large water area and absence of dry surface under seat opening.

Leading Master Plumbers in your city will be glad to show you the Improved Madera. If you have the slightest trouble in finding it, write us and we shall be glad to direct you.

THOMAS MADDOCK'S SONS COMPANY
Durock Bathroom Equipment
Trenton, N. J.

MADDOCK



DUROCK *is exclusively a* MADDOCK Product

SINCE 1859 NO NAME HAS STOOD FOR HIGHER QUALITY

20th ANNIVERSARY MODELS

The new Velie 8-88 Royal Sedan. A straight eight mounted on 125-inch wheelbase—an exclusive Velie model. Introduced for the critical driver who refuses to submerge his individuality. Flashing performance and velvety riding comfort at speeds exceeding 80 miles an hour if desired

VELIE *differs from your neighbor's car*

YOU tire of seeing the same endless style of cars—beautiful and efficient, no doubt, but standardized beauty which palls by its quantity and finally becomes commonplace.

The eye is gorged—you crave distinction from your neighbor—you really don't want your car to be a monotonous model. Here is where Velie fits into your mental picture.

Distinctive and different, we have always chosen the path of quality production rather than that of mass production.

So, in the new 20th Anniversary series of sixes and straight eights presented as the final expression of the wealth of experience acquired during these years, you will discover *your* car—your personal car.

Superb performance—striking individuality—a welcome divorce from sameness.

Seven models await your inspection, and each will inspire your desire for possession.

And you will make another discovery. You will realize, when you compare the modest prices with the values offered, one of the cardinal reasons for that priceless Velie asset—20 years of public confidence.

W. L. Velie
President

VELIE MOTORS CORPORATION, *Moline, Illinois*

Long Life VELIE

OWNED AND OPERATED BY ITS FOUNDER ... 1908-1928

VELIE SIXES AND EIGHTS RANGE IN PRICE FROM $1195 TO $2095, F O B MOLINE, ILLINOIS—FULLY EQUIPPED

THE PROBLEM OF THE DOWNTOWN CHURCH

(Continued from Page 11)

I use the term "skyscraper church" to signify the combination of the church with an income-producing, more or less commercial building which it owns and of which it is an integral part, regardless of whether the building be ten, twenty or fifty stories in height. That is the new movement in church building, of which several examples already exist and many more are in process of construction.

It is not difficult for anybody owning a valuable building site in the downtown district of New York or Chicago to finance the construction thereon of a building as tall as the zoning laws will allow, provided it is to be an income-producing structure. It is a little harder for a church to raise the necessary funds than for a private owner, because of the considerable part of the building to be occupied by the church for its own work, which will produce no income applicable to interest, amortization and taxes; but this is partly offset by the fact that part, if not all, of the building will be exempt from taxes because of its use for religious purposes. All states exempt from taxation property used solely for religious purposes; but states differ in their definitions of what are religious purposes, and in the case of the combination of church and commerce in one building the rules of taxation which apply are not as yet very clearly defined.

There is another consideration financially favorable to the skyscraper church as compared with the purely commercial skyscraper; this is the prestige attaching to tenancy in such a building, making it possible to obtain higher rents for equivalent space. Any firm passing the scrutiny to which all applicants for space are subjected gets what is equivalent to a certificate of character. Every business man knows that certain buildings are bad addresses because of the looseness with which tenants are accepted. A church skyscraper is definitely a good address—one of the best addresses in a large city today.

When Chicago Was a Village

The First Methodist Episcopal Church of Chicago, which owns and is housed in Chicago Temple, at the southeast corner of Clark and Washington Streets, is a pioneer among American churches in more than one respect. It is the first church of which I find a record to combine a business structure with a church, antedating even Tremont Temple in Boston in this respect; it is definitely the first church in America to build a modern skyscraper of a distinctively churchly character in the heart of a great business district.

Four ardent Methodist pioneers started the first religious organization in Chicago, in a blacksmith's home, about 1831. They built a log church, at a cost of $480, on the north side of the Chicago River, in 1833. In 1834 the congregation skidded the little building onto a scow one Saturday afternoon and moved it across the river to the corner of Clark Street and what was then called Church Street, now Washington Street. On that Saturday hunters shot a bear on the present site of the Board of Trade Building, a few blocks south of the church site, and on the same day a wolf was killed where the Chicago Federal Building now stands. On the following day two services were held in the church, and there have been two services on that site every Sunday since, except during the two periods of rebuilding, following the Chicago fire of 1871 and while the present Temple was being erected. Chicago grew from a village into a city, and in 1858 the First Methodist built its first business building, which earned in rents a material income above the church's expenses, and which stood until the great fire. It was a composite office and church building, four stories tall, and cost $70,000.

Following the fire, which wiped out that entire section of Chicago, the First Methodist erected its second composite building, at a cost of $120,000, in 1872; and fifty years later, to a day, began the construction of the present skyscraper, twenty-one stories high and crowned with a great spire which rises 568 feet above the street level to the top of the illuminated cross.

A Prosperous Business

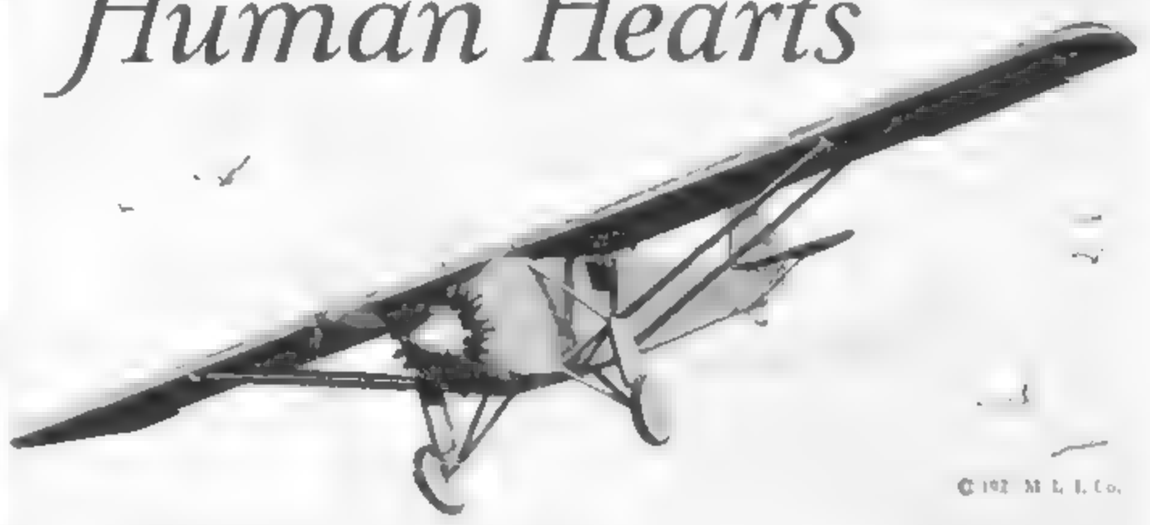
During those fifty years the First Methodist was able to pay out of its surplus income more than $1,000,000 for the support of other churches and the purchase of additional business property adjoining the church, so that when the construction of the present edifice was begun, in 1922, the church had acquired, by purchase and gift, a plot valued by the Chicago Real Estate Board at $3,500,000, upon which it spent $4,500,000 for the building of the Temple. The structure has a frontage of 160 feet on Clark Street and 125 feet on Washington Street.

The Chicago Temple was financed by a large first mortgage and the sale, to the investing public generally as well as to members of the church, of second-mortgage bonds to be retired out of income. It was an investment in which business men were glad to put their surplus, not only because the credit of the entire Methodist organization in the Chicago area was behind the enterprise, all Methodism being closely interrelated in financial matters, but because the building, standing alone, promised to produce an income more than sufficient to cover carrying charges and retire the mortgages. And that promise has been kept. Since the new church was opened, on the last Sunday in September, 1924, the net annual income of the Temple has run in the vicinity of $800,000 a year. Out of this, under its charter, the Temple is required to pay a certain percentage to the City Missionary Society and to assist other congregations to build churches; more than $1,000,000 has been disbursed in this way. The balance remaining has proved amply sufficient, after taking care of the financial obligations of the Temple itself, to develop and maintain a variety of institutional and social-welfare activities adapted to the needs of the residents in and visitors to Chicago's concentrated business district, the Loop.

The church itself and the rooms which it uses for its institutional work occupy five of the twenty-one stories. The rest of the space is rented to business firms; stores on the ground floor—which are required to close on Sundays—many lawyers, because of the proximity to the City Hall and Courthouse, and numerous religious and educational societies and organizations are the chief tenants. The building was fully rented before it was completed, and there is at all times a long waiting list of would-be tenants.

The church auditorium seats 1800 and is filled at every Sunday morning service. Denominationalism is not stressed, and the congregation includes men and women of all creeds and of none, drawn largely from the numerous large hotels in the Loop district. There are rooms for every sort of social and educational use, many of them open day and night, with the lighted cross towering above to guide the stranger seeking solace, physical comfort or advice. Here is a gymnasium, one of the largest and best equipped in the city, complete with baths and showers and under the direction of competent physical instructors, for the use of men and women on alternate evenings. Here is a bureau of employment which has been remarkably successful in helping men and women into jobs. Another active function of the Temple's service is directing strangers to proper rooming

Metal Motors and Human Hearts



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Hour after hour news was anxiously awaited. It seemed incredible that a man could fly 3,610 miles without stopping. Could any motor stand such a test? . . . But two motors carried that plane to France. One of metal, the other—the most wonderfully designed motor in the world—a human heart.

LIKE the metal motor, the human motor must keep going. When the human motor starts to "miss" and then stops, life's flight is ended. Yet, oftentimes, with no attention and more abuse than was ever given any motor invented by man the heart "carries on". Even when damaged or diseased it carries a heavy load—an overload—with little complaint. If the heart complained more it would probably have better care.

Whether defective at birth or damaged by disease, it keeps at work—day and night—doing its best to make a brave "non-stop" record. Strong hearts need rest and intelligent protection. Weak hearts must have their loads lightened or they will be forced to give up.

Thanks to modern science everybody can find out how big or how little a load of work, strain and exercise his heart can carry.

Briefly, while there are many different kinds of heart difficulties, they may be roughly divided into three general groups. First, the heart troubles of young people caused by diseases of childhood. Rheumatic fever and rheumatism (associated with "growing pains", tonsillitis, and stiff and painful joints) cause heart disease. According to some experts, diphtheria, scarlet fever and measles may injure children's hearts. Second, heart diseases of middle-aged people resulting from syphilis, or focal infection in teeth, tonsils, sinuses or elsewhere. Third, heart ailments of old people ultimately resulting from these and many other causes, including unhygienic living habits.

Many persons have defective hearts without realizing the fact, but there are many others who suspect that they have heart trouble when they are suffering from a different cause. There need be no guesswork. Know your own heart. Have your doctor examine it regularly. If it is normal and strong, do not shorten its term of usefulness by overstrains or excesses. If it is damaged or weakened, live in accordance with your doctor's advice.

Give your heart a fair chance. Take care of it so that it will carry you safely on a "non-stop flight" to a happy old age.

Heart disease is now the chief of the captains of death. It has risen to this position in the past twenty-five years, surpassing tuberculosis, pneumonia and other diseases. The danger of dying from a bad heart has increased every year, while that from most other deadly diseases has decreased. Under present conditions, one in every five will ultimately die of heart disease in one form or another.

The increase in the deathrate from this disease in recent years has been primarily in middle life and at the older ages. While the great majority of those who succumb are relatively old people, there are altogether too many young ones. One out of every seven who die from heart disease passes away before the age of 45.

Physicians, statisticians and others who are studying heart disease suspect that much of it is induced by the hurrying mode of life so general in this country.

The Metropolitan Life Insurance Company has prepared a pamphlet entitled, "Strong Hearts", which sets forth the principal facts about this disease. It may be the means of saving you from serious trouble. A copy will be mailed free by our booklet department. Send for it.

HALEY FISKE, President.

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houses; still another is giving free legal advice or referring the inquirer, if able to pay but unacquainted in the city, to responsible lawyers. And there are daily noonday religious services, clubrooms for young men and young women, and many other services peculiarly adapted to the locale and the people who are there and need them.

"I am fully committed to the idea of such church buildings as Chicago Temple," says the Rev. Dr. John Thompson, its pastor. "It is the ideal method of continuing the church's existence and work after its wealthy members have died or moved away."

The Methodist Episcopal church, the largest in membership of the Protestant churches of America, seems to be most nearly committed as a denomination to this new method of financing the work of the individual church and at the same time enlarging its scope of activity and restoring it to its ancient scenic dominance. At any rate, the majority of church enterprises of this general sort, built or building, are under Methodist control; and the close-knit national interdependence of the Methodists in matters financial as well as spiritual makes it impossible for a Methodist church to go into a project of this kind without the consent and approval of the governing authority for its district.

A Country-Wide Movement

Sometimes it is a hotel-church combination, in other instances an apartment-house church; in one important example both hotel and apartment house are relied upon to produce the revenue for a great institutional development. The choice depends upon the location with reference to the character of the neighborhood. Mizpah Temple, in Syracuse, built under Baptist auspices, is said to be the first to combine a hotel with a church. Above the value of the downtown lot which the church owned and the amount obtainable on a normal first mortgage, the project was financed mainly by giving serial notes to the builders, secured by a second mortgage. Revenue from the hotel rooms, which occupy every available inch of space not needed for the church itself, runs to nearly $35,000 a year—ample to pay off the indebtedness and insure a perpetual continuation of the church's activities on its old site.

Four small Methodist churches in San Francisco recently merged their real-estate resources and are proceeding with the building of the William Taylor Hotel. Named for the first missionary to sail from San Francisco for the Far East, the hotel will house a great institutional church, at a total cost of several millions. In Kansas City there is another successful downtown venture, the Grand Avenue Church. Rochester, Detroit, Los Angeles and Jamaica, Long Island, are among the other cities in which similar enterprises have proved successful. Historic Tremont Temple in Boston was one of the earliest, at one time shouldering a heavy debt. This church now has an income from its real-estate rentals large enough to finance a budget which includes the salaries of a staff of thirty-six to assist the pastor in the social and religious work, and the overflow congregations each Sunday fill two near-by churches.

With the success of such enterprises as a guide and inspiration, downtown churches no longer hesitate to plunge in on a scale which would have been regarded as foolhardy only a few years ago. The churches have learned, and the business community has learned, that people will use the facilities of the institutional church, attend its religious services, if these are carried out on a grand scale, where they will pass by the little church which seems to be hiding its light under a bushel. That is an element of human nature which many churches have overlooked in the past.

There are some who prefer the simple austerity of the Quaker meetinghouse or the old-fashioned Primitive Baptista; but such simplicity is far more likely to appeal to the cultured, if not the wealthy. The masses are attracted by magnificence, size, light, music, beauty. The Protestant churches as a whole are just beginning to learn this. Six years ago the congregations in the old First Methodist of Chicago had dwindled to fifteen or twenty; today, on the same site, with the same preacher, but in an expensive and gorgeous setting, a congregation of 1500 is considered small! Perhaps in this phenomenon may be found one explanation of the apparent and widely discussed falling off in church attendance.

Wesley Methodist Episcopal Church, in Minneapolis, is raising, as this is written, a fund of $5,500,000 for a skyscraper building in the civic center, a feat impossible before the Chicago Temple proved otherwise. In Columbus, Ohio, a $4,000,000 building of the Temple type is about to rise near the statehouse. In Philadelphia, Miami and several other cities similar plans are germinating. The church steeple is again becoming a landmark all over the land.

What is New York doing toward solving the problem of the downtown church? Plenty. One business-district skyscraper completed, another, in an uptown apartment section, well along in construction, a third church-skyscraper just being begun as I write, a fourth planned for downtown below the deadline, three or four more projected and reasonably certain to become realities within a few years—all these of the combination church and income property, or Temple, type in one building. Half a dozen others, content to continue their simple religious functions without material expansion in social service, have leased their Broadway or Avenue frontages for business at rentals securing the permanence of the old church on the old site.

On Gay Broadway

Some of the old downtown churches, without material endowment but with rich historical associations, are drawing great congregations from all over town by the introduction of new forms of religious service, while the two great endowed Protestant churches of Manhattan—the Collegiate, Dutch Reformed, with eleven associated churches, chapels and missions, and Trinity, Episcopalian, with ten—are not alone refurbishing their downtown wayside shrines but extending and intensifying their institutional and social activities in the twenty scattered neighborhoods of New York in which their churches stand. They, almost alone, are under no economic pressure to abandon their old sites or to build skyscrapers.

Nor is the skyscraper of the commercial type the only possible solution of the problem of how to restore the church to its old dominance of the landscape and to enlarge its institutional activities, as we shall see. But the skyscraper is currently the most popular solution.

In many respects the most gigantic of all the church-skyscraper projects is Broadway Temple, now rising on the highest point of Manhattan Island. It occupies a plot of ground fronting 207 feet on Broadway, from One Hundred and Seventy-third to One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Street, extending back 163 feet on One Hundred and Seventy-third Street and 100 feet on One Hundred and Seventy-fourth. Here is an example of a downtown church which pursued its vanishing congregation, found itself submerged in a district which furnished no new congregation to replace the old, surrounded by tall apartment houses, and found its way out magnificently.

The old Chelsea Methodist Church stood for years on the site now occupied by the Pennsylvania Terminal. The building of the railroad station changed the character of that old residential district completely. The first Subway had just been opened and the population was rushing to Washington Heights, which the Subway made accessible. The sale of the old site gave the church enough money with which to buy a new site on the Heights and to begin the construction of a church which was to have

(Continued on Page 157)

Incense, Salt and Salvation

ALONG the oldest trade routes of the Eastern deserts, Arab caravans move today as of old—under the pitiless sun. What cargoes can be worth this hardship? The swarthy tribes of Islam answer: "Salt to save the body, incense to save the soul." To all human life, salt is a first essential—indispensable, vitalizing, protecting. The purer the salt the greater its invigorating force. Knowing this, we are proud to offer our brands—each one a perfect product.

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This tool strikes 2300 hard blows per minute continuously. A man can only strike about 50 blows per minute and cannot maintain even this slow speed for any great length of time.

In addition to "Hammering Holes" the Black & Decker Electric Hammer is used for driving wood chisels for big mortising; also calking and bushing tools, concrete and stone surfacing tools, and when equipped with a bull point the saving in time on demolition work is so great as to be almost unbelievable.

It is about the size and weight of an ordinary electric drill and is merely plugged into any electric light socket—no special auxiliary apparatus being necessary.

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DRUG STORE

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(Continued from Page 154)

been completed by a gift from the Methodist Board of Home Missions and Church Extension.

But the Methodists from Chelsea had scattered in a dozen directions, and the population of the Heights provided no new congregation to replace the old. The new Chelsea Methodist Church got as far as the basement walls, over which a temporary roof was placed, and there it stood until a vigorous, progressive minister, Dr. Christian F. Reisner, who had been the city editor of a Kansas City newspaper before he went into the ministry and so had acquired a valuable publicity sense, was sent to occupy its pulpit.

Doctor Reisner's efforts built up the church membership from about 100 in 1921 to nearly 1200 in 1927, and the Board of Home Missions agreed to provide $200,000 with which to complete the church. But Doctor Reisner's vision expanded as his congregation grew. Here was a territory with 600,000 population, the northern end of Manhattan Island, without a single great church edifice, without a single institution of social service. The Y. M. C. A. had failed in its effort to raise funds for a building here and had withdrawn from the field, selling its lot. Tall apartment houses springing up by the score would dwarf any ordinary church; moreover, a new business district was due to develop with the completion of the Hudson River Bridge, now under construction, and the Triborough Bridge, bound to be built eventually, making a main thoroughfare from Long Island and the Bronx to New Jersey, directly across the site of the present Chelsea Methodist Church. The situation seemed to present an unavailed-of opportunity for service, to call for a monumental structure which would dominate the scene in perpetuity, whatever the ultimate character of the neighborhood might become.

An Apartment-House Church

The selection of the block cornering at One Hundred and Sixty-eighth Street and Broadway for the great New York medical center fixed that vicinity as an especially appropriate one for a great institutional church. The block frontage from One Hundred and Seventy-third to One Hundred and Seventy-fourth Street was on the market at $250,000. It is worth more than double that today.

Its owner, John Markle, well known for his philanthropies, agreed to sell for $200,000 for the purpose of the great temple which Doctor Reisner had dreamed and which a famous architect, the late Donn Barber, had sketched. The Home Mission Board contributed $100,000, and Mr. Markle took back a temporary mortgage for the remaining $100,000.

Then Doctor Reisner set out to sell $2,000,000 of five per cent second-mortgage bonds, and sold them in less than a year's time to members of all denominations and members of none. This was not to be a Methodist church in any narrow sense, but a great public institution of service. Moreover, its precalculated earning capacity made the bonds a sound investment of funds. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., a Baptist, bought $250,000 of them, and wrote a letter heartily commending the project as "a real contribution to the solution of the problem of the city church."

A standard permanent first mortgage of $2,000,000 was easily negotiated. The remainder of the $5,500,000 which the whole project will come to is made up from outright gifts, by which more than $500,000 has been obtained, and from the eventual sale of the old church property, worth now about $300,000. Building operations were begun with the first income-producing units—two twelve-story fireproof apartment houses, one on each of the Broadway corners and planned to form an integral part of the completed structure. Both these wings have been completed, housing 126 families, scrutinized carefully as to character but unrestricted as to religious affiliation. The income from these apartments and the stores on the Broadway frontage is already carrying the entire financial load of interest and operating charges and more than $40,000 a year besides.

At the same time the central part of the structure was completed to street level. This includes such items as the gymnasium and swimming pool, bowling alleys and billiard rooms, basket-ball and hand-ball courts and other rooms for social and educational activities, above which the main auditorium, seating 2200, will be built; the foundations are in for the great tower also. This will be ninety feet square and will house, besides twenty-two schoolrooms, which will be used for a complete graded school through the week and the Sunday school on Sundays, an apartment hotel of 644 rooms, which is estimated to produce a gross annual revenue of $402,300. That this is a safe estimate is indicated by the fact that the revenue from the completed apartments is already running at the rate of $174,000 a year instead of the estimated $166,290. The tower will rise thirty-six stories to a height of 719 feet; its great illuminated cross will be visible, on a clear night, thirty-six miles out at sea.

Rooms With Bath

Concerts by grand-opera singers, a motion-picture show every afternoon, a boys' brass band and a dozen other items of social and neighborhood service, as well as one of the finest choirs in America, all endowed in perpetuity by the income from the apartments and hotel, as well as the standard religious services and functions of a church, are on the program for Broadway Temple. And as in the case of Chicago Temple, a percentage of the revenues is dedicated to the support of other churches in the New York area.

Five miles farther south on Broadway, in the business and hotel district centering at Seventy-second Street, the Manhattan Congregational Church is just beginning a twenty-three-story building, just above Seventy-sixth Street. The main income feature of this Manhattan Tower will be a 600-room hotel with 400 baths. Occupying a site fronting 100 feet on Broadway, this is a $2,000,000 project, the underlying financing of which is in the increased value of the church lot, now worth about $900,000. This will be, like the others I have described, an institutional church in the broadest sense, serving its whole neighborhood rather than any one denomination.

Though the details vary in each particular instance, the general method of financing of all the skyscraper churches is about the same—an enhanced value of a lot originally bought at a low figure, a first mortgage up to perhaps half the total value of the property as improved, the sale by the efforts of the church itself of second-mortgage bonds covering the balance, with deficits made up from solicited gifts and contributions from a central denominational source. Something like that is the financial structure of the church-hotel going up at Rush and Oak Streets, Chicago, in the heart of the Gold Coast, where Grace Methodist Church is building an edifice 232 feet tall, to cost $2,250,000, which will serve the community needs of a growing business and apartment section of the city and provide housing mainly for young working people and students of Northwestern University, whose McKinlock Memorial Campus is but a short distance away.

The idea of income-producing church property has not yet run away with all the churches which desire to extend their institutional service; neither has the institutional form of church taken full possession of all of the churches which already enjoy considerable incomes from property investments and endowments. By far the largest building in America devoted exclusively to church purposes, using the term "church" in sharp distinction to that of "cathedral," which we are not considering here at all, will be the new Riverside

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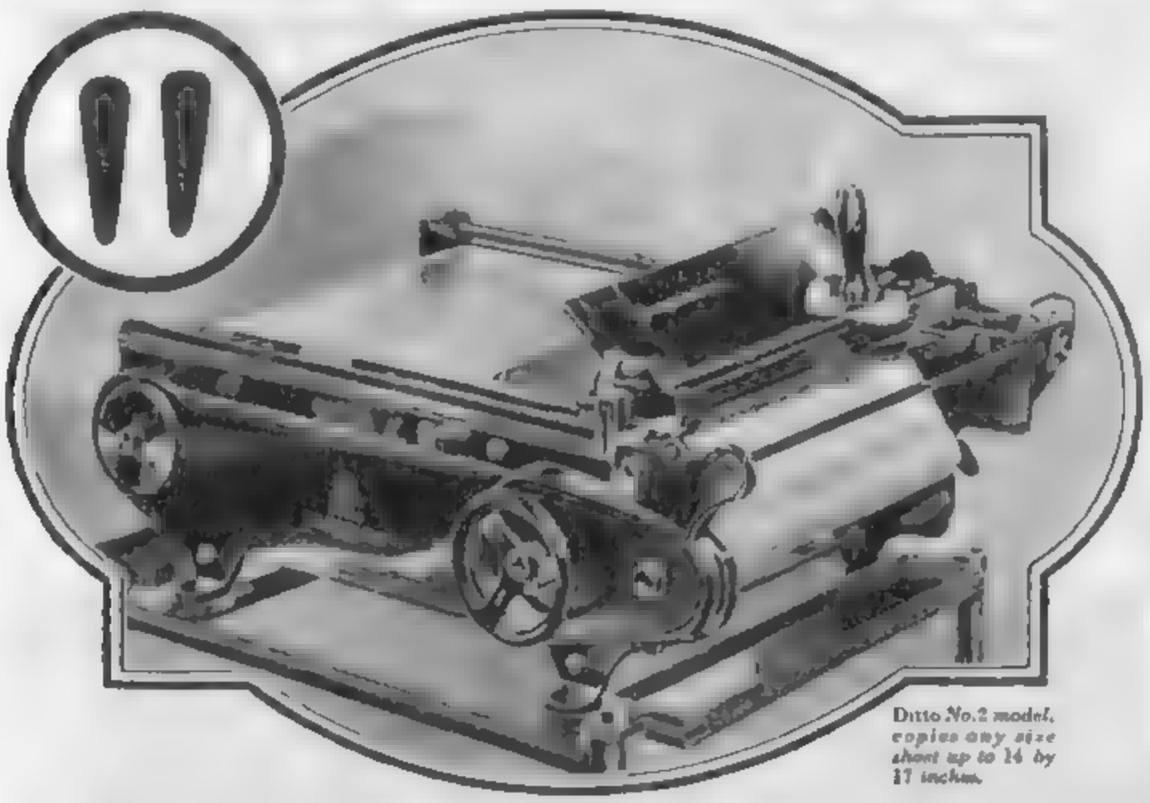

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Church in the City of New York, to give it its full official title, which is now well advanced in construction at the corner of One Hundred and Twenty-second Street and Riverside Drive, opposite Grant's Tomb. It will be ready for occupancy by the end of 1929.

This is the successor to the present Park Avenue Baptist Church, of which Dr. Harry E. Fosdick is the minister, and which in turn is the successor of the old Fifth Avenue Baptist Church. Widely known as the Rockefeller Church, it may be well to point out here that the entire contributions of the whole Rockefeller family to the current expenses of this church have never exceeded 15 per cent of the total budget; this lest this church's financial situation might appear to be adventitious and exceptional.

Selling its old site on West Forty-sixth Street for $400,000 as business encroached upon that neighborhood, the congregation a few years ago built the Park Avenue church at the corner of Sixty-fourth Street, a property which it is now able to sell for $1,200,000, at which figure a sale is under negotiation to another church which desires to move from its valuable Fifth Avenue site. This capital, and the gift by John D. Rockefeller, Jr., of a tower with chimes as a memorial to his mother, have enabled the congregation to embark upon its present great undertaking, the establishment of what Doctor Fosdick calls "such a church as Abraham Lincoln might have belonged to."

Without Other Business

Including the Laura Spellman Rockefeller Memorial Tower, the total cost of the operation will be about $4,000,000. Except for nominal fees for the use of certain of the physical equipment of the church, there is no provision for or expectation of income from the property itself, nor has the church any plan for building operations apart from the church building to produce income. Except for perhaps $250,000 from old bequests, the church has no endowment; its present budget of above $80,000 a year for its pastorate and its already extensive institutional service, is met entirely through contributions from the membership. This has doubled in a year under Doctor Fosdick's ministry, and is expected to multiply still further when the new church is in operation.

The new Riverside Church will be 265 feet long and 100 feet wide; Chartres Cathedral has supplied the architectural motif; the observation platform at the top of its nineteen-story tower will be 500 feet above the level of the Hudson River, and above that will rise the bell tower, housing the famous carillon of fifty-three bells now in the Park Avenue church, to which four more bells, the largest weighing twenty tons, will be added. The main auditorium will be 88 feet wide, 175 feet long and 100 feet high; from the back of the chancel to the rear of the two galleries the distance will be 200 feet; sound amplifiers will be installed to enable the entire congregation of 2400 to hear the preacher's voice. Such amplifiers are now in use in the Park Avenue church, where two chapels besides the main auditorium are filled every Sunday morning. Three great organs, one an antiphonal organ at the back of the auditorium, will be supplemented by a smaller organ of thirty-six stops in the small chapel on the same level.

Below the auditorium, in a high basement receiving direct outdoor light and ventilation, will be a gymnasium with three sets of showers, for women, boys and men; a kitchen to serve a banquet for 1000 if needed, the rooms of the famous Men's Bible Class over which Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., presides, four bowling alleys, a clubroom, hand-ball courts and the like. There will also be an auditorium with a stage which can be used by Little Theater groups, for motion-picture shows and other dramatic affairs.

On the main floor, besides the small chapel intended especially for small meetings, weddings and funerals, there will be a bride's room, and a mortuary where the bodies of the dead may be kept under watch until the funeral date. In the mezzanine will be the choir rehearsal and music rooms, while the great tower, with its four elevators, will house not only the church offices but the Sunday school, day schools, kindergarten, a day nursery where mothers can leave their children, a library, a women's auditorium seating 550, various other rooms for women's activities, including another kitchen, a junior assembly and lounge rooms for social affairs of the young people, with a hostess always in attendance, a sewing room with machines and worktables; a complete plant, indeed, for service to the large population of and around Columbia University in particular but to the whole city in general. New members received on confession of faith will receive their baptism in the Baptist fashion, by immersion, but the word "Baptist" has been dropped from the church title, and any person presenting a letter from any Christian church of any denomination will be received into full membership, without restriction, as at the Park Avenue Baptist today.

And the Riverside Church, like the skyscraper churches, will dominate its scene, defying commercialism to overwhelm or obscure it.

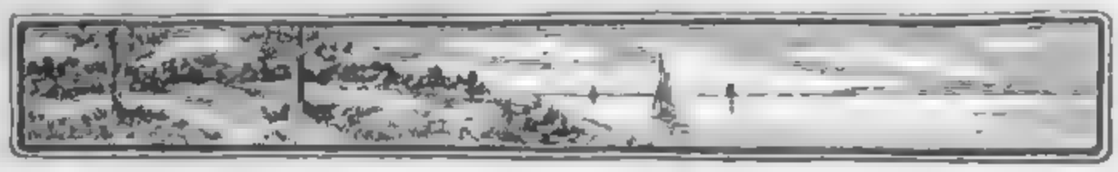
Come down now into the real downtown New York and see how some other churches are solving their problem without letting business drive them away. The Chelsea Presbyterian in West Twenty-third Street has built a hotel to provide its income. The Metropolitan Temple at Fourteenth Street and Seventh Avenue is about to put up an apartment house adjacent to the church. The Fifth Christian Science Church, after buying old St. Bartholomew's in East Forty-third Street, bought up the entire block front in Madison Avenue from Forty-third to Forty-fourth except two small parcels, and leased the property for ninety-nine years to a building company under an arrangement which gave the church its own splendid auditorium and offices without cost, to serve members of that sect in the Grand Central hotel district.

A Religious Innovation

The Judson Memorial, on the south side of Washington Square, named for Adoniram Judson, the first foreign missionary ever sent from America, sticks to its post with vigorous social and educational work among the 30,000 Italians in the foreign colony to the south of it, work endowed by the hotel property integral with the church, formerly leased, but recently sold to a hotel operating company. Half a mile eastward old St. Marks-in-the-Bouwerie, built in 1795, on the site where Peg-leg Peter Stuyvesant lived and worshiped and in the churchyard of which his bones still lie, with only a trivial income from the tenement property bequeathed to the church by the Stuyvesant heirs, has found new life and draws congregations from every part of New York by original and somewhat daring blendings of the dance and the drama with religion—a cultural innovation at which the bishop frowns but which does not seem out of place to the rector and his followers.

Away downtown in John Street, ancient highway of trade, stands the Mother Church of Methodism, the church to which John Wesley, founder of the sect, referred when he wrote of "our brethren in New York, who had built the first Methodist

(Continued on Page 162)



Gutters, Rain Pipes and Flashings of ANACONDA COPPER

actually cost *less* than those of rustable metals

The slightly additional first cost is saved many times over by eliminating costly repairs and other upkeep expenses.

Many people not familiar with the facts still think that copper work is expensive. To prove that it is not so, we sought the experience of architects, builders and home owners throughout the country.

The answers were startling. We found that the first cost of gutters, rain pipes and roof flashings of Anaconda Copper, installed on the average American home of eight rooms and one bath, was only $208.00 more than rustable metals, and, furthermore, that the use of copper for this purpose resulted in an actual saving of $754.00 during the useful life of the house.

Think of it, in addition to the peace of mind of having trouble-proof, leak-proof gutters, rain pipes and flashings, an actual saving of $24.00 every year for 35 years—because copper requires no repairs or replacements.

This saving is due to the amazing cost of rust. Most of us think of fire as the greatest destroyer of property, yet rust, slowly and stealthily, exacts a yearly toll from American homes much greater than the fire loss.

To prevent this destruction, all exposed metal outside of the house should be Anaconda Copper, because pure copper *cannot* rust. Copper gutters, rain pipes, valleys and flashings require no annual painting or repairing, no replacement of rust worn sections. Once up they are there to stay without annoyance or further expense.

Sheet Metal Work of

ANACONDA COPPER

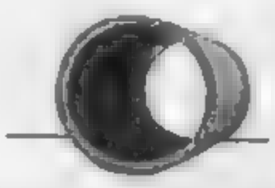
ANACONDA

Saving money by overcoming rust

Inside the house rust is an enemy too. Ordinary water pipe rusts and clogs. Anaconda Brass Pipe cannot rust. It stays in perfect condition. Water flows freely through Brass Pipe. To install Anaconda Brass instead of rustable pipe means lasting protection from the expense and annoyance of repairs.

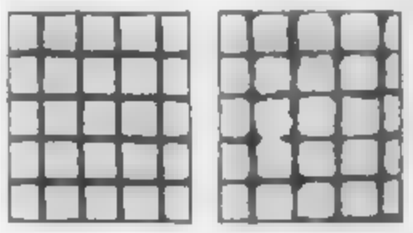
Another important place where rust attacks is in window and door screens. Anaconda Bronze—strengthened copper—can't rust, can't sag. Screens of Anaconda Bronze are an economy because householders have found that it is far less expensive to put in bronze screens once than to overhaul and repair iron or steel.

Rust-proof your home with Anaconda Copper, Brass and Bronze. Learn how little Copper metal work, Brass Pipe and Bronze Screens cost originally, how quickly they pay for themselves, how soon they return you an annual saving by eliminating expensive repairs and replacements.



Brass Pipe installed twenty-seven years ago in the Ten Eyck Hotel, Albany, N.Y., and ripped out to change the location of fixtures, was re-used in the same building. Brass cannot rust.

Anaconda metals are absolutely guaranteed by the world's largest and most experienced manufacturers of Copper, Brass and Bronze. Every operation from ore to finished product is under the coordinated supervision of a single organization.



Magnified photographs of Iron and Bronze Screens after identical exposure. Bronze endures indefinitely.

THE AMERICAN BRASS COMPANY. S-62
General Offices: Waterbury, Conn.

Please send me your booklet on the advantages of rust-proofing my house throughout.

Name . . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

City State

ANACONDA COPPER • BRASS • AND • BRONZE

Now...any floor can be Super-sealed

against Water, Grease and Wear

SUPER-SEALED surfaces! Sealed against water ...sealed against grease... sealed against the constant grind of dust and wear, any surface...of wood, cement or linoleum. Garage, cellar, sun-room floors, living-room floors, bedroom floors. Linoleum in the kitchen...the pantry...the bath room. Even table tops, boats and yachts. *Super-sealed* against everyday destructive forces, by an amazing liquid—Koverflor.

ORDINARY FLOOR PAINT
Unretouched Microphoto, note the imperfections

KOVERFLOR FILM
Unretouched Microphoto, note the flawless surface
SUPER SEALED

For Koverflor is an entirely different type of surface protection, the supreme achievement of the Standard Varnish Works. Spread on with a brush, it dries into a tough, durable film of gem-like beauty, diamond-hardness. Here at last is a surface that is waterproof, greaseproof, exceptionally wearproof...for Koverflor *is* absolutely non-porous. Here is a surface that is non-slippery and extremely resilient, giving easily beneath ordinarily shattering pressure. Above all, here is a surface that lasts...month after month, resisting, repelling, *protecting*...at a cost of about 2c a square foot. And Koverflor is beautiful... in its wide choice of colors, or in sparkling Koverflor Clear...as easy to clean as tile.

Discover Koverflor for yourself. Try it in your house, your office, your store or your factory. If your paint or hardware dealer cannot supply you, we will mail a sample folder on Koverflor with detailed information. But remember this... *there is no Koverflor substitute.* For linoleum, wood or cement floors, inside or outside.

If your paint or hardware dealer cannot supply you, we will mail you on request a sample folder, with detailed information on Koverflor or any other S.V.W. product, and see that your needs are supplied.

KOVERFLOR
TRADE MARK

STANDARD VARNISH WORKS

New York, 443 Fourth Ave. Chicago, 2000 Federal St. Los Angeles, 136 E. Jefferson St. San Francisco, 562 Howard St.
LONDON GOTHENBURG BERLIN

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SHEET STEEL PRODUCTS FOR THE HOME, FARM, FACTORY AND FOR BUILDING CONSTRUCTION

Guaranteed
Hand Dipped
in pure
Molten Zinc
Thirty-seven years' experience has emphasized the superiority of the Wheeling process of dipping each article separately by hand in pure molten zinc. While modern large scale production methods offer quicker and cheaper ways to perform this operation, the slower but more thorough hand-dipping process is carried on in Wheeling factories because it gives a heavier, longer wearing zinc coating inside and out.

A Garbage Can is no longer Nameless

Time was, when a garbage can was only a garbage can, a pail only a pail. Today it is different. These humble necessities occupy a new place among things in the home. All because one maker has chosen that they be the embodiment of the skill and experience obtained from 37 years of manufacture.

Now, however ordinary or commonplace their use, a pail, a tub, or a garbage can may be selected with assurance of longer and useful wear. There is a Red Label to protect the buyer which housewives look for. It says, "Wheeling", and signifies that the article is not only well designed and constructed but is also leak-proof, rust-proof; that it has been *Hand-Dipped* in pure molten zinc.

Good dealers may be depended upon to provide Wheeling Hand-Dipped Pails, Tubs, Garbage and Ash Cans, as well as many other Wheeling products for the home which guarantee extra value and infinitely satisfactory service. Ask for them by name.

WHEELING CORRUGATING COMPANY
Wheeling, W. Va.

Branches: New York Philadelphia Chicago Minneapolis St. Louis Kansas City Chattanooga Richmond

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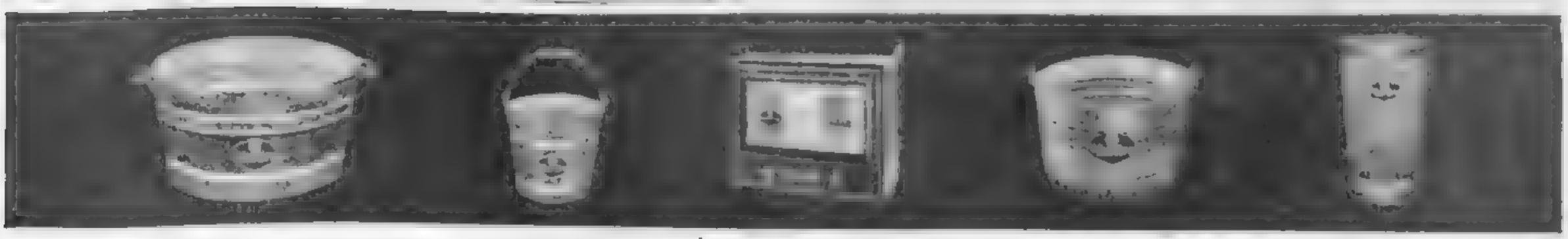
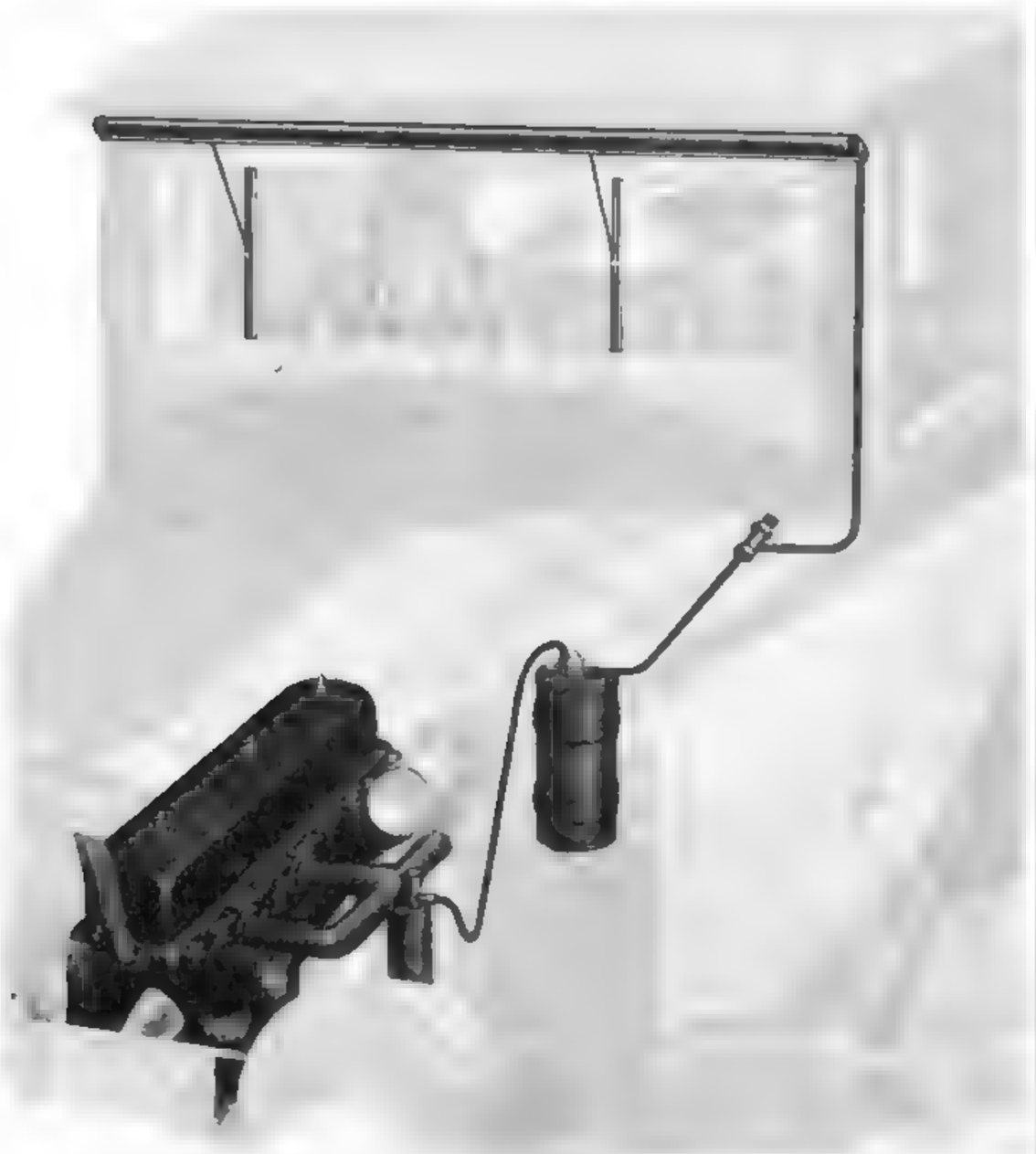
Wheeling Corrugating Company





Suction from your motor drives these two blades across your windshield. The air line from motor to cleaner is shown in this diagram.

Irresistible air pressure!

—how it is harnessed to clean your entire windshield

THE pistons of your motor create a vacuum in the engine manifold—a continuous flow of ingoing air must follow. A small part of this volume of air, admitted through the Trico cleaner, gives you a powerful, dependable force to clean your windshield—nature does the work costlessly.

So powerful is this pressure that if a brick building were sealed air-tight and the air sucked out through this tiny Trico tube *the brick walls would collapse like cardboard.* Trico has harnessed this unlimited force for the motoring world.

Use the Visionall freely. You can't wear it out, and it costs nothing to run—for the great outdoors is its inexhaustible power plant.

Have a Visionall put on your car today. $8.50 for standard model—fits all cars. $12.50 for the Visionall DeLuxe—"tailored" to your windshield. Either model postpaid if dealer can't supply you.

TRICO

VISIONALL

Twin-Blade Windshield Wiper

PATENTED U S A AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

New 5-ply Rubber Blade fits any cleaner

The Visionall has two of these new Trico five-ply Pyramid blades. They clean marvelously. These blades fit any suction cleaner. Be sure to [illegible] mailed postpaid if your dealer can't supply you.

Pat. February 14, 1928

(Continued from Page 158)

preaching house in America." Dating back to 1768, the John Street Methodist Church is the third on this site. Built in 1841, it is not a missionary church, not an institutional church. It is, as its minister, Dr. Francis B. Upham, puts it, a wayside cross, to remind the passer-by of spiritual values which he may have forgotten. Seven days every week a sermon is preached in John Street. Its little endowment, a business building adjoining the church structure, covers only half the operating expense; the rest is made up from gifts from church and other benevolent funds. But plans have been drawn for a skyscraper here, a towering structure which will surround and infold without altering or destroying the severe, plain little edifice, symbol of simple unworldliness; a skyscraper whose tenants may be solely religious organizations and benevolent institutions, that this first home of Methodism may lose no part of its sanctity as a shrine.

The wayside shrine, where millions pass daily, may be the perfect solution of many a downtown church's spiritual problem; an open sanctuary to which those so minded may repair for rest, meditation, prayer and spiritual consolation. Old Trinity, whose heaven-pointing spire rising from its tomb-dotted green fixes every eye looking west in Wall Street; Trinity's oldest chapel, beautiful St. Paul's at Fulton Street and Broadway; the Fulton Street Prayer Meeting of the old Dutch church—these churches have no economic problem to solve. Trinity's latest balance sheet shows productive assets, real estate and other investments of $13,923,832.78; a net income above all carrying charges, repairs and taxes of $714,430.62, available for church purposes, the support of the institutional work of its uptown chapels, the daily services in these downtown shrines. Trinity's acre in the heart of the world's financial capital, where lie, appropriately, the bones of Alexander Hamilton, father of America's banking system, might easily fetch another $40,000,000 were it thrown upon the market, as it probably never will be.

The Collegiate Church of the Dutch Reformed denomination, the oldest Protestant congregation in America in point of continuous ministry, dating from 1628, is, like Trinity, the beneficiary of ancient endowments and bequests to which it has firmly held, making it, in the judgment of many, though it publishes no financial statement, even wealthier than Trinity. Block after block of great buildings mark the sites where the various churches of this congregation, now divided among eleven buildings in different parts of town, have rested on their 300-year pursuit of receding residential districts; from Exchange Place, below Wall Street, where the church stood when it was Garden Street and where the first general school in New York was established, to the heights above Fort Washington, the Collegiate Church is a great landlord, renting its ground to the builders of skyscrapers, of which the Mutual Life Building is an outstanding example. The old school is still carried on, uptown now, and with the highest record of scholarship of any preparatory school in America. And the institutional activities of the Collegiate Church, many and diversified, are bringing the conservative old Dutch Reformed sect into line with the trend of the city Protestant churches generally.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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It's important to dry the skin thoroughly after

the Morning Bath

It's a Cannon Bath when you end it with an absorbent Cannon turkish towel

Cannon Dolphin turkish towel. About $2. In green, pink, blue, gold and lavender.

Cannon Dolphin bath mat. About $2.75. Choice of green and blue.

Cold prevention and relief

Of course, the best cure for a cold is not to catch it, and the daily morning bath that starts with warm water, ending with a quick dash of cold, is a prime preventive. Tones up the system, increases resistance of skin to chill. As well as starting the day with a tonic for mind and body that makes you put more into the day's business and get more out of its pleasure. But if you do catch cold, try this: A hot bath, temperature 100 degrees or over, hot enough to start heavy sweating. A glass or two of cold water taken while in the tub will help start perspiration. Bathroom should be nearly as warm as the water. Dry thoroughly, jump into bed, pull plenty of covers up to your nose, and have the windows opened to get fresh air without a draft.

TRADE MARK CANNON

Trade-mark label that identifies Cannon towels.

MAYBE you haven't thought much about towels in your home. Think back a bit to the last time you were in a hotel. Did you grab a big and snowy Cannon turkish towel in the morning and think to yourself, "Gosh, this is luxury"? How about it? Did you? If you did, you probably haven't enough towels in your own home. If there is anything a towel must do, it is *dry*. It must be good enough, thick enough and thirsty enough to take all the moisture not merely from the surface of the skin, but out of the pores. You should use it not only to dry, but to warm the skin and assist the health-giving, glowing reaction that should follow the morning bath. Towels that don't dry the skin are dangerous, for the dampness of the skin produces chilliness, lowering the resistance of the body to cold germs. And who likes a soggy, cold and clammy towel, anyway? So a fresh turkish towel in the morning is not mere luxury, but downright essential, as essential as the morning bath itself. The vast majority of hotels, clubs and institutions buy Cannon towels, not merely because they know the public likes them, but also because they know they are economical; they can stand the great hardships of public use. Their durability makes it possible for you to enjoy in your home the same towel "luxury" that you do in the best hotels—and save money! You can even be more luxurious, for you can get exactly the size and texture of Cannon towel that suits you best. So can each member of your family. And Cannon towels can be kept individual, private, through choosing among the many different border designs, each available in several different colors, absolutely fast. For maximum economy and towel delight, have enough to give everyone a clean towel daily. In addition to Cannon turkish towels there are huck towels too, in a wide variety of sizes and weights, and Cannon wash cloths, bath mats and bath sheets. Sold by dry goods and department stores everywhere. Prices 25 cents to $3.50 each. Cannon Mills, Inc., New York City.

Cannon turkish towel with pink border. About 50 cents. Also in blue and gold.

Cannon Flamingo turkish towel, in lavender. About $1.50. Also in pink, blue, green and gold.

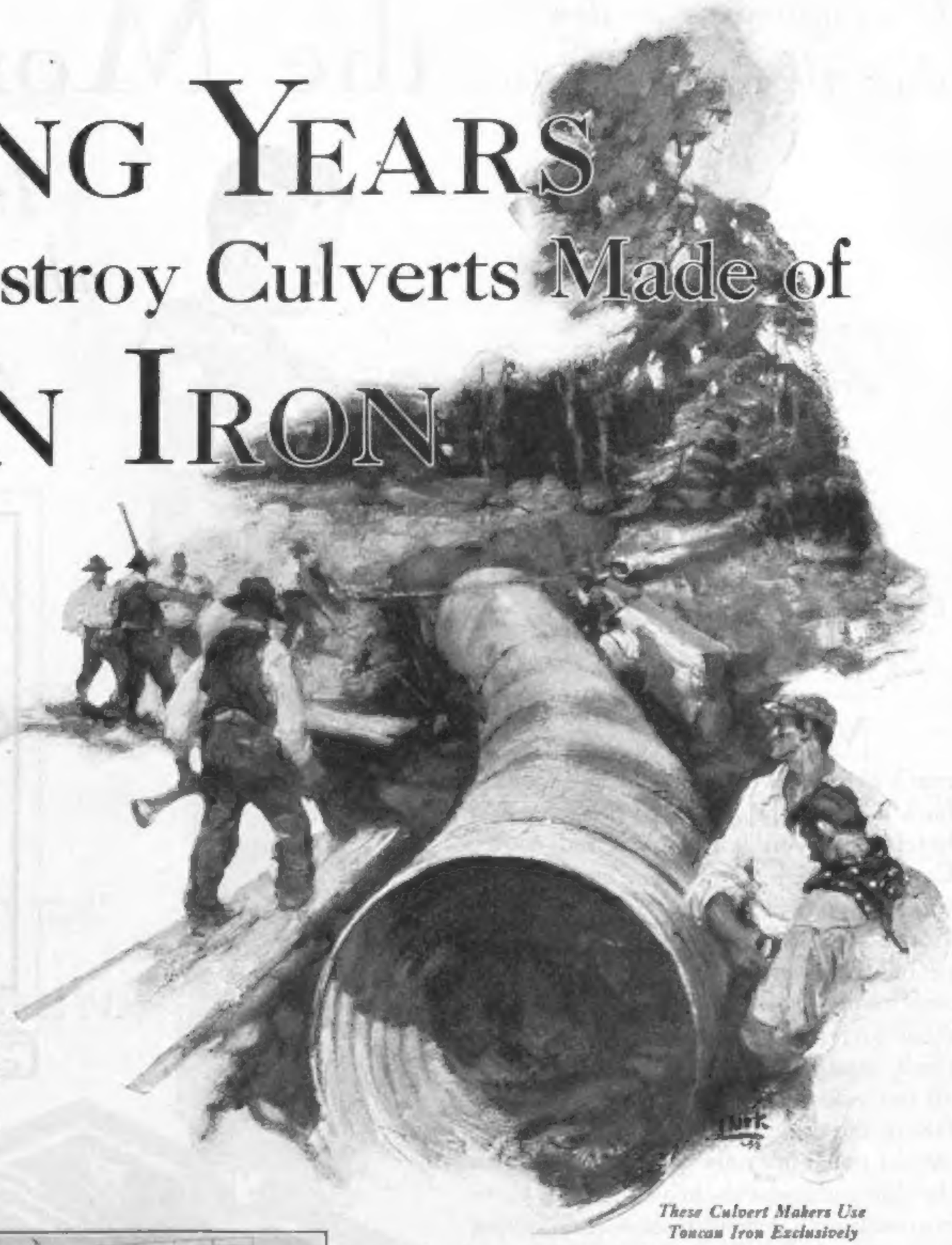
Cannon Lighthouse turkish towel in blue. About $2. Also in pink, gold, green and lavender.

Cannon jacquard turkish towel, border in gold. About 75 cents. Also in pink, blue and lavender.

All colors in all Cannon towels are guaranteed absolutely fast

CANNON TOWELS

20 Trying Years
Fail to Destroy Culverts Made of
Toncan Iron



Rust and corrosion, serious destructive forces of nature, have met their equal in this super-iron.

THERE are few uses in which iron meets a more severe test than in culverts. Buried in moist earth, often with its ends projecting and exposed to the elements—grit-laden water flowing through and in many cases half submerged—what an excellent opportunity for rust to gain a foothold.

And yet there are cases where Toncan Iron Culverts have successfully combated the attacks of rust for more than twenty years. Strength, too, is an important factor, for often the culverts are placed in shallow fills where they must also withstand the violent shocks of traffic.

Toncan Copper Mo-lyb-den-um Iron is made according to a patented formula in which copper and mo-lyb-den-um are scientifically combined with pure iron. Various tests have shown this super-iron to possess 4 to 14 times the rust resistance of comparable metals. Is it any wonder that sheer merit has won Toncan Iron Culverts a place on over 150 steam and electric railroads? And their popularity with highway officials is so universal that no matter where you drive over the nation's highways, you are bound to pass over Toncan Iron Culverts.

Culverts form but one of the many uses for this highly rust and corrosion-resisting iron. Architects specify it for all sheet metal work on every type of building from homes to skyscrapers. Here it is used for gutters, downspouts, cornices, ventilators, metal lath, window frames, skylights, etc. And manufacturers of metal household equipment such as stoves, refrigerators, furnaces, washing machines and kitchen cabinets prolong the service of their products by using this rust and corrosion-resisting iron.

The many uses of Toncan Iron are explained in our latest Toncan Book, "The Path to Permanence." A copy will gladly be sent upon request.

Installing a Toncan Iron Culvert in a highway where it must not only resist rust, but also absorb the shocks of traffic owing to the shallow fill covering it.

One of numerous Toncan corrugated culvert installations made in 1908 and still good for years of further service. This 60-inch culvert is located beside the N. Y. Central railroad at Alliance, O.

These Culvert Makers Use Toncan Iron Exclusively

The Berger Mfg. Co., of Mass. Boston, Mass.
The Berger Mfg. Co., Dallas, Tex.
The Berger Manufacturing Co. Jacksonville, Florida
The Berger Manufacturing Co. Minneapolis, Minn.
The Berger Manufacturing Co. Philadelphia, Pa.
The Berger Mfg. Co., Roanoke, Va.
The Canton Culvert & Silo Co. Canton, Ohio
The Firman L. Carswell Mfg. Co. Kansas City, Kansas
The Pedlar People, Limited Oshawa, Ontario, Canada
Tri-State Culvert Mfg. Co. Memphis, Tenn.
Wheat Culvert Company, Inc. Newport, Kentucky
Beall Pipe & Tank Corporation Portland, Oreg.
Superior Culvert & Flume Mfg. Co. Los Angeles, Calif.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
TONCAN
COPPER
Mo-lyb-den-um
IRON

ACATHON STEELS

The famous family of steel products under the Agathon trade-mark includes Alloy Steels, Special Finish Sheets as well as all standard finishes, Electrical Sheets, Hot Rolled Strip, Galvannealed Sheets and Enduro Stainless Iron. Write for further information.

CENTRAL ALLOY STEEL CORPORATION, Massillon, Ohio

MILLS: CANTON AND MASSILLON, OHIO

Cleveland Detroit Chicago New York Philadelphia Tulsa Los Angeles Seattle Syracuse St. Louis San Francisco Cincinnati

Toncan is fabricated in Canada by The Pedlar People, Ltd., Oshawa, Ontario

WORLD'S LARGEST AND MOST HIGHLY SPECIALIZED ALLOY STEEL PRODUCERS

Cheerful Color Schemes for every home

EVERY room in your home should have a definite color scheme. And every single thing that goes into the room should be selected with the key color in mind. Some rooms say "blue", "gray", or some other one-color tone, the moment one enters.

A beautiful room may have several tones in it, but when we stop to analyze them, we discover there's one dominant color running through the room, just as a lovely melody recurs throughout a piece of music.

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